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BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XV.

ELLINOR ETHELRIDGE.

CELIA told Leoline the exact truth when she said, after the conversation with Sydenham, that she was returning home hopeful and encouraged. But a few words, how wise and encouraging soever, so long as they fail to remove daily-recurring annoyances, afford alleviation only. One cannot take a fire in one's hand by "thinking on the frosty Caucasus." Hartland's grim looks were real things—as real as frost or rainy weather—for they chilled her more than either. Sydenham's mediation, she saw, had only irritated her guardian; but when his mysterious prescription reached her, on the morning of her birth-day, in the shape of a beautiful pony, it proved an habitual comfort, in substantial form, that almost offset the grim looks. Bess—so she named the little mare—became a petted favorite at once; and the spirited creature returned her mistress' daily caresses, after a time, with almost human affection. She would follow Celia everywhere, though at large, even through a crowd.

Morbid thoughts usually spring either from feeble health or from idleness. It is a difficult matter to get rid of such by sitting down and seeking to reason one's

self out of them. We do better to remove the cause; and this we can often effect by some simple arrangement of external circumstances. This young girl, while she reaped the advantages, suffered also the evils, which money brings. With a competence already assured, she was subjected to no wholesome demand for exertion of mind or body. She had finished her education, or what is called such by those who forget that the development and cultivation of our faculties go on not only through the life which now is, but doubtless through that which is to come. Had she been at the head of her own household, a sense of duty would have kept her busy; and the actively busy have no time to be sentimental. But she had no vocation—nothing imperatively calling her off from trifles and summoning to the realities of life.

Sydenham, even if he did not realize all this, had prescribed wisely. Bess became educator as well as physician. As Celia gradually contracted the habit of riding out for an hour or two every fine day, the effect on health and spirits was notably salutary. She dwelt less on petty annoyances than formerly. On horseback she seemed to get away from them. The custom of the country permitted her to ride unattended; and when

out in the woods her thoughts took freer scope and a fresher tone.

After a time she found a companion with whom to ride—one who was at once a puzzle and a pleasure to her.

In most villages there is to be found some mysterious personage, whom the villagers cannot exactly make out; who dropped down among them, they scarcely know how; with whose antecedents they are very imperfectly acquainted: some one, perhaps, whose manners and bearing are at variance with his apparent circumstances, and who becomes, by turns, an object of curiosity, of admiration and of suspicion.

Nor was Chiskauga without her sphinx's riddle, welcomed by village gossip. It had made its appearance about five years before the present epoch of our story, in graceful guise—to wit, in the form of a young lady of very striking appearance: not pretty, certainly. Handsome? Well, one scarcely knew whether to call her so or not. Stylish-looking she certainly was in face and in person, though her manners were very quiet, even reserved. Her features, though expressing dignity and intelligence, were irregular, but no one would call her plain who looked in her beautiful soft eyes. They were a little dreamy. Those might have thought her proud who did not note how uniformly unobtrusive her deportment was. Did these expressive features indicate spirit? One would have said so but for a despondent look that was habitual to her.

She brought a letter to Mr. Sydenham, introducing Miss Ellinor Ethelridge from England, an orphan. It was from a Mr. Williams, an elderly Quaker gentleman of Philadelphia, with whom Sydenham had accidentally made acquaintance at Pisa. They had traveled together to Florence and Rome, and Sydenham had been delighted with the benevolence and the inquiring spirit of his new acquaintance.

What the exact tenor of Mr. Williams' letter was did not transpire, except that it contained a warm recommendation of the bearer as a person in every way well qualified to fill the post of teacher—a

situation, it appeared, which the young lady desired to obtain in some quiet country place.

Sydenham's influence and exertions soon procured her a school, to which the principal people in the place gradually sent their children. He was himself a frequent visitor, and he was pleased and surprised with the good judgment and ability which Miss Ethelridge displayed. No such teacher had ever before appeared in Chiskauga. Aside from music, in which she was not a proficient, her qualifications were admirable—among them a familiar acquaintance with French, which she spoke with the fluency of a native. This brought about an acquaintance with Dr. Meyrac's family, and after a time they received her as boarder. With Madame Meyrac, fastidious in her likings, she became a great favorite.

Celia, desiring to perfect herself in French, had taken private lessons from her; and, notwithstanding a five years' difference in their ages, was strongly attracted to her teacher. For a year or two her advances had been met, on the part of Miss Ethelridge, with a degree of coldness which would have repelled her in almost any one else; but the soft eyes, with their spiritual light, and the cultivated tones of a low, sweet voice, drew her on with a strange fascination, and her persistent love thawed the frost at last. Beneath, she found rare qualities—a noble spirit, generous and impulsive, covered, however, with a reticence so strict that Celia knew no more of this stranger's early history up to the time of which we are now writing than the rest of the Chiskauga world did. But if this woman, to others grave and undemonstrative, withheld even from Celia her confidence, she granted her at last, in unstinted measure, affection—unwillingly, it seemed, as if she were yielding to a reprehensible weakness, but with all the warmth of a genial nature breaking over the bounds of self-imposed restraint. And for the little kindnesses which Celia's position enabled her to bestow she returned a measure of gratitude out of proportion to the benefits

conferred. One of these, which the girl had recently offered, seemed to touch her more than any other she had received.

It happened that Cranstoun, in fulfillment of his promise to Cassiday, had spoken of the latter to Hartland; and having exhibited the certificate which the groom had received from Rarey attesting his ability as horse-trainer, he persuaded Hartland to try the newcomer's skill in reclaiming Brunette, the runaway. So satisfactory had been the result that when a young city friend of Celia's, a timid rider but fond of the exercise, came for a day or two to visit them, the uncle permitted his niece to ride Brunette and to lend Bess to her visitor. The "brown beauty" behaved admirably, and both young ladies came home delighted with the trip.

This suggested to Celia a plan, to which, as Mr. Hartland had somewhat demurred to her solitary strolls on horseback, she hoped to obtain his assent. One evening, when her uncle, with infinite self-satisfaction, had been exhibiting to her a magnificent beetle yet undescribed, and one of the finest specimens he had ever added to his collection, her instinct bade her avail herself of the rare good-humor which her praises of the insect's brilliant colors had called out. She broached her proposal, which was, that she might be allowed, occasionally, on days when her aunt did not require the dearborn, to have the use of Brunette for Miss Ethelridge, so that that lady might join in her rides.

Hartland, after reflecting a little, gave a hearty assent; for which Celia would have been more grateful had she been quite sure that his ready compliance with her wish was due to kindness alone. She *was* thankful, however, especially to her aunt, who joined warmly in the plan and placed Brunette at her disposal during three days a week.

At the German saddler, Hentzler's, Celia early next morning picked out a saddle, bridle and accoutrements, the exact counterparts of her own, and herself accompanied the man who carried them to Dr. Meyrac's. Ellinor was absent, but came up to her room, where

Celia awaited her, a few minutes later. Her first look of surprise at sight of her friend's gift, which had been deposited on the floor, changed to one of sadness—it seemed almost of pain—so suddenly that Celia, disconcerted, presented her offering with hesitation.

"For me!" was all Ellinor said, in an incredulous tone—"for me!" And when Celia disclosed her project, telling what a pleasure it would be to have such companionship in her rides, she was startled by the effect her words produced. She had never seen her friend give way to deep emotion in all the five years of their acquaintance; and it was evident that Ellinor tried hard now for self-control. In vain! The tears *would* come—the sobs could not be restrained.

"Celia," she said, at last—"darling Celia, I used to have friends who called me Ellie: I have none now. They used to plan for my happiness as you do—as no one else has done since—since a dear friend died. If you treat me as you are doing to-day, I must be Ellie to you—Ellie, dear one, Ellie! What years since I heard my name!"

Celia, startled by this unexpected burst of feeling, threw her arms about Ellinor's neck, called her "Ellie," and "darling," and other pet names besides, and then cried heartily, as if she had just lost a friend instead of finding one.

Her tears arrested Ellinor's. She took the excited girl in her arms and soothed her as a mother might.

"Dear child!" she said: "how selfish I am, giving pain to you when you were recalling to me dreams of pleasure! I wish so much to give *you* pleasure; and then your gift was such a temptation!"

Celia looked up and met the sad, longing eyes:

"You are not going to let me call you Ellie, and then refuse the only little bit of comfort I have the chance to offer you? And the kindness is to me, not to you. Please, please believe me! there's nobody—not even Leoline—that I feel drawn to as to you."

"Yes, that's it. That is all wrong."

"All wrong that I should love you, Ellie?"

"Wrong that I should have asked you to call me Ellie, as things stand. What do you know of me, Celia? Who am I? Why did I come here alone? I was but twenty when I reached Chiskauga, and I have had dear friends. Yet I am sought for by no one, cared for by no one. I scarcely receive a letter—never but from one person, and upon him I have no claim. You have given me your love, from pity maybe, or because your heart is warm and trusting, and you knew I needed love. But have I a right to accept it and explain nothing? You are so young and guileless! You do not know the world and its false pretences and its crooked ways. Ought I to take advantage of that?"

"I know you are an orphan as I am; and I dare say there was no uncle and no kind aunt, like mine, to take the orphan in and care for her. Is not that enough? Have I ever asked to know more?"

"Never: that is the worst of it. If you had been inquisitive, I should have had an excuse for reticence."

"It needs none. I have known you five years, Ellie, and have loved you nearly as long. If you are not good, nobody is."

The tears glistened again in Ellinor's eyes.

"If I live," she said, "you shall know, some day, whether I am worthy of your love or not. Keep that beautiful faith of yours till then. We grow old when we lose it. God, in his mercy, send that your trust in his creatures may never be betrayed!"

"Mr. Sydenham said, the other day, that you had done so much good here—that your pupils, as they grew up, would be an honor to the place."

"Thank God!" Then, after a pause: "When they are mothers of families and I an old woman, I shall have friends in them."

"But as you are a young woman still, and working hard for them, you ought to have a ride now and then to do you good. Macbeth asked that 'doctor of physic,' with the long black gown, if he could not 'minister to a mind dis-

eased?' I think Bess can. That's my experience."

"What do you know about 'a mind diseased,' little pet?"

Celia blushed: she would have been ashamed to talk of her sorrows to one like Ellinor—forsaken, alone. The quick eye of the latter saw and interpreted the emotion at once. "Forgive me," she said; then picking up the bridle Celia had brought for her, with its white web-reins and blue silk frontlet: "Where did you find anything so pretty as this?"

"Mr. Sydenham had a set of horse equipments made, or sent for, expressly for me, by Mr. Hentzler, and this is a duplicate set which the saddler got up, or procured, at the same time, thinking, I suppose, that Bess would set off mine to advantage, and that somebody might fancy the pattern."

"One recognizes Mr. Sydenham's taste: it is faultless. Every article is perfect, even to this beautiful riding-whip with its knobs wound with silver wire. Ah! from Swayne & Adeney! I thought I detected London work. The covered buckles of that bridle were never made in Chiskauga."

"I am so glad it all suits you."

"I could not help admiring it, but it does not suit me, dear Celia." She stopped, seeing how much pain she gave: "You ought to have a companion in your rides, but there is Leoline, nearly your own age, in your own rank—a far more fitting associate than I."

"Leoline is a dear, good girl, merry as she can be, and I like her ever so much. Now and then she rides with me—more usually with her father. But I want you: I need you, Ellie."

"Me, dear child?"

"Yes, you do me good. I feel better and quieter when I've had a real chat with you. And we can have such long, long talks on horseback in the woods. Don't you like riding?"

"I used to like it very much."

"Did you ever take riding-lessons?"

"For nearly two years, before I left London. It was my chief amusement then."

"Ah!"—Celia took her friend's hand and patted it coaxingly—"now do be a good girl, Ellie. I've been wanting so much, for two years past, to take riding-lessons. I know I need them. Mr. Sydenham gave me some hints about my seat in the saddle: I'm certain he thinks I ride badly. You have praised me for my progress in French. Who knows but what I may do as well in riding?"

Strange! Still that despondent look. Celia read refusal in her friend's face.

"Ellie," she continued, "I'm not too proud to accept a gift from you. Won't you make me a present of a quarter's riding-lessons?"

"Little plotter!" It was said with a sad, sweet smile, but something in the tone or look convinced Celia that she had not reached the depth of her friend's objections, whencesoever arising. She made one last effort:

"There's another reason why I want you;" and with that she blushed a little, and Ellinor's expression changed. "My guardian is a good man, but he is not a cordial one. Yet he agreed cordially to this proposal of mine when I spoke to him about it. I think I know the reason. There is a young man against whom Mr. Hartland has very strong prejudices; and he imagines that I shall not be able to meet him so often if you and I ride together sometimes."

"It is Evelyn Mowbray."

"Yes."

"Do you wish to meet him alone?"

"Not often. We can be friends only, for two or three years at least; and I am so anxious to do nothing that shall offend my guardian!"

Ellinor sat silent for a minute or two. "God forgive me if I do wrong!" was the thought which occupied her. "You are right," she said at last: "it is best not to meet Mr. Mowbray too often."

"Then help me do right—there's a darling! See!" taking up the riding-whip: "here's a tiny silver shield: mine has exactly such a one, and Mr. Sydenham had my initials engraved on it. There's just room for 'Ellie:' it won't hold 'Ellinor.' I'm going to take

it to the watch-maker's—you know he engraves nicely."

"I don't need a memento of this day, Celia."

"Well, I shall carry off your whip with me, at all events; and—let me see, to-morrow is Saturday: you do not keep school, and we can take the morning for it—to-morrow at half-past eight I'll be here. Potter shall call for your saddle and bridle at once: I only had them brought here to show to you. It's your hour for school, Ellie: you haven't time to argue with me any longer. Good-bye!"

The little strategist had carried the citadel by assault. Ellinor let her go, saying only, "It's such a comfort to be able to teach somebody without asking payment in return! You shall have your riding-lessons, Celia."

Ellinor mounted Brunette next day. Even Celia's unpracticed eye detected the finished grace with which she rode. Whether she felt the inspiration which Bulwer may have realized when he declared that, "give him but a light rein and a free bound, he was Cato, Cicero, Cæsar," I know not. But, as they cantered swiftly through the woodland glades, her eye appeared to kindle with a spirit, and her stately figure to dilate with a commanding power, which Celia had never seen in her before. Some old character, hidden till now under the veil of grief or despondency, seemed emerging. The village teacher was transformed. For a time her thoughts had strayed off, far off, beyond her control.

Then, awaking to the present, she drew rein. She was in the Chiskauga woods once more.

"The elbows a little closer to the body, Celia," she said. "That is well: if it seem stiff at first, the feeling will wear off by habit. I think I had better knit up that bridoon rein for you till you obtain more complete management of the bit."

"I thought that was the snaffle rein."

"A snaffle, as my riding-master took pains to tell me, has a bar outside of the ring, on each side, and it is used alone: the bridoon, you see, has none—it is used along with the bit, but inde-

pendently of it. The bridle hand lower, dear. That is important, especially in rapid riding."

That new creature whom Celia had admired, curbing her horse in queenly fashion beside her, a few moments before, was gone. It was again Miss Ethelridge, the village teacher, painstaking, with an eye on her pupil and giving her advice from time to time. As they were approaching home on their return, she said, with a smile: "My riding-pupil will do me as much credit as my pupil in French did." Then, with changed tone and manner, she added: "You have given me such a day as I have not had for years, dear child—for years! Dante was only half right when he spoke of the grief we suffer by recalling happy times in the past."

Two days a week was all Celia could persuade Ellinor to agree to. "I took only two riding-lessons each week myself," she said. The second day, when they were about to mount, she asked Celia, "Would you mind letting me ride Bess a little?"

"You shall have her most willingly."

"She doesn't rein back readily, and she should be taught to passage."

"To passage?"

"To move off sideways, her head turned just a little, so as to let one foot cross in front of the other. It is very convenient sometimes, when one is riding in company."

They were not to have their talk to themselves this time. After a ride of some miles in the woods, they heard galloping behind them, and turning saw Ethan Hartland and John Evelyn Mowbray approaching. Celia was a little surprised, for the young men were seldom seen together. Mowbray rode up at once beside Celia, and Hartland, with apparent hesitation, slowly moved his horse to the other side.

"Cousin Celia," he said, "we had no intention of intruding on you and Miss Ethelridge. Mr. Mowbray asked me to show him a piece of land belonging to Mr. Sydenham which he thinks of purchasing."

Ellinor, after a single glance at the

speaker, turned quickly to Mowbray, who spoke, almost as if her look needed a reply: "Yes, mother finds cord-wood getting to be so expensive that she proposes to buy a bit of woodland, from which we can supply ourselves."

They rode on, a little way, four abreast, then came to a spot where the road, cut into a hill and flanked with ditches, narrowed considerably.

"We crowd you, Miss Ethelridge," said Hartland, reigning back.

"Perhaps we had better ride on," said Mowbray, and, without waiting for Celia's answer, he put his horse to a canter, Brunette keeping up. Ellinor checked Bess, prompted by the evident incivility of leaving Hartland behind; but the animal—much to her surprise, for it had hitherto seemed perfectly docile—reared, made one or two dashes to the front, then, when checked, stamped impatiently, neighing the while; and, when put in motion again, curveted so violently that a rider with less practiced hand and less assured seat might well have been in danger. But Ellinor, thoroughly trained, sat with skill and self-possession, such as is said to have deceived the poor Peruvians into the belief that Pizarro and his followers formed a portion of the animals they rode. Hartland forgot his apprehensions for her safety in admiration of her horsemanship; but when, after the mare was reduced to submission, she still fretted against the bit as impatiently as ever, he said:

"Celia has stopped, alarmed, I think, for your safety, Miss Ethelridge. Had we not better ride up? The road is wider now."

"It is spoiling Bess to let her have her own way," replied Ellinor; yet she acted on the suggestion and touched the mare with the whip. No dog ever showed joy more plainly at his master's return than did the high-spirited animal when once more by her mistress' side. She rubbed her head against her as if seeking the accustomed caress. Celia could not withhold it, but she said: "I am ashamed of you, Bess: how *could* you behave so?"

It seemed almost as if the creature understood the tone of reproach. She drooped her head and submissively obeyed the slightest touch of the rein.

"Have you had any difficulty in detaching her from Brunette when you were riding her, Celia?" said Ellinor, thoughtfully.

"Not the least: I have separated them again and again, and Bess has always obeyed at once. I cannot understand her behavior to-day."

"I can. It is not her comrade, it is her mistress, she is unwilling to leave. I knew just such an instance once," in a low voice. "Poor Bess!" she added, patting the mare's neck, "if that is your only fault—" What memory was it that gave so touching a tone to the broken words? Whatever it was, it was harshly dispelled the next moment.

"Celia," said Mowbray, "it will never do to let that pony get so willful. You'll have no peace with her. She ought to be broken of such tricks at once. I wish you'd let me take her in hand for a day or two."

Ellinor's eyes had been fixed on Mowbray during this speech, and she turned to Celia as if anxious for her reply.

"Thank you, Evelyn, but I prefer to manage her myself. Miss Ethelridge will help me: I am taking riding-lessons from her."

Mowbray's brow clouded. He seemed on the point of making some additional remark, but checked himself. They rode on for some distance, silently at first—afterward exchanging a few commonplaces, until they reached a cross-road, little more than a bridle-path, leading deeper into the woods. Then Hartland said:

"Our road leads off here to the right, Mr. Mowbray."

"Are you very busy this afternoon, Mr. Hartland? We might accompany the ladies as far as their ride extends, and then have time, in returning, to look at this land before sundown."

"Another day I shall be glad to show it to you, but I have several things which I have promised Mr. Sydenham that I would attend to this afternoon."

The tone was barely civil. Celia, who knew her cousin well and liked him, had a dim feeling that there was something wrong, especially when she saw a frown darkening the face of Mowbray, who, having no longer excuse for delay, coldly doffed his hat to the ladies and rode off with Hartland.

If either of the riders who remained regretted this departure, one of their horses evidently did not. Bess resumed all her spirit and gentleness, arching her neck, as with pride or pleasure, and glancing with her bold, bright eyes at her mistress—a mute protest, one might almost have supposed it, against another separation. Ellinor ran her fingers through the long silky mane admiringly.

"I shall not have the heart to correct this pretty creature for her one sin," she said. "I have the same weakness for her mistress that she has. She means only love, not harm. Should one be blamed for that?"

"We are told that to him who loveth much shall much be forgiven."

Ellinor looked up quickly: she saw that Celia was not thinking of her. "That is God's own truth," she said, reverently: then after a pause—"yet we have no right to indulge even love at expense of others."

This time it was Celia who looked up. Ellinor turned it off: "Bess won't annoy you with her fondness: she'll be good at your bidding, if she is perverse with others."

A fit of musing fell on the girls as they rode home. Something had jarred on Celia's consciousness, but she had forgotten it next day. Not so Ellinor: she laid up what seemed trifles in her heart.

CHAPTER XVI. THE CANDIDATES.

"Audi alteram partem."

"PAPA dear," said Leoline, as they rode one morning toward Tyler's Mill, "who is this Mr. Creighton that we are going to hear?"

"Candidate to fill a vacancy in Congress, against Mr. Emberly."

"Yes, I know; but *who* is he?"

"Have you any recollection of Mr. Williams? But no—you were too young then."

"The Quaker gentleman who traveled with us in Italy? Why, I remember the very day we made acquaintance with him."

"Are you sure of that, my child?"

"It was in the cathedral at Pisa. He asked the guide about Galileo's lamp. No, not Galileo's, but the lamp that was accidentally set swinging while mass was going on, and Galileo noticed it, and it helped him to invent the pendulum."

"It suggested to him the principle of the pendulum, you mean: yes, that is the very Mr. Williams. Eliot Creighton is his nephew—a young lawyer living about fifty miles from here."

"A good speaker, is he?"

"They say so. I take an interest in him. He is, I believe, a Unitarian; and I saw, this morning, an anonymous handbill attacking him on account of his religious opinions, and abusing him as an infidel."

"I'm glad of that: I mean I'm glad he will have to defend himself."

"Why, my child?"

"It will be nice: we shall see what he's made of. We shall see whether he'll let them catechise him. A man that's a coward won't do for me."

"I like pluck myself. Moral courage is the rarest of qualities among our public men. But, in a political contest, where the party vote is so nearly balanced as in our district, there is great temptation to temporize and smooth things over."

"Surely you wouldn't vote to send a man to Congress who could not stand temptation, papa?" said Leoline, indignantly.

"Not if another offered who could," smiling at her warmth.

"I hope Mr. Creighton can."

"We shall see."

The trysting-place was Grangula's Mount—so called after an Indian chief who had formerly held sway in these parts. It was in the woods, about two miles west of Sydenham's residence.

The topmost summit of this eminence was bald, but a little way down, on its eastern slope, were loosely clustered a few broad-branching trees—old oaks and elms and dark hemlocks. Under the spacious shelter of this detached grove the eye commanded a magnificent view over the village, the pretty lake beyond and the expanse of forest and champaign that surrounded both. The spot was a favorite resort of the villagers on their pic-nic excursions; and Sydenham, desiring to encourage these easy, healthful social gatherings, had caused rustic seats to be placed where the shade was deepest for comfort and accommodation. This had caused it to be selected, also, as a convenient spot for public meetings, political and sometimes religious.

A crowd was gathering fast. It was a magnificent day—calm, cloudless, but the landscape veiled with the light, transparent, illuminated haze which marks that beautiful episode in the autumn season of the West, known as "Indian Summer." As Sydenham and his daughter advanced to their seats, Leoline exclaimed in delight; and her father, albeit familiar with whatever is most striking in European scenery, stood still in admiration.

It was at the epoch when the first light finger-touch of frost sprinkles magical coloring over dark-green oceans of foliage. The woods, far more brilliant in their decay than in the tropic of their perfection, showed like groves in fairyland, pranked with all that is gayest in the rainbow—golden and primrose yellows; tawny orange of every shade; deep, blood-red crimsons; scarlets with color of flame; gorgeous purples, with here and there a lilac tinge; bright, rich browns, shaded off into russet and olive; yet all harmonizing with a felicity which human pencil seeks in vain to emulate. A lover of Nature might well have traveled a thousand miles to witness the scene, if nearer home such exhibition of sylvan splendor was not to be found. Yet most of the spectators who now sat down in full view of the wondrous prospect scarcely vouchsafed a second look or a single comment.

Their thoughts were on something less familiar—the two candidates, both personal strangers in the county, who had just made their appearance on the ground. They had agreed to travel together and to speak alternately. On this day, Mr. Emberly had the opening speech. He ascended an elevated platform, occupied, on festal occasions, by the village band.

A thin, middle-aged man, clad in black, with a slow step and somewhat solemn aspect; known by reputation to many of the spectators as having filled, a few years before, the post of president-judge in an adjoining circuit—a fluent rather than forcible speaker. He began by a compliment to the audience, eulogizing the appearance of the village and surrounding country, then ran glibly over the political topics of the day in partisan fashion, hitting his opponent from time to time with a touch of asperity, but without allusion to his religious sentiments, unless his concluding remark might be so construed.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, "I here rest my cause, assured of helping hands. I am happy to have found among you many who agree with me, not only in politics, but on topics transcending in importance all matters of secular debate—men with whom I have a bond of fellowship closer than any party ties; dear friends who sympathize with me in those opinions which will determine our Future when earthly scenes shall have passed away. That I have the hearty good-will of all such men I know, and with that I rest satisfied: it is not for me to inquire whether I shall obtain their votes also."

At this all eyes turned toward Creighton; and Leoline, glancing round, noticed that one or two men, who had been reading a handbill before the speaking began, nudged their neighbors. She felt a little nervous as Creighton rose. The young man himself did not seem quite at ease.

Instead of ascending to the platform which Emberly had occupied, and which stood a little on one side, he took his stand at the foot of a noble elm, directly in front of the audience, who

were chiefly seated, row above row, on the sloping hillside, so that he looked up as he addressed them.

During the first ten minutes most of his auditors had come to the conclusion that the fluent Emberly was the better speaker. No easy preface; no conciliatory commendation of themselves or of their neighborhood: no suing; no allusion, in deprecatory tone or otherwise, to his own claims or to his inexperience. A plain review of the facts at issue, curtly but carefully stated, rather as if it had been committed to memory. This called forth no token, expressed aloud, either of dissent or of approbation; a Chiskauga audience never indulged in any such—it was contrary to the habit of the country; but the faces were cold, and there was a smile, not of friendly import, on the lips of several prominent men—on those of Amos Crans-toun among the rest. Such a moment is a turning-point in the career of a young speaker. Creighton noticed the mute irony: it stung him, shaking him free from embarrassment at once. He took up the subjects he had laid out, one by one, just a little bit defiantly at first; but, as the spirit began to work, with such earnestness and candor that, before half an hour more had passed, the audience had forgotten to criticise or to admire; had forgotten that it was Eliot Creighton who was speaking to them; thought only of the facts submitted and of the arguments made; so completely, by the magnetic tones, had they become wrapped up in the subject itself. Several had stretched themselves on the grass near him, their rifles beside them, and now, the chin propped on a hand, sat with eyes as eagerly fixed on the speaker as if they had been tracking a deer.

Animated by the attention he had won, Creighton indulged, once or twice, in a vein of humor that was natural to him; his allusions to Emberly and to his arguments, sharp as the wit was, still untinged by ill-nature. That won simple hearts, always open to a pleasant jest. Several old farmers slapped their thighs, in a manner which said as plainly

as a slap could say it, "He'll do!" And when at last, in illustration of some point he had made, the speaker introduced, with graphic gestures, a sportive anecdote, the hillside rang with laughter.

Then he paused, a sudden change passing over his features, sternness succeeding the light pleasantry. The whispered comments which his amusing story had called forth instantly ceased, and there was a hush of expectation. Picking up from the grass beside him, where he had laid it ere he began to speak, a printed handbill, he unfolded it as if to read its contents: then, seeming to think better of it, he cast it from him again; and, selecting from among several documents a small, time-stained-looking pamphlet, and alluding now, for the first time throughout his speech, to the fact that he was a candidate, he said, quietly, but with that emphasis which subdued emotion imparts:

"If you send me to Washington City, it will not be as a propagandist to take action for you in matters of religion: it will be as agent or attorney to transact your worldly business. But it is not usual to ask a lawyer, before he is entrusted with a cause, whether he be Presbyterian or Universalist. Nor do you catechise the tailor who sews your coat, or the shoemaker who fits you with a pair of boots. You want your business well done—that is your affair: you leave the man's creed alone—that is his. Now the same common-sense principle which prevails in every-day life would govern in politics also if voters, in this matter, were left to themselves. Yet ever since the commencement of our government there have been found, from time to time, those who have taken pains to lead astray, on this point, the good sense of the people.

"Would you hear what was put forth, in the year 1800, when the author of the Declaration of Independence was candidate for the Presidency? Then let me read to you from a pamphlet of that day. The writer says: 'Consider the effect which the election of any man avowing the principles of Mr. Jefferson would have upon our citizens. The effect

would be to destroy religion, introduce immorality and loosen all the bonds of society.'

"Such was the prophecy. Shall we ask whether, four years afterward, when he whom his enemies persisted in calling 'the infidel President' took his seat, the predictions of evil were fulfilled?—whether religion was destroyed—whether immorality was introduced—whether the bonds of society were loosened? The questions are an insult to the illustrious dead!

"Now, as then, we find men who engage in politics as they would gamble at cards. But it is not the religion of the heart that busies itself in this profligate game. True piety is quiet, unobtrusive, a keeper at home, a peacemaker. She enters into her closet and prays there, after she has closed the door. She does not thrust herself into the turmoil of party politics, catechising candidates and sowing broadcast the seeds of intolerance and of all uncharitableness. True piety, let it differ from me in the articles of its creed as it will, I honor and respect. From my youth up I have been trained to honor and respect it. But, for its base counterfeit—say, freemen of Ohio! answer and say, whether I should better deserve the suffrages of brave and upright men if I lacked the spirit to scorn its slanders—if I consented to bow down my soul before its pharisaical sway?"

Creighton's voice was a low tenor, musical and of great power; and its tones, as he warmed with indignant emotion, swelled out over the hillside and reached the edge of the forest, where some little children were nutting. They crept back on tiptoe, "to hear what the preacher was saying." When Creighton recommenced it was in a quieter key:

"When a friend asks me about my creed—when any good man, anxious for my spiritual welfare, makes inquiry touching my religious opinions—I have an answer for him, full and frank. But when political intriguers, conspiring for sinister ends, go out of their way to charge upon me sentiments which as

little resemble those I ever held as their whole conduct in this affair resembles uprightness and fair-dealing—to such men, impertinently obtruding such a subject, I have no answer whatever.

"It may be that some of you, if I told you my creed, might deem a few of its articles heterodox. So be it! They are my own. I am answerable for them at a higher tribunal than man's. I claim for myself, as the good and noble Roger Williams did of yore, that right of private judgment and free speech which it is our country's proudest boast that every American citizen may demand at the hands of his fellow-citizens. To the greatest it has not been refused—to the humblest it may not justly be denied. Jefferson claimed it when he asked your fathers' votes for the office of chief magistrate of the republic: I am equally entitled to its sacred shield, though I stand before you but one among the undistinguished hundreds who now aspire to a seat in the councils of the nation."

Not a sound nor a movement in the audience. No one stirred from his place. They sat with eyes intent on the speaker, as if waiting for more. It was not till Creighton, noticing this, stepped forward with a smile and a blush of pleasure at this mute compliment to his eloquence, and thanked them gracefully for the marked attention they had given him, that the spell was dissolved and the crowd arose. Then, indeed, all tongues were loosed.

Some of the comments, even when laudatory, were more forcible than elegant. As Sydenham stopped to speak to Celia and her aunt, Leoline overheard, from a knot of four or five gray-headed men near them:

"If that young fellow didn't give it to them good! Now ain't he a horse?"

"Well, he's slick on the tongue—very," said another; "but he's mighty high and independent. He didn't seem to care a chaw of tobacco whether we gin him our votes or not. If a man goes for him, he won't get a thankee for it. Emberly's something like: he has a civil tongue in his head."

"They're both blooded nags," broke in

a younger man who had come up during the last remark; "but I'll tell you what it is: fair play's fair play. That hand-bill sort o' sticks in my craw. A fellow ought to have a chance. Here's just three days to the election, and it's only yesterday these dirty sheets showed their faces here. I hear'n they were kep' back in the other counties till the candidates had spoke and gone. That's stabbin' a man behind his back. A scamp that'd be guilty of such a trick'd steal cold corn-bread from a nigger's saddle-bags."

"Ye can't say Emberly had anything to do with the handbills."

"No; but, to my thinkin' there was a touch of the sneak in the way he wound up his speech about 'bonds of fellowship.' A man could see with half an eye that it was a tub thrown out to the Methodists."

"And you're a Hard-shell Baptist."

"Not soft enough, any way, to be caught with such back-handed tricks."

Leoline's party passed on toward the stand, so she heard no more. Sydenham gave his hand to Creighton. "We must become good friends," he said, cordially. "Come and have a quiet cup of tea at my house this evening. Or cannot you ride home with us now?"

"Thank you, much. But a candidate is public property for two hours after his speech, and I must call on my friend, Miss Ethelridge. By six I can be with you."

"That will suit us perfectly."

Celia, having come on horseback, joined the Sydenham party as they rode home. "So he knows Ellie?" she thought to herself; "'my friend Miss Ethelridge,' he said. And she has only one friend who writes to her. I wonder if it is Mr. Creighton?" But all this she kept to herself.

"Isn't he splendid?" said Leoline to Celia: her father was riding in advance with Ethan Hartland.

"Mr. Creighton? I liked his speech; but you surely don't think him handsome, Lela?" Celia was comparing him, in her own mind, with Evelyn Mowbray.

"I really can't tell what ladies call handsome. Dr. Meyrac has a fine portrait of Kosciusko, and Lucille Meyrac and I were looking at it the other day. She said it was an ugly face. Well, I don't know. I think if its owner had courted me right hard, I might have had him."

"And you think Creighton resembles him?"

"Wicked creature! You would entrap me into giving as broad a hint as Desdemona gave to Othello—

'And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.'"

"Well, Lela, why shouldn't you admire him?"

"I like him. I like all brave and frank men, who speak their minds nobly—who won't temporize and truckle—who won't be taken to task and trodden on. But it's against my principles to care for any one—that is, *really* care, you know—who will never care for me."

Celia laughed: "So you've made up your mind already that Creighton never will."

"Quite," Leoline replied with the most sober and thoughtful air. "He never would, even if he were to settle here among us. I'm not the least the sort of person to take his fancy. I'm too like him. If I were fairly brought to bay and hard put to it, I'm not at all sure but I could make some such speech, myself. I felt like it when he talked about bowing down his soul—how was it?—beneath Slander's pharisaical sway. Such sort of men like sweet, quiet, domestic women. Ah! if you were not disposed of, Celia! The very person to suit him!"

"But then I should never take a fancy to him."

"No. It's a pity, though." And Leoline looked as serious as if she had the whole matter on her own shoulders: she was thinking of Mowbray, and comparing the two men. Then she branched off to the speech again: "What a gesture that was!"—she threw up her own arm as the thought crossed her—"and what a look, as he talked of Roger

Williams and claimed the right of free speech! How came it, I wonder, with that slender figure and just medium height, that he could throw so much dignity into his bearing?"

Sydenham overheard her and turned: "In a measure, no doubt, because noble sentiments impart noble expression; but it was partly due, I think, to an accident or an intuition."

"How so, papa?"

"Instead of getting on the platform, as Emberly did, he took his stand on the grass below his audience. Thus, in addressing them, his head was naturally thrown back a little, his eyes raised, and when his emotions sought expression in action, the gestures were all upward, corresponding to sentiments elevated and aspiring. I think clergymen do wrong to ascend high pulpits whence to deliver their sermons. There was a simple dignity about Creighton to-day such as young men seldom attain. But if he had been boxed up and looking down upon us, much of the expression would have been lost."

Creighton came to tea. So, at an invitation from Sydenham, did Ellinor Ethelridge. Celia kept a promise given to Leoline to come over in the course of the evening, her cousin Ethan Hartland accompanying her.

Ethan informed Sydenham that the chairman of a certain committee that was about to convene sent a pressing request for his attendance.

"You will excuse Mr. Hartland and myself, I know, Mr. Creighton: it is in your interest we meet. I leave you in charge of the ladies."

They had a pleasant, lively party—after a while, music. Leoline played a portion of the overture to the *Trovatore*, then a fresh importation and just coming into Cisatlantic favor. Afterward Creighton sang "Ah che la morte ognora" to Celia's accompaniment, and persuaded Leoline to join him in "Ai nostri monti," though she could but just reach the lower notes.

After one or two of Schubert's songs, Creighton spied a volume labeled "Mo-

zart." "Ah!" he said, as he opened at some selections from *Don Giovanni*, "it is refreshing to see anything so old-fashioned." At his request Celia sang "Vedrai, carino;" and together they executed the duett, "La-ci darem." Their voices harmonized admirably.

"You had music-lessons in Germany?" said Ellinor to Creighton.

"Yes; and I was about to ask the same question of Miss Pembroke," turning to her. "Have you been abroad?"

"In Europe? Never. But I had a German teacher in Philadelphia."

"Ah! I thought so." Then he conversed with Miss Ethelridge. His manner toward her was cordial and unembarrassed. Celia blamed herself afterward for having observed them so narrowly. She could not make out Ellinor's demeanor toward him. They were old acquaintances, certainly; but it was not the manner usual between intimate friends of the same age, even if of opposite sex. There was deep respect in it, as if Creighton had been twenty years older than she—her guardian, perhaps, who had cared for her from her infancy. Yet he seemed to be rather the younger of the two. Evidently she took the warmest interest in his welfare.

"Is your election doubtful?" she said.

"Very doubtful. I shall probably lose it."

Celia, who had taken one of her friend's hands between hers, felt it tremble as Ellinor asked, "Because of that vile handbill?" her eyes flashing.

"It will cost me a good many votes."

"Surely not!" exclaimed Leoline; and she proceeded, in her animated way, to repeat the conversation she had overheard as they were leaving the ground.

Creighton laughed heartily: "It's very amusing, this electioneering, though it is tedious enough sometimes. I feel flattered by the old man's comparison. The horse is a noble animal, and the farmer's best friend, too."

"But you have no idea how well your defender's hit about the cold corn-bread

came off," said Leoline. "I know your speech made a good impression."

"There is in our people a strong sense of justice and love of fair play, to which one seldom appeals in vain. The handbill would probably have aided rather than injured me, had they left me a chance of reply. But they chose their time well."

"Ill, you mean," said Leoline, indignantly.

Creighton smiled.

"How *can* you take it so easily?" she went on. "I do believe you forgot, while we were singing just now, that Monday next is election-day."

"One likes to shake off the dust in the evening. Do not grudge it to me, dear Miss Sydenham. That last duett took me back to Göttingen. Miss Pembroke's voice and style reminded me so much of a charming family of musicians I used to visit there."

"And you actually forgot that handbill?" persisted Leoline.

"The evil which others seek to do us is worth forgetting only." Creighton turned toward Miss Ethelridge as he said it.

Again that tell-tale hand! But this time Ellinor gently withdrew it from Celia's clasp.

At this juncture Sydenham and Ethan Hartland returned.

"Mr. Creighton," said the latter, "your concluding remarks were taken down in shorthand, and are now in type for our *Chiskauga Gleaner*, of which we have hastened the publication one day, so that it will appear to-morrow. An extra thousand will be printed and sent over the county. Do not fear the result at our precinct. There is reaction already. Here you will outrun the party vote."

Creighton expressed his thanks in strong terms.

"It is we who are your debtors," said Sydenham, warmly. "We have temptations enough to hypocrisy already among us, without suffering an honest man's creed to be made a political test. I am sorry you live so far from us."

"I liked the expression of those faces

on the hillside to-day. I like the social atmosphere of your little place; and I have serious thoughts, when the election is over, of returning this way and asking you if you have not a small dwelling-house to rent or sell."

"You shall be heartily welcome. Come and make your home with me for a day or two."

"But if Mr. Creighton has to go to Congress, papa?"

"Then his time will be short; but we shall be thankful even for a flying visit."

"One doesn't like to be beaten, Miss Sydenham," said Creighton, "and I have had dreams of being useful if elected; but if Emberly is to be Congressman, it may be all for the best. A man's traducers often do him good. I am very sure I shall spend a pleasanter winter here, if I succeed in finding a home in this pretty village of yours, than I should in Washington City."

"At all events," said Leoline, "we'll do our best to make it up to you if these rascals, with their handbills, hoodwink the people. Won't we, Miss Ethelridge?" she added with sudden impulse, noticing that lady's anxious looks.

Ellinor colored just a little, was embarrassed for a moment, then replied, in a quiet tone: "Mr. Creighton deserves all we may be able to do for him."

Creighton seemed about to reply to her, but he merely bowed and expressed, in warm terms, his sense of the kindness with which he had been received at Chiskauga.

They parted, with sentiments of mutual esteem.

That evening Celia spent twice the usual time in doing up her hair. The comb dropped on her knee, and she dropped into a musing fit: "He liked the faces on that hillside! Did he, indeed! I think I could pick out one in the village that has more attractions for him than that whole audience, and can do more to make a winter pleasant to him than all of us put together: I saw him glance across at her when he talked of settling here. Then I should like to know what chance a man has of judging

the 'social atmosphere' of a place which he has inhabited for just two-thirds of a day; especially when half of that protracted period was spent in two rooms—Dr. Meyrac's parlor and Mr. Sydenham's drawing-room. How transparent men are when they fall in love!"

Then the labor of the comb was resumed, but by and by there was another intermission: "I wonder whether a woman ought to reverence a man before she marries him—he about her own age, or even if he were two or three years older. I don't the least believe that I could. Isn't there a text about 'perfect love casting out fear?'" Another pause: "It's best not to let even a dear friend hold one's hand when it's not convenient to have it known what one is thinking about. But never mind, poor, dear Ellie! If that's your secret, it's safe with me."

Before Celia went to sleep she had come very decidedly to the conclusion that Ellinor Ethelridge either was, or very soon would be, engaged to Eliot Creighton.

The vote was close, but Creighton lost his election; and six weeks afterward Chiskauga gained an addition to her population in the shape of an honest lawyer and estimable young man.

CHAPTER XVII.

LABOR LOST.

ONE day, about a week after the election, Celia received, through the post-office, the following anonymous letter:

"MISS CELIA PEMBROKE:

"You are basely deceived, and you ought to be informed of it. J. E. M. has private assignations with Ellen Tyler in a lonely part of the woods on the bank of Kinshon Creek, about half a mile below her father's mill, where he reads poetry and makes love to her. Not long since the father caught them at it, and they had a tussle which M. won't forget in a hurry: he carried the marks home. The girl is simple and innocent,

and no doubt believes that he intends marriage. You know best whether he does or not. The miller might give her a couple of thousand dollars, but there is a good deal of difference between two and forty.

"The writer has seen you often, but is unknown to you. If you wish to know whether he is telling you a lie or not, ask Nelson Tyler. The new groom that Mr. Hartland lately engaged, and who worked several weeks at the mill, could, if he would, tell you something about it. ONE WHO KNOWS."

"Cranstoun!" was Celia's first thought when she read this startling epistle. She went over it a second time. The spelling throughout was correct, but not a stroke of the writing seemed his. She was familiar with his hand, having copied several law-papers made out by him for her uncle. And this almost resembled a school-boy's handwriting.

It annoyed her very seriously, especially the innuendo about her forty thousand dollars; but it did not unsettle her faith in Mowbray. She knew that her lover was acquainted with Ellen, for she had seen her frequently at Mrs. Mowbray's, when the girl came thither for her French lessons; and she thought it likely enough that Evelyn, in the course of his rides—perhaps in search of woodland to purchase—might accidentally have met Ellen, and even, for once, have read to her. But what of that? She called to mind that only two or three months since, one day that Ethan Hartland met her in the woods, they had sat down together on a log and he had read to her, from a pocket edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, some passage appropriate to the sylvan scene around them. To be sure, Ethan was her cousin; but then cousins do marry sometimes, though she had heard Sydenham express the opinion that they never should.*

* Celia, like many others, had probably failed to distinguish between *affinity* and *consanguinity*. Ethan was not Celia's cousin-german, being a son by Thomas Hartland's first wife, not by Celia's aunt. He was, therefore, related to her by marriage only, not by blood. But it could only have been to marriages of cousins by blood that Sydenham, a man of discrimination, had objected.

Celia was not the girl to discard one to whom she had given her confidence because he laughed and chatted with some one else: those who do ought to delay marriage until they learn better. She had read that wonderful thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and she acted up to its declaration, that Love thinketh no evil.

She thought: "Shall I trust an anonymous scribbler rather than one I have known since childhood? And then the creature thought me dishonorable enough to act the spy on Evelyn's actions—to go asking a comparative stranger whether the man I am engaged to is a rascal or not, or putting the same question to a servant who came not six weeks ago to the village, from nobody knows where? What a mean wretch he must be himself!" And, with that, after glancing once more over the letter, she threw it contemptuously into the fire.

Thus, as generous natures are enlisted in favor of the persecuted, this covert attack on Mowbray reacted in his favor. His mistress held but the more faithfully to her troth because others sought to malign and to injure.

Ten days later, Cranstoun and Cassiday sat together, in the evening, conversing. The latter spoke, in reply to some inquiry addressed to him:

"It's hard to come round them, Mr. Cranstoun—these highflyers especially, like Miss Celia. You never can tell how they'll take things."

"You're sure she got it?"

"You posted it yourself. How could it miscarry?"

"What makes you think it did harm rather than good?"

"First, the black looks she cast at me for three or four days after we sent it. She's over that now, I take such capital care of Bess; and then I told her what a splendid seat she had, and how much better she handled her reins since she took riding-lessons from the school-teacher. She's a stunner, is Miss Ethelridge. I've been out fox-hunting with the old Squire that fathered me, and I've seen those Irish girls take their

fences—it's a sight to see, Mr. Cranstoun!—but if she's not up to any of them, may I never back horse again! I praised her to Miss Celia, too. She liked all that. She knows I'm a good judge. So I've got into favor again; but if she'd had her way the first day or two, good-bye to that snug little shealin' where I hope to see Ellen one of these days."

"Is that all your evidence? Black looks don't amount to much."

"No, it isn't all. Yesterday we had the sorrels out—Mr. and Mrs. Hartland, Miss Celia, and who else, do you think, in the carriage?"

"Not Mowbray?"

"Mowbray! Why he dar'n't come within our doors. The beaten candidate, Mr. Creighton."

"What! Currying favor with Hartland already?"

"Looks like it. He told the old man he'd make him a present of some specimens, I think he called them — stones or something—that he had collected in Europe."

"So he *is* going to settle here?"

"Did not you hear he was bargaining with Mr. Hugo for his house, just this side of Mrs. Mowbray's, on the lake shore? As pretty a cottage as there is in the village, with a handsome lawn clear down to the lake."

"What does he want with a house?"

"His mother's a widow, and she's to keep house for him."

"Mr. Cassiday, you were explaining to me how you knew that our letter had missed its mark. What has all this to do with it?"

"I'm coming to that. Hartland and this Creighton hitch horses together in politics. When we were out driving they had a heap of talk about that hand-bill, you know."

"Well?"

"Miss Celia, she joined in. And the way she abused every man that would not sign what he wrote! I did not quite hear it all. She was telling some story, I think, to her uncle; in course she didn't say a word about our little affair. But she was as bitter as gall; and some-

how she brought it round that any scamp that would abuse another, and not set his name to it, wasn't too good to steal cold corn-bread from a nigger's saddle-bags."

"You are surely mistaken. She could never have said anything so coarse as that."

"Her dander was up, I tell you. I heard her as plain as I hear you. Pretty hard on us, wasn't it?"

"She may repent that one of these days."

Something in the tone caused Cassiday to look up surprised; but Cranstoun was not thinking of him, and didn't notice it. The groom feigned indifference, and said, in an easy tone: "Anyhow, that's a lost ball. I thought it was well shot, too. I've known a good deal less than that play hell in a family before now. I wonder what on earth the girls see in that stuck-up coxcomb of a Mowbray to cajole them so? If I were as mean as that fellow is, I'd want to creep into a nutshell."

Cassiday understood the meaning of the smile with which Cranstoun received this, and replied to it:

"Well, Mr. Cranstoun, you've a right to think just what you like about me: we've done some hard things, in our day, to raise the cash—you and I. But if I loved a girl as well as I—as well as maybe that rascal himself loves Ellen, for I'd like to see the man as could stand that smile of hers—may the foul fiend catch me if I'd turn away from her for money-bags! You don't believe what I'm telling you, and a fellow that's as bad as me has no right to complain. But I'm a gentleman's son, if it is on the wrong side of the blanket. And if gentlemen *are* wild, there's some things some of them won't do. That father of mine never paid his tailor's bill that I know of, but he'd have shot himself sooner than let a racing-debt run over the day it was due."

"Maybe somebody else would have shot him if he had tried that game on them."

"He had his faults, the old Squire had—rest his soul!—as mother knows

and me, to our cost ; but he'd stand the click of cocked pistol just as you would a knock at your door ; and he'd put a ball through a good-sized wedding-ring at fifteen steps, every other pop."

"So you think Mowbray's meaner than you?"

"We say just what we like to one another, Mr. Cranstoun ; so it's all right for you to ask me that. But if John Mowbray should take it in his head to follow suit, he might have a chance of finding out which was the best shot—him or my father's son."

"I have no objection to your trying, and I hope you'll hit him, Cassiday. But all I meant to ask was, whether you didn't think Mowbray was after the dollars, and not after Mr. Hartland's niece."

"I'll give you a plain answer to a civil question. If Ellen and Miss Celia had a fair start, with two thousand a piece, the niece would be nowhere, distanced, beaten out of sight. I'll bet two to one on that, and put up fifty any day."

"Stranger things have happened than that you should have a chance to find out, before another twelvemonth's gone, whether that would have been a safe bet or not."

It was more than Cranstoun would have said had he not been thoroughly out of humor, as baffled plotters are wont to be.

Cassiday took his hat and departed without a word, except the remark that it was time his horses had their supper. As he was measuring out the oats, the import of Cranstoun's last speech seemed to dawn upon him. "I must look out for my wages," was his reflection : "these guardians are the very devil. Who would have thought it, with that sanctimonious look of his? Cranstoun ought to know ; he's constantly here, closeted with him ; but the old fellow must be hard up if he has laid hands on Miss Celia's cash. Any way, he has promised he'd pay me the last day of every month, and I'll hold him to it. He can't get anybody that'll keep things as tight and bright as I do. I hope he won't run high and dry and have to sell his horses.

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I'd be hard put to it to find such another place."

It was a snug berth. Cassiday had thriven on perjury so far. Some rogues do thrive to the end of the chapter—the *earthly* chapter, which is but a small portion of the great Book of Life. Some accounts seem to be squared here. Others, unsettled, are carried over. The Roman who said that no man should be accounted happy till Death sealed his good-fortune looked but a little way. There are heavy debits of which he took no account.

What has been happening to Cassiday's victim? Did the world smile or frown upon him after his release from prison? We left him knocking at his own door for admission.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

How wonderfully does the principle of Compensation intervene in human affairs! How bright—as a grand old Reformer, poet and philosopher has suggested—how bright is often the silver lining of the darkest cloud!

It was a terrible injustice that had befallen our friend Terence ; and yet, had the lines always fallen to him in pleasant places, it is doubtful whether, throughout a prosperous lifetime, he would ever have known such supreme and unalloyed happiness as when—just emerged from the gloom of prison-life—he took in his arms his weeping wife—weeping because no language other than tears could express the fullness of her joy. If all had gone well with him, it is doubtful if he would ever, with so stirring a conviction of mercies vouchsafed, have kissed his sleeping babes, lying there unconscious alike of the storm that had passed and of the sunshine that was succeeding it.

He was better as well as happier. There had been, till now, little or no evidence of the spiritual to be detected in that thoughtless, careless nature. Yet it was there. It always is where warm affections exist. It came forth now, at

the moment when these affections were stirred to their depths. Not with much outward demonstration: the man did not go down on his knees, but his heart knelt to the Giver of all good. No set form of thanksgiving came to his lips, beyond the single exclamation that burst from him as Norah, between sobs, returned his passionate kisses:

"The Lord be praised for this blessed hour!"

Only an exclamation, yet almost as long as that of the publican who implored for mercy to him a sinner. All that sleepless night, as the young Irishman gradually came to realize his great deliverance, his soul prayed in more than words. The effectual fervent prayer—the availing one—often ascends ungarnished by human phrase, in robeless purity.

I do not assert for Terence anything like a change of heart. Nature, as Linnaeus has expressed it, makes no great leaps. She does not deal in sudden transformations. The seed, the plant, the blossom, the fruit,—these are the types of her gradual workings. If there be examples of men regenerated by a single experience, these are so rare as only to prove the general rule of patient progression. In the present case the young man's better nature had been stirred: that was all. After influences must decide whether the first impression was to grow and strengthen, or to fade out, leaving him to sink back again to the level of his former life.

One of these influences followed close on his release. During the evening of the next day, Kullen, the prison-agent, came to see his emancipated client. No need to say how he was received! Norah gave him both her hands, unable at first, in her agitation, to utter a word; but, in default of speech, she offered to the preserver of her husband her matron cheek to kiss. Terence spoke with all the warmth of his country:

"Mister Kullen, it's owin' to you that I'm alive, and, more nor that, that I can stand up and face the world like an honest man. It's all owin' to you, wid yer cheering ways and yer lovely stories,

that Norah's got a husband and the childher's got their father back agin. It's no earthly use to speak about payin' such a debt as that; but sure ye know, Mister Kullen"—here the tears rose to the poor fellow's eyes—"sure an' ye know, without iver my tellin' ye, that, as long as Norah and me's got a roof over our heads, come rain, come shine, let it be mornin' or noon or black midnight, ye'll be as welcome to our fireside as the flowers in May."

Then he hesitated, as if he didn't know exactly how to proceed. At last he brought out: "An, Mister Kullen, you wouldn't be refusin' a poor fellow the little he can do for you. I heard down yonder—it was Walter Richards tould me—that yer salary's but a small one, Mister Kullen, for all the good ye do. Now, ye see, I've got two hundred and fifty dollars in the bank, and sorra a bit o' use I have for it now, becane I can't buy the house, and that was all I laid it up for—"

Here the prison-agent interrupted him: "You need not say a word about that, Terence: the State pays me for what I do, and it wouldn't be honest to take pay twice, you know. But, since you are willing to do me a pleasure, what if I were to ask you for something that might cost you more than two hundred and fifty dollars?"

Terence's face brightened: "Sure an' I can borrow the rest," he said.

"No, I don't approve of a man getting into debt. You can do it without borrowing. How long have you the lease of this house?"

"Till the first of May comin': that's near five months and a half."

"Have you done well with it?"

"Very fair. Last year it cleared me seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. And this year, if it hadn't been for that damned—"

Norah laid her hand on his arm: "Not to-day, Teddy darlint—not to-day, just when the Lord sint ye back to me."

"Well, thin, I won't swear, Norah, ef ye don't like it. But ef it hadn't been for that scoundrel Bryan—bad luck to him!—sure there's no harm in callin'

him what he is, and wishin' him his desarts — I'd have made two thousand dollars clear this very year; and I can live on half o' that and lay by the other half."

"How much of the profit you make is from the bar and how much by lodgers?"

"It's close on half and half."

"So you expect to clear from the bar, between this and the first of May, some seven or eight hundred dollars?"

"Full that."

"Unless some rascal like that Delorny should play you just such another trick as he did."

"Yes, Mister Kullen; but I've heard old sailors, as has been to the war, say that a cannon-ball niver comes through the same hole twice."

"Well, Terence, to confess the truth, I don't think it likely that anybody, in the next six months, will accuse you of going into a bed-room at night and stealing a hundred and seventy dollars. But something as bad might happen. Norah, did Terence used to swear when you lived in Cumberland county?"

"No, Mister Kullen, niver a bit: he's larnt it—"

"Behind the bar-counter?"

The young wife flushed scarlet, and looked at her husband.

"You're a good girl, Norah," said Mr. Kullen. "I see I shall have your help. Terence, what would you say if that eldest boy of yours were to come out with an oath?"

"Derry knows better nor that, Mr. Kullen: his mother's larned him better."

"I'm glad to hear it. I once knew an excellent man who had served as lieutenant, and then as captain, for fifteen years under the First Napoleon. He came to this country poor and learned English perfectly. He had received a college education before he entered the army, and he set up school and became an excellent teacher. One habit of the soldier, however, clung to him. When his pupils proved unruly he *would* swear. One day he was much shocked to hear a youngster of twelve, who had been

with him a year or two, utter a round oath. 'Dick, don't you know you mustn't swear?' said his teacher: 'it's wrong and it's vulgar.' 'But if it's wrong, Mr. Tinell,' said the boy, half afraid to finish his question — 'if it's wrong, why do *you* swear?' 'Because I'm a damned fool,' was the rejoinder: 'don't you be one too!' Now, Terence, if little Dermot, imitating his father, should venture on an oath, would you like to give him such a reply as that?"

Norah interposed: "Where's the loss to be droppin' a word or two out o' yer talk, Teddy ashore—and a bad word at that—that ye should be refusin' the likes o' Mr. Kullen?"

"Well, it's little enough to promise for them as has done so much for me: I won't swear no more."

"But for your children's sake, and for your own, I want you to do something else, Terence. It's a good deal to ask you. I want you to give up that seven or eight hundred dollars — in a word, to close your bar."

Norah clasped her hands with a look of entreaty. Her husband sat silent, looking first at her, then at Mr. Kullen. The proposal evidently took him by surprise.

"Listen to me before you answer," pursued the agent, "and then I'll leave you to talk it over with Norah there. It would be a terrible thing, Terence, if a man like you, that God has given so good a wife to, were to go to the bad. And, let me tell you, that might happen. Men are not depraved sots because they frequent a bar-room, but they're on the way to be good for nothing, or worse. Then, a tippling-house attracts riff-raff. Yours attracted Delorny, a common drunkard. See what came of it. You're not safe among such men."

Norah turned pale, changed her seat to one close to her husband and took his hand in hers.

"It's true, Terence," added Kullen. "You're easy and good-natured—just the sort of man that might take the color of his life from the ways of his associates. Just the man, too, to be imposed on by swindlers. But no man is safe with

thieves and perjurers around him. An innocent man's always more or less at their mercy; and next time I mightn't be there to help you out."

The tears were in Norah's eyes. Terence wiped them away with a gentleness one would hardly have expected of him, and kissed her.

"That's not all," said Kullen. "Do you think a man *deserves* to be helped out, if, after he has once been warned, he still keeps on with a business that makes men worse instead of better? I lived many years in the West, where crimes then were rare and could be easily traced to their source; and I know that two-thirds of them began in tippling-houses, and in the habits that grew out of them. Two crimes out of every three that were committed, Terence! and growing out of just such places as that room of yours below, where Patrick Murphy is tending bar."

At this juncture little Dermot came into the room. Kullen and he had made close acquaintance during the visits of the former to Mrs. O'Reilly, when he brought her news how her husband fared during his imprisonment; and the child ran, delighted, to his friend. Kullen took him on his knee and resumed:

"The very day you were arrested, Terence, you would probably, but for the arrest, have bought this house. The chances are you would have kept it, selling brandy and whisky to all comers, till this boy of yours was a young man; perhaps till he got into the habit of coming, two or three times a day, for a dram; perhaps till he learned to make companions of such men as Bryan Delorny. Are you quite sure Providence did not send you to prison that day, so that this chubby little fellow might grow up under more wholesome surroundings and with better associates? You love that wife of yours, Terence, and well she deserves it. Have you ever thought that it might break her heart if Derry turned out a drunkard?"

Norah had listened with ever-increasing excitement; and now she threw her arms round her husband's neck, gave him one bright, hopeful look, then laid

her head on his bosom and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Love has its triumphs in the humblest breast. The good fellow, more than half persuaded by Kullen's earnestness, was wholly won over by his wife's silent emotion.

"Whisht, lassie," he said, passing his brawny hand soothingly over her long soft hair — "whisht, then, me darlint. D'ye think I'd bring up that babe to be a drunkard? I know what ye'd be axin' me, acushla, and d'ye think I'd refuse ye, this very day that the Lord brought me back to yer arms?" Then to the prison-agent: "Maybe the arrest was His doin', Mr. Kullen. It looks like He sint you to that cell to save me life and me character; and who knows but what He's sint ye here to-day to talk to me about Derry and that bar?" It'll be all I can do"—he winced a little at this—"to make the two ends meet without the bar. But, ony way, I'll not be after standin' out agin the Lord and you and the lassie. I'll sell off the liquors and quit the trade bright and early to-morra."

Norah looked up, smiling through her tears. "Thin my heart's continted," was all she said.

Before Kullen went he said to Terence: "I heard when I was in Cumberland county that Norah's a famous dairy-woman. You understand market-gardening and keeping stock and managing horses. If you choose to go into the country when you leave this house, I'll recommend you to a friend of mine in the West, who wants a man and his wife to take care of his farm. Would you like to ride a real horse, Master Dermot?"

"Wouldn't I, Mr. Kullen?" said young America.

Terence kept his promise. His former companions were not a little surprised; and one of them, a strapping young fellow, said that same evening, when Terence announced to them his intentions:

"So, Teddy, you've turned milksop since they had you under lock and key."

Terence's eyes flashed and he had an

oath on the tip of his tongue, but he remembered his promise to Norah :

"I've changed some of my opinions, Mister Malone, bein' I don't intend to sell no more drinks to the likes o' you. But there's one opinion I haven't changed at all, at all, Mister Malone."

"What's that?"

"That whatever a man's sentiments is, he ought to stand up to them *like a man*!" the last three words very distinctly accented.

Thereupon Terence deliberately laid off his coat on a chair, and took his place in the centre of the room; adding, in a civil tone: "Any time ye're ready, Mister Malone."

But Malone didn't seem quite ready, and the others interfered:

"Not the last evening, O'Reilly: let's part good friends, any way."

"Ye're no coward, Terence," said Malone: "nobody ever said you was. And sure a man has a right to his opinions, and a right to sell liquor or not as he pleases."

Terence resumed his coat, and they all parted in amity. Whether Malone's conciliatory speech — just though the aphorisms were which it contained — tended to raise him in the estimation of the man he had offended, we need not too curiously inquire.

MAY APPLES.

HID in the deep, dank hollows of the woods,
 Their green escutcheons the May apples raise,
 Though through the thick screen of their solitudes
 Scarce pierces the sun's blaze;
 Perchance to keep from irreligious sight,
 Borne on each breast, a star-flower lily white.

Mysterious plants! that nurse a luscious fruit,
 That star, transformed by Summer's sultry air;
 And in the fibres of the long slim root
 A potent medicine bear;
 While in each shield, which that pure blossom hides
 So carefully, a poisonous death resides.

Beauty and use and noxiousness are here:
 Most diverse powers in slender limits lie:
 Pleasure that palls, an ill that all men fear,
 And joyance for the eye;
 And therewithal—worthy a wise man's note—
 To ill itself a marvelous antidote.

There's wonder in the lowliest plants that grow,
 Beauty and grace for all who truly see;
 And these I sing the Almighty Artist show
 No less than towering tree:
 The royal oak that soars above the sod
 No more than these does testify of God.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

SALMON-FISHING IN MAINE.

A CENTURY ago the rivers and lakes of Maine teemed with the salmon and the trout. Not only were the great rivers and expanded lakes frequented by these valuable fish, but even the lesser streams that emptied directly into the sea or its fiords, and the most distant tributaries that drained the wild forests and mountain ranges of the interior, were stocked with incredible numbers of the salmonidæ. Since this time a great change has taken place; and while casting our fly to-day in our exhausted streams we can hardly believe the stories of our octogenarian fishermen relative to the vast shoals of fish they encountered when boys, or the still earlier accounts of the Jesuit fathers when they visited our primitive forests and attempted to found "La Nouvelle France."

This almost complete extinction of the noblest of fishes in this State is not the result of the workings of natural law, but due entirely to causes within the control of man. The torch, the spear, the seine, the barrier-dam of the lumbermen and the choking sawdust of their mills have produced disastrous effects; and in consequence but few of our largest rivers contain now any salmon at all, and most of our lakes and mountain tarns have been despoiled of their trout. We may justly add to the above causes the introduction of the voracious pickerel—

"Tyrant of the watery plain."

The area in this State originally occupied by this miniature shark was very limited, and we even have doubts whether it was to be found anywhere in Maine prior to the year 1700. Its appearance in the Kennebec and Penobscot waters is a matter of recent history, and its ravages among our other fish have been well observed.

The migratory salmon enters now but few of our largest rivers: it ascends them in spring, and passes the summer and autumn season like its prototype, the

Salmo salar of Europe; but it seems to differ from its European brother in game qualities, for it generally refuses to take the bright, gaudy flies and the silver-sided minnows which are so successful in the hands of the British angler in the rivers of England, Scotland and Ireland. There is no reason, so far as I know, why our fish should refuse the bait so tempting to his foreign brethren. Although disturbed at the mouths of the rivers by the fishermen with their weirs and seines, and harassed and injured by the floating sawdust in the current of the streams for a long distance, yet it finds deep, silent pools in the upper tributaries which flow through the primeval forests, where the steps of men are seldom heard. And here, in the very depths of the forests and among the wildest glens, we might expect that success would attend the efforts of the skillful angler, but history records but few instances of it. I remember a party of European sportsmen who fished twenty-five years ago in the undisturbed pools of the Aroostook river, catching but one salmon. I have seen the fish leap high into the bright sunshine after the natural flies as they played near the surface of the water on a summer evening, and yet refuse the golden-hued artificial insects of the angler.

Why the salmon should be so sullen, wary or capricious I am at loss to comprehend; still, I am willing to admit that it is possible that in other seasons it might take the bait with great readiness. A part of this singular wariness may be due to the injurious effect of sawdust in obstructing the respiration of the fish, for we know that Sir Humphrey Davy could catch no salmon in the rivers of Norway, whose waters were disturbed by mills and laden with sawdust, yet he was eminently successful in Sweden, where the rivers were clear and unobstructed. On the Seine, the Loire and other great rivers of France, the anglers cannot raise the salmon with their flies

or minnows until they have reached the head-water streams, and all attempts at Paris and Nantes have failed. This circumstance should encourage our fishermen to persevere in their efforts and seek the fountain-streams of our salmon rivers.

But if we cannot boast of our success with the sea salmon, we may truly exult over the game qualities of the mysterious fresh-water salmon, which inhabits five of our lake systems, and which affords as fine sport as the best fish of the Tweed or the Shannon. This fish is less known to anglers than to naturalists, since the latter have quarreled over its classification and made known to themselves the range of its habitat. But the naturalists have been very careful not to express themselves on paper, and hence the sporting fraternity have not been able to glean much from the scientific reports concerning the disputed fish.

Nearly twenty years ago I learned from the hunters that the great lakes which supplied the St. Croix river abounded with little salmon, whose boldness and activity delighted the few sportsmen who had ventured to penetrate the lonely forests in which the fishing-places were situated. A wild and extensive district of forest land surrounded the tributaries and lakes of the western branch of this river, and was uninhabited save by a portion of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians. This great tract of forest embraced many thousand acres of land, and presented an extent of country about forty miles in its greatest length by twenty to thirty in breadth. More than twenty lakes appeared in this vast expanse of forest land, and their tributaries and connected streams meandered or rippled through every part. At the period above mentioned the country exhibited all the wild freshness and sublimity of its primeval beauty: the forest abounded with noble game, and the clear lakes and the limpid and sparkling streams teemed with fine fish. It was in reality one of the wildest parts of the State, and comparatively unknown, except to the hunters, or to the venture-

some lumbermen who penetrated into the deepest recesses of our distant forests in search of the pine and the spruce.

The glowing accounts which the hunters gave of the fish and the fishing in these regions were too exciting to be overlooked by a lover of angling, and I resolved to devote the next college vacation to examining these unknown waters and their precious finny tribes. Therefore the next September found me on the road which leads from Calais on our eastern frontier to the outlet of the chain of lakes in question, and which was about twenty miles distant. At the outlet I was to engage an Indian guide and pass up the lakes by means of a canoe to the nearest fishing-grounds, which were fifteen miles farther up the lakes. On arriving at the lower lake, I encamped at the humble and solitary inn which serves as a refuge in spring to the returning lumbermen, and at other times to the benighted settlers on their way to new homes in the upper valleys of the St. John. The worthy landlord corroborated the stories of the hunters in relation to the fish, and sent up to the Indian town for Toma, whom he regarded as the best hunter and fisherman in the tribe. The Indian soon appeared, and engaged to carry me in his canoe to the stream which empties from Grand Lake into the smaller lakes below. We arrived at the mouth of the stream the next morning, and, disembarking, we hid our canoe in a distant clump of alders, and shouldering our pack started on the old Indian trail which led to the outlet of Grand Lake, nearly three miles distant. The stream, as it flowed from the lake, rushed with considerable swiftness over the remains of a decayed log-dam, and subsided a short distance below into broad, deep pools. The bed of the stream was of decomposed quartz, and heightened the clearness of the water, whose pure tints reminded me of the Rhone as it flows from Lake Leman. Tall pines cast broad shadows across the bubbling waters, and sharp ledges of rock here and there stretched across the stream and changed the clear currents into foaming cascades. Taken all in all, it

was the beau-ideal of the angler as a trout or salmon stream.

Laying aside our packs, we soon arranged our camp by stretching a rubber blanket over poles stuck in the ground, and then collecting a pile of firewood to cook our food and warn the wolves away at night. While the Indian was building the fire I adjusted my rod, and attached to the line a gaudy red fly. Creeping out on the end of a log which overlooked a deep eddy below the outlet, I cast the artificial insect out among the bright bubbles dancing gayly down the current. As the fly was descending in the air I had misgivings as to success, for no signs of life were visible in the crystal depths; but the moment it struck upon the surface a dozen silvery forms shot upward to seize it. A strong pull upon the line, and the hum of my reel made my heart leap for joy. Across the stream the little salmon dashed and leaped his length into the air, shaking his head like a terrier in his efforts to free himself from the fatal hook. Down the stream he rushed, and again sprang into the bright sunshine, appearing like a bar of polished silver, so white and lustrous were his sides. Another unsuccessful rush, and he plunged sullenly to the bottom, but my tackle was too strong for him, and I steadily reeled him in, and soon laid him safely on the shore. A more beautiful fish I think I never saw—at least so harmonious a combination of color and symmetry.

"Bring him up here," called out the Indian: "me cook him." Toma took the fish to the spring, split it through the back, sprinkled it with salt, then laid it on a shield woven of alder twigs and exposed it to the heat of the fire which he had just kindled. A little piece of pork stuck on the end of a stick, and suspended over the broiling fish, kept it constantly moistened with its droppings of fat. In a few moments the fish was cooked, and a more delicious morsel never went down a hungry throat: really, at the time, I believed it superior to the salmon fresh from the depths of the sea, but something must be allowed to the success and enthusiasm of the

moment, and the exhilaration produced by the balmy air of the forests and the delightful scenery around me.

"Now me show you how to catch fish," said the Indian, as he gulped down his portion of the broiled salmon. "Fish know me." Toma then pulled out from his hunting-bag a long and jointed salmon-rod, with reel and stout line, and some large flies which he had rudely made of the gorgeous feathers of the humming-bird, the red-headed woodpecker, the blue jay and others of the gayly-plumed birds of our forests. Climbing to the top of one of the old, decayed piers of the dilapidated dam, which commanded a wide extent of the stream below, the Indian swung out his gaudy fly in the westerly breeze and made a cast that would have delighted that prince of salmon-fishers, Sir Humphrey Davy. As the rude insect fell upon the foaming current, it seemed as though fifty little salmon sprang for it, their silver sides glistening in the pure water like flashes of light. The stricken fish sprang out quivering in the bright sunbeams and made a gallant struggle for his life, but in five minutes more he was laid out lifeless upon the white sand of the shore.

"There," said Toma, as he pointed out the beautiful colors of the dying fish, "that fish brother to salt-water salmon; only he forgot to go to sea, but stay in lake instead."

Yes, I think the Indian is right, for on careful examination I find no deviation from the typical structure of the migrating salmon. One observes the same linear markings, with trivial and transitory differences. The bony structure appears to be identical, and we find in the little fish fifteen rays in the pectoral fin, nine in the ventral, ten in the anal, twelve in the dorsal, nineteen in the caudal, and twelve branchiostegi—the same as in the great salmon of the sea. The formation of the head exhibits no radical difference, and the fish are perfect specimens of grilse. I caught out of the same stream little parr and smoults, perfect fac-similes of the young of the *Salmo salar*.

The most singular fact to be con-

sidered in connection with this fish is its weight, which in this lake never exceeds four and a half pounds, while that of the migratory salmon sometimes surpasses even sixty.

As this fish has excited the curiosity of naturalists and caused much discussion, we will consider the question of its identity at length, making actual comparison of it with the migrating sea salmon.

After cautious dissection and inspection of the fresh-water salmon from the five different systems of lakes in Maine, and after many comparisons with the migratory salmon, I have arrived at the opinion that it is identical with the sea salmon known as the *Salmo salar*, and that radically there is no difference between them, save in the habit of visiting the sea. Some may ask, Why should there be a departure from Nature's laws, and how is this variety in particular preserved, when the slightest deviation from the regulations of Nature often causes the death of the animal? Others will exclaim, Why have not other varieties arisen from the effect of similar circumstances? In reply I will say that we observe great flexibility in Nature's stern rules under the moulding influences of man; and it is shown that certain effects of strange food, differing localities and temperatures may give rise to slight deviations in form, color and habits, without altering decidedly the characteristics of the animal.

The localities of some of the salmonidæ are strangely circumscribed, and their geographical area or habitat may be very limited. The *Salmo hucho* is caught only in the streams that empty into the Danube. We do not believe with Pallas that it occurs in the rivers of Siberia, or that it may be found in those which empty into the Caspian Sea. In the Tweed, the *Salmo eriox*, or bull trout, is caught as frequently as the salmon, and in the two rivers south of the Tweed there are fifty bull trout to every salmon; but in the Forth and Tay, which flow into the sea farther north, the species is almost a stranger. The *Salmo trutta*, or togue, is strangely

distributed in this State: for instance, it is not found in Sebec Lake, but abounds in most of the little ponds which are tributary, and which are also stocked with salmon. In Reed's Lake it is not found, although large ones are taken in its tributary, Philip's Pond, a mile distant. There are other examples in the State, but I am at a loss to explain this singularity in the distribution of the fish in question.

The gillaroo trout is found only in the lakes of Ireland, and differs very little from the common trout in general appearance, except that it has more red spots and a yellow belly and fins, and is a little broader and thicker; but internally it has a different organization, possessing a large, thick, muscular stomach, which generally contains a quantity of shell-fish. The common trout of the same lakes is not altered in the structure of its digestive organs, and shell-fish are never found in its stomach. The goldie is said to be found only in Loch Eck in Scotland.

So far as habitat is concerned, there can be no objection to the fresh-water salmon of Maine being considered a distinct variety of the sea salmon. In placing these salmon side by side, we do not observe any great difference of form that may not be explained as the effect of food and locality. Age and increased size make a marked difference in the appearance of the head and opercular apparatus, as may be seen by comparing a number of salmon of different ages and weights. The scales of the pectoral region in the small fresh-water salmon are decidedly ellipsoid, but in the full-grown sea salmon they are quite circular. Shall we adopt this as characteristic? By no means, for we can find the elliptical scales in the young salmon, and explain the difference by the growth. If we take a number of salmon from different rivers, we will find differences in their general appearance, but not enough to justify an attempt at a new classification.

It is thus shown that forms may vary slightly, and that naturalists should not regard mere variations as a mark of distinction. For illustration, we will take

the conger eel of the British waters. If we consider difference of head and color of body, we might believe in the existence of several more species than are now recognized, for we may observe as much variation in the snouts of different individuals of the conger eel family as there is between the sharp-nosed and the broad-nosed eel. Some specimens in the Edinburgh University Museum show elongated and narrow proportions in the anterior part of the head, but in others the same outlines are comparatively short and blunt.

The colors of fish are very capricious, and often depend upon local and adventitious influences. The coloring matter is not in the scales, but in the surface of the skin immediately beneath them, and is probably a secretion easily affected by the health of the fish, the quality of the water in which it lives, the light to which it is exposed and the kind of food which it eats. In the dark waters which flow through boggy moors the tints of their finny inhabitants are deep: the light silver hues change to a golden yellow, and into the intermediate shades, even to a dark orange. But in the crystal waters of the purest stream, flowing over pebbly bottoms and white sands of decomposed quartz, the colors of the fish are very pure, and the lustre is of such brilliancy as to give the appearance of transparency. We do not only observe this assimilation of color in fish to the places they frequent, but it is the same with the animals of the land. It is one of Nature's provisions, and is required for safety and concealment. Dr. Stark showed many years ago how suddenly the stickleback and other fish changed color when removed from dark pools and placed in white bowls. The change of hue took place with as much rapidity as though it were subject to the caprice of the fish, as is the case with the chameleon.

Food has a very decided influence, and, in connection with other circumstances, will produce a marked effect in the appearance of salmonidæ, even in the same lake. Thus in Lake Garda, in Italy, we may observe one specimen

with silver sides, blue back and small black spots, and another of the same variety with yellow belly, red spots and an olive-colored back. The like phenomena have been observed with trout of the same variety in the lakes of Germany and Ireland. Differences of food and habits, says Davy, may occasion, in a long course of ages, differences of shape and color which may be transmitted to offspring. Trout that frequent clear and cold waters, and feed much on larvæ and their cases, are not only red in flesh, but they become golden in hue, and the red spots increase and outnumber the black ones; but when feeding upon little fish they become more silvery in color and the black spots increase. We have some singular examples of the effects of difference of diet. The peculiarity of feeding on shell-fish produced the gillaroo trout, a remarkable variety found only in the Irish lakes. The charr also is liable to great variations from the effects of its food, and its history has in consequence been much confused by the naturalists. We observe similar effects with the corregoni, or white-fish; for instance, the powan of the Scottish and the pollan of the Irish lakes. Agassiz noticed that pet parrots, when fed upon certain fish of the Amazon, changed colors, and their green plumage became spotted with yellow.

Age also often causes a great difference in the appearance of fish, and the markings of the young change singularly with their growth: the Cornish sucker has two large ocellated spots behind the eye, which are not visible in the young fish.

It is true that there is a marked difference in size between the lake salmon and the migratory salmon: there is also the fact that the one seeks the sea, while the other does not. But these seeming distinctions may be readily explained by the effects of food and locality. Sir Humphrey Davy, who was an angler for fifty years, believed that differences depending upon food and size will account for the peculiarities of particular fish, without supposing them distinct species.

He sometimes caught salmon quite unlike in form, markings and color, and satisfied himself that these differences were due to disease or to accidental circumstances. Young, in his admirable work on the history of the salmon, gives a remarkable instance of singular differences occurring in a very limited locality: "We know of five rivers which run into the same estuary, and all and each of these rivers have their own peculiar salmon; and the fish differ so much, the one from the other, that they are quite easily distinguished. The first river has a race of well-shaped salmon, whose average weight is about ten pounds. The second has a strong, coarse-scaled, rather long but very hardy salmon, whose average weight is about seventeen pounds. The third river has a middling-shaped salmon, whose average weight is about nine pounds. The fourth river has a long, ill-shaped salmon, averaging about eight pounds; and the fifth river has a very well-shaped salmon, whose average weight is full fourteen pounds." This experienced naturalist adds that it is rare for a salmon returning through the common estuary to miss its way to its own stream.

The difference of proportions in salmon taken from different and even contiguous rivers has often been noticed, and is due to local causes. The proportions between the salmon of the river Bush and the river Bann near the Giant's Causeway differ in the ratio of length to girth as 20 to 9 and 20 to 13.

The differences of color between the lake and migratory salmon are not great, and Agassiz does not regard color as of any importance in relation to specific character. The sea salmon, when well fed, has a smaller head, a more rounded body and a more silvery lustre. The small heads and rounded bodies, considered as merely proportional, are easily explained by the influence of food. The colorings of the fish are dependent upon the same cause, as well as upon age, season and the purity and chemical composition of the water they frequent. For effect of food and locality we have many positive ex-

amples among our domestic animals and birds. Thus the lake salmon may be identical with the migratory salmon, altered in size and disposition after many generations. This principle of change of character and transmission of such character to offspring is well explained by Darwin.

If there is no difference in typical structure, there is, however, a marked discrepancy in the habits of the two fishes; for the one has lost the instinct to visit the sea; and this is a very marked characteristic with the migratory salmon, the young fish sometimes throwing themselves upon the shore in their frantic endeavors to pass the barrier dams. However, the English naturalists have admitted that it was possible for the parr to lose its instinct for the sea and propagate its species in the rivers, deteriorating greatly in size and quality.

The sea trout, *Salmo trutta*, can breed and thrive quite well without descending to the sea, but it soon loses its marked characteristics, and resembles the common trout.

All of the systems of lakes where the fresh-water salmon is found were frequented by the sea salmon up to within a comparatively short period of time, and the dams of the mill-men are now the only barriers to the migration and emigration of the fish. We can readily conceive that the young salmon might remain over one or two seasons in these lakes before visiting the sea, propagating a family which had less desire to visit the salt water; and thus in successive generations a race might be produced which would lose all instinctive desire to migrate, and adopt the lake instead of the ocean as its habitat.

In reality, these inland waters are as the sea to this fish, for it ascends the tributary rivers to spawn, returning to the lake again, as the *Salar* returns to the sea. But if this salmon has sprung from the sea salmon, why do we not find it in the lakes of England, the lochs of Scotland and the loughs of Ireland, where the salmon has had unrestricted access from time immemorial?

This certainly is a difficult question

to answer with satisfaction, since we find the same variety of salmon in the lakes near Katrineberg in Sweden, where great numbers are captured annually. It is said that it is bred in the lakes there, and cannot have access to the sea on account of cataracts, and that it is small and inferior in flavor. When Lloyd first described it the British naturalists denied the story, and maintained that the Scandinavian ichthyologists were at fault when they spoke of the fish as identical with the true migrating salmon. It must be admitted that it is somewhat strange that this variety is to be found only in the lakes of Maine and Scandinavia.

The naturalist will ask the question, Has not the lake salmon appeared since the erection of dams, and, being thus confined and prevented egress to the sea, has it not degenerated into the present variety?

The evidence is very conclusive that this fish existed from the earliest times in all the lakes where it is found to-day, and long before the advent of the European on our coasts. The Indians speak of it in their early traditions. The term "landlocked" as applied to it is inappropriate, since the erection of the dams does not prevent the fish from passing to sea during the spring and winter floods. And the term "dwarfed salmon" is erroneous, since individuals have been caught in Sebago Lake of eighteen to twenty pounds weight, and in Reed's Lake of ten to twelve pounds weight; yet, strange to say, in the great lakes of the St. Croix it never weighs more than four and a half pounds, and is a little smaller in Sebec Lake.

Here arises a new difficulty: Why should there be such a great discrepancy in the weight of these fish (the smallest coming from the largest lakes), if they are of the same family? In reply, we will ask in return, Why does the migrating salmon of certain rivers average larger than that of others, when there are no physical peculiarities, no difference observed in the respective depth, temperature or extent of lake basins to distinguish between them? Small rivers

sometimes produce larger fish than rivers of much greater volume and length.

There are some queer exemplifications of this anomaly. Humboldt was astonished to find the crocodiles in Lake Valencia to be very diminutive, while the same species grew to an enormous size in the adjoining rivers. Scarcity of food will prevent the full development of any animal, but this hardly explains the difference in the sea salmon, for it obtains its weight, after passing the age of the smolt, by feeding in the sea. The migrating salmon actually loses weight whilst passing the summer in the rivers, and it does not regain it until it returns to the sea, where it increases in flesh with extraordinary rapidity.

Taking the migratory salmon as the type, we do not observe any differences from it in the structure of the lake salmon that may not be explained by food and locality. In reality, the differences are trivial, since Nature, undisturbed, is rigid in the laws of forms and proportion. But we may judge of their flexibility from the singular effects produced in pisciculture. The Chinese have shown in their fish culture how man may play with Nature and control organic form to a certain extent. The illustrations of the French naturalist, M. de Savigny, show how this singular people have cultivated the gold-fish even to eighty-nine varieties, and how they have secured and seemingly perpetuated certain forms with double fins or destitute of fins, and possessing other singularities; also how they have succeeded in producing almost every possible combination of metallic tinting—gold and silver, orange, purple and black. Yet these monstrosities, when left to themselves, soon revert to the original type, like the castaway horses of Sable Island.

The circumstances connected with the birth and growth of the salmon are very interesting, and have given rise to animated discussions among the European ichthyologists.

There are sedentary species of fish which live and die in the same locality—often extremely narrow in its limits—

whilst there are others of migratory disposition, and condemned, like the Wandering Jew of the legend, by irresistible instinct, to move without cessation and without reaching an end to their lifelong journey. These wandering tribes, however, are subject to periodic laws, which direct their migration and emigration.

Of all the fish of passage, the salmon is perhaps the most remarkable: he is certainly the noblest, and ranks the highest among his class in intellectual instinct. The angler justly looks upon him as the prince of the streams; and what can compare with his beautiful proportions, his rapid and graceful motions, his silvery hues, his keen and lively eye, his rich and delicate flavor? The luxurious Romans, who searched distant climes for delicacies, knew nothing of this splendid fish—no more than we know of the gourami of China. The ancient writers are silent concerning it, with the exception of a remark of Pliny, and the inscription in the Mosella of Ausonius: *Purpureisque salar stellatus tergore guttis.*

In the spring and early summer the salmon enters the rivers, and swims up to the cool tributaries with great rapidity. Falls of ten feet in height he surmounts by a single leap, and he stems the swiftest currents with the greatest ease. On arriving in the clear streams which flow from the fountain-heads, his journey is at an end: he selects his mate and waits for the nuptial period of autumn.

Trout pair together in June, and their seeming constancy and affection for each other indicate something more than mere animal instinct. This fact was observed and celebrated by an Italian author in the "Loves of the Fishes," two hundred years ago.

We will not attempt to say whether the male or female salmon prepares the nuptial couch and digs the trench in the crystal sands. Some maintain that the female fish does all this, while others assert that the male prepares the bed. If the male does not do it, why should his lower jaw become like a hook at this period only? The sturgeon uses his elongated snout to plough up the mud,

and why may not the male salmon his hardened jaw in furrowing the sand-beds? Not only does the lower jaw of the salmon change during this time, but his forehead becomes tough and strong.

In ninety days or more, according to the temperature, the eggs hatch—at least those which the hungry eel and trout have left—and the little fish then appear, to run the gauntlet of life from their voracious enemies. So great is the destruction of spawn and loss of infant fish that not more than one in a thousand eggs deposited, hatch, nor one in three thousand come to maturity. But when protected by man, as in artificial breeding, more than nine out of every ten eggs hatch and thrive.

When the floods of the following spring have subsided, we observe the young salmon has increased to several inches in length, and is now one of the most beautiful of fishes, with its olive-hued markings on the back and its silver sides stained with crimson spots and decorated with a row of golden dots along the lateral line. Another spring these transcendent hues fade away—the red spots grow dim, the brighter aureoles disappear and all the lively colors sink into gray. This is the migratory dress, and the fish is ready to commence his long voyage to the ocean, which may be hundreds of miles away. The path may lay across broad lakes, down foaming currents and over seething cascades, but the little fish pursues his way boldly and with the certainty of destiny. After a few weeks' sojourn in the sea, another remarkable change takes place both in size and color. The marine influence exercises such an extraordinary effect that the descending smolt of spring of a few ounces weight appears in autumn as the ascending grilse of several pounds weight. This same grilse increases but little if any during its sojourn in the fresh water, but on returning again to the sea it grows rapidly, and appears the next spring as an adult salmon of nine to twelve pounds weight.

Thus we have the four stages of the salmon's life: first, the parr; then the

smolt; afterward, the grilse; and in the third year, the salmon. These distinctive periods are well marked, and the changes of color and form have led many students of natural history into errors.

The researches of practical men like Young and Shaw first cleared away the obscurity which enveloped the early biography of the salmon. Professed naturalists have made the most ridiculous statements concerning this fish, but we know now that the mysterious parr is the salmon fry. As the little parr progresses in life, many characteristics are laid aside, and only those which mark the species are retained: the parr-markings, the red spots and most of the dark ones, especially nearly all of those below the lateral line, vanish. The dentition changes. The adult trout retains only the mesial vomerine teeth in a double row: the salmon loses all the mesial vomerine teeth and retains only those of the chevron.

The *Salmo Gloveri*, described by Girard as frequenting Union river in the State of Maine, is only a parr, and is caught in other rivers where the salmon appears. The samlet may remain several years longer than its usual period at the place of birth when debarred or impeded in its access to the sea, and may spawn and propagate a stunted race, as ill-fed animals are checked in their growth and remain stationary. Nearly all of the salmonidæ breed early in life, and size has no effect upon the faculty of breeding, the essential difference being as to number—a thousand eggs being reckoned to every pound weight of the fish. The differences in position of fins in the *Gloveri* are trivial, compared with those which we witness in the young of many other animals during their period of growth.

About forty years ago fresh-water salmon were caught in great numbers in Sebago Lake. The Indians in earlier times speared them in immense quantities in autumn on the shoals below the outlet: the early colonists caught them by the cartload during the spawn-

ing period, but the thoughtlessness and carelessness of civilization have reduced them so much in number that they are now quite rare. Still, a few may be taken with the minnow as they run up the rivers in spring, or by trolling in the lake, off the rocky shore known as the "Image," which was a famous place of resort years ago. In the autumn they again pass into the rivers, and may then be taken with the fly. Some weighing thirteen and a half pounds have been taken with the minnow. Last summer one was caught of ten pounds weight. Others of much greater weight have been speared at night whilst in the act of spawning. The spear in the hands of the poacher has contributed more than any other cause to the scarcity of this fish. Two years ago two poachers speared in three nights in Songo river more than half a ton of salmon. No fish, however prolific, can long stand such a drain as this upon its numbers. A little protection and care in artificial breeding would make this lake, with its connecting streams, one of the most delightful places of resort for the angler in the world. Down below the outlet the water of the lake, which is of the purest quality, rushes swiftly down and over primitive ledges, and forms magnificent pools and eddies, which are the favorite resorts of trout and salmon. One bright morning last June found me rod in hand and casting the fly at the locality above mentioned, but it was too early in the season, and the gaudy insects failed to attract even a glance from the lurking fish. I substituted a minnow, and trolled him across the boiling eddies below: a whirl in the foam, a splash of spray and a strong tug at the line told the story: the hum of the reel as the line swiftly spun out indicated a large fish. Checking his speed for a moment, I could see his sides of silver and pearl glistening in the distant waters below. Alas for human expectations! The log on which I stood, swayed by the current, caused me to lose my balance for a moment. The line slackened for an instant, and the salmon, relieved of the constant strain, disengaged himself quick as a

flash, and was off in a moment to a safe retreat.

My companion, however, was more fortunate, and landed a two-pound fish. The first glance at this fish indicated a distinct variety from the salmon of the Schoodic and other lakes, for its sides were very much spotted, even below the lateral line, and some of the spots were underlaid with deep crimson, which appeared in rich contrast with the black and pearl of the sides: the dorsal fin was also very much checked with large and distinct black spots. It would remind the angler of the *Salmo trutta marina* and the *hucho* trout of Europe, so distinctly marked was the dorsal fin. But the examination of five other specimens at a later day proved that the spots were not constant, for not one of the five exhibited more spots than the fish of the Schoodic, and some of them not so many. The appearance of the dorsal fin was also much changed, and in some fish the spots had quite disappeared; which leads me to believe that the excess of spots is due to food and locality.

Bloch, in his work on the *hucho*, says that all the fins have black spots. Professor Wagner says the same; yet Davy, who angled in the Danube and its tributaries—the Save, Drave, Thur and Isar—could not catch a single fish with spotted fins. The fish preserved in the collection at Munich have none. We may account for this diversity of statement by supposing that the fish were taken at different seasons and localities. I have observed that the pike, at certain times and in certain waters, becomes yellow with black spots, and then again changes to gray with pale yellow dots. The *Salmo trutta*, when confined to rivers and running waters, gains more spots: it is the same with the *hucho*. Davy saw fish from some of the lakes in Ireland that were mottled in a singular way, and he ascribed it to the nature of the water, to exposure to light and the kind of food. Similar peculiarities are observed with the trout of Lough Neah, which the Irish call “buddocks” and “dolochans.” Trout in the river Boyle,

running up to spawn late in October, have no spots, but are colored red and brown, mottled like the tortoise shell. Hence I am inclined to think that the great number of spots sometimes seen on the Sebago salmon is not a fixed, and should not be regarded as a special, characteristic. I think it very probable that the same peculiarity may be observed at times with the salmon of the other lake systems.

The most exciting and by far the most proper way to catch this splendid fish is by means of the artificial fly; and after a while the sportsman disdains to use any other method.

The lover of the “gentle craft” who has never taken the salmon with an artificial fly cannot boast much of his professional skill, since angling for this magnificent fish is deemed the measure or standard of his capacity, the test of his art, the legitimate object of his loftiest aspiration. No lover of Nature will ever justify Dr. Johnson’s snarling definition of the angler’s profession, the poetic vituperations of Lord Byron or the exaggerated descriptions of the clever Horace Smith. There is no sport that will compare with scientific angling for exciting the mind and sustaining a joyous hilarity. The enjoyment of the pure air, rambling over green meadows, in the grand old woods, among the rugged mountains and over the beautiful lakes,—all this varied intercourse with Nature inspires the mind with happy feelings.

The passion for angling is by no means limited to any class of society. The most eminent poets, painters, philosophers, statesmen and soldiers have been fond of the art. Trajan loved angling, and Nelson threw the fly with his left hand after the Spaniards had shattered his right arm. Ovid, Boileau, Goldsmith, Rossini were anglers. Dr. Paley was passionately fond of it, and in reply to the bishop of Durham, as to when one of his most important works was to be finished, said, “My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing is over.” Walter Scott, infinitely susceptible to the beauties of Nature, was de-

lighted with angling, and more than one passage in his works betrays his predilection for the sport. Walton has justly styled the gentle art as "the contemplative man's recreation." We do not think that angling should be classed with acts of cruelty, for fish and all cold-blooded animals are less sensitive than the warm-blooded animals, and the act of hooking a fish is probably attended with less pain than we imagine, as the cartilaginous part of the mouth contains no apparent nerves. A trout will often continue to pursue insects after escaping from the hook, though he will shun the artificial ones. The pike will seize the bait even when his mouth is full of broken hooks. Sharks are also remarkably insensible to pain.

When the evening is calm and tranquil after a warm day or a stormy period, then it is the best time to cast the artificial fly. At this hour the fish emerge from the cool places of concealment, where repose has sharpened their appetites, and they pursue with avidity the insects that sport near the surface of the stream, or the little minnows who dare venture from their safe places on the shallows. In the taking of the artificial fly the trout rarely leaps at it more than once, whilst the salmon will make several attempts. Certain flies are very deadly on certain rivers, but not on others, even when not far distant. This peculiarity in the salmonidæ is quite remarkable, and evinces either caprice or intellectual instinct.

In Switzerland and Illyria the native sportsmen fish with the rudest imitations of flies, and on the Shannon the largest salmon are caught with clumsy artificial bugs and flies. Fish are not only deceived by these imitations of insects, but even birds are deluded by the sight. From the lofty cliffs of some of the Ionian islands the Greeks capture the swallow on the wing by casting into the air a long line with an artificial fly. Hofland missed his salmon in consequence of a swallow seizing the fly as it was falling toward the pool of water. At times the fish will refuse the tempting morsel, though rising to glance at it,

and then dart away as though the deceit was perceived. It is not only evident that fish possess an acute sense of smell, but at times they are very particular as to what they eat; and this daintiness of food has been noticed by very ancient writers.

We believe that the salmonidæ have the sense of smell very acutely developed, for they have ample nostrils, and their structure, and the full and peculiar arrangement of the olfactory nerves, indicate that they possess this power, even if its existence were not established by numerous observations. Almost every angler has seen a fish reject a bait that did not suit his taste, even after he had taken hold of it. The salmon not only measures the objects of his pursuit with his eye, but he smells them while pursuing and tastes them when seized. Many times have I noticed the trout on a summer evening champing the luckless fly that had fallen into the water, as though it was a delicious morsel. In trolling artificial minnows, whose artistic make almost surpasses Nature in beauty of outline and color, I have been vexed to see a salmon darting around it with seeming disdain and never attempting to seize it. In such cases the fish must have been influenced by smell, for the eye could hardly detect the structure of the bait or the concealed hook.

The white shark has very large nostrils, and smells its prey at a great distance. Throw to a voracious pike a toad, and he will turn from it with very marked loathing. Hang a shiny tench under his nose, and he will recoil as quickly as the sensitive maiden turns from the nauseous smell of the poppy.

Fish are much affected by external influences, such as inclement weather, etc. "Never angle while the chilly east wind blows" is a world-wide maxim. To illustrate the rapidity with which impressions are transmitted in water, I will give an instance that amused me in boyhood. On throwing a little pebble moistened with spittle into the pool below the dam of Pleasant river, not far from tide-water, I observed that the lamprey eels sprang out on land, as

though the water of the pool was molten lead, but returned again in a few moments and became quiet. Large rocks thrown into the water did not disturb them, but a minute pebble covered with spittle threw them into the wildest agony. Forty years ago the lawyers attending court at Machias frequently amused themselves by disturbing in this manner the lamprey eels as they congregated in the pool below the dam. The human saliva evidently acted as a poison, and its influence was felt instantly in the most distant parts of the pool. There are many other remarkable instances of the susceptibility and the delicate organization of fish. The vendace is said to perish the moment it is touched by the human hand.

As I have said before, the salmon occurs in five of our lake systems. Although there are other lakes advantageously situated near the coast, and much frequented in former times by salmon, yet they do not contain the new variety, if variety we dare to term it. This singularity in its distribution is another remarkable feature to be considered in its study.

Early in the month of May the fish in question passes into the inlets and outlets in search of the smelts who have gone there to spawn. Here it remains a few days, and then returns with the smelts to the lakes. In June it again returns for a few days to the foaming currents of the swift streams, to enjoy the aerated water and rid itself of the

parasites which infest the still waters; for even fishes are troubled with parasites. Sometimes they appear as little leeches, and stick to the gills of the fish, and then again we find them in other forms and attached to other parts of the body—in the eye, for instance, as is the case with the shark. They also become diseased like land animals, which fact did not escape the notice of Aristotle two thousand years ago. One of my prizes from Sebago Lake had a cataract in its left eye.

In September the salmon again seeks the clear streams, where it remains until the spawning period is past, or until November. In May it prefers for bait the minnow or smelt, but in June and autumn it will readily take the fly, preferring the bright and the gaudy.

We know of no places in America where the angler can be more gratified with a fishing-rod in hand than among these lakes.* If he be skillful in casting the fly or trolling the minnow, he will be charmed and astonished with his success in the great Schoodic lakes, either in the Chepeteneck or the Witteguerguagum. And at the same time, if he be a lover of Nature, he will find wild and lonely scenery, yet full of grandeur and picturesque beauty, and all that is calculated to make a deep impression upon the feelings and awaken the contemplative and reflective powers.

A. C. HAMLIN.

* The Sebago, Sebec, Reed's and the lakes of the two branches of the St. Croix.

BREITMANN IN POLITICS.

III.

VII.—THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS.

DERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory vich few hafe oondershtand—
 Dat de Deutschers are, *de jure*, de owners of dis land;
 Und I brides mineself unspeakbarly dat I foorst make be-knownn
 De primordial cause dat Columpus vas derivet from Cologne;

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisibly does shine
 Dat his elders are geboren been in Co-logne on der Rhein;
 Und Colonia pein a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist
 Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus is a tofe, id is wort de drople to mark
 Dat a bidgeon foorst tiscofered land a-vlyin from de ark;
 Und sthill wider—in de beginning, mitout de leastest toubt,
 A tofe vas vly ofer de vaters und pring de vorldt herout.

Ash mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me tid often shbeak,
 De mythus of name rebeats idself (vitch ve see in his *Symbolik*);
 So also de name America, if ve a liddle look,
 Vas coom from de old King Emerich in de Deutsche *Heldenbuch*.

Und id vas from dat very *Heldenbuch*—how voonderfool id run!—
 Dat I shdole de "Song of Hildebrand, ~~or~~ der Vater und der Son,"
 Und dishtripute it to Breitmann, for a reason vitch now ish plain,
 Dat dis Sagen-Cyclus, full-endet, pring me round to der Hans again!

Dese laws of un-endly oonwinding ish so teep und broad und tall
 Dat nopody boot a Deutscher have a het to versteh dem at all;
 Und should I write mine dinks all oud, I ton't believe, indeed,
 Dat I mineself vouldt versteh de half of dis here Breitmann's lied.

Ash de Hegel say of his system, dat only von mans knew
 Vot der teufel id meandt, und *he* couldn't tell; und der Jean Paul Richter too,
 Who said, "Gott knows I meant somedings when foorst dis buch I writ,
 Boot Gott only wise vot de buch means now, for I have vergotten it."

And all of dis be-wises so blain ash de face on your nose,
 Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects dan he himself soopose;
 Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt, ash I really do soospect,
 Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*, und lesser intellect.

Yet ooprighy I gonfess it—mitout ashkin vhy or vhenca—
 Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe be-shown sharp-pointed sense;
 Und a fery outsigned example of genius in dis line
 Vas dishblayed in der elegdion py Mishder Hiram Twine.

VIII.—SHOWING HOW MR. HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED OFF" ON SMITH.

Vide licet: Dere vas a fillage whose vode alone vouldt pe
Apout enoof to elegdt a man, und gife a mayority;
So de von who couldt scoop dis seddlement vould make a pully hit;
Boot dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all, dey all go von on Schmit.

Now it happenet to gome to bass dat in dis liddle town
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin dat Mishder Schmit coom down,
His brinciples to fore-setzen und his idées to deach,
(Dat is, fix oop de brifate pargains) und telifer a pooplic sbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss, ash blainly ish peen shown,
Und vas valfays an out-findin votefer might be known;
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meeting und see how dings vas go.

Oh shtrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked apout!
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes toorn us insite out!
Oh sinkular de luck-vheel rolls! Dis liddle meeding dere
Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum*—shoost suit him to a hair!

Now it hoppenit on dis efenin de Deutschers, von und all,
Vere awaitin mit impatience de obenin of de ball;
Und de shates of night vere vallin und de shdars pegin to plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoorry, for d'vas dime to dake a trink.

Dey hear soom hoofs a-dramplin, und dey saw, und dinked dey knowed,
Der bretty greature coomin on his horse along de road;
Und ash he ride town in-ward de likeness vas so plain
Dey donnered out, "Hooray for Schmit!" enough to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shtart like plazes; boot oopshtarted too his wit,
Und he dinks, "Great turnips! what if I could bass for Colonel Schmit?
Gaul dern my heels! *I'll do it*, und go the total swine!
Oh, Soap-balls! what chance!" said this dissembulatin Twine.

Den 'tvas "Willkomm! willkomm, Mishder Schmit!" ringsroom on efery site;
Und "First rate! How dy-do yourself?" der Hiram Twine replied.
Dey ashk him, "Come und dake a trink?" but dey find it mighty queer
Vhen Twine informs dem none boot hogs vould trink dat shtinkin bier;

Dat all lager vas nodings boot boison; und ash for Sherman wein,
He dinks it vas erfouden exshbresly for Sherman schwein;
Dat he himself vas a demperanceler—dat he gloria in de name;
Und atfise dem all, for tecency's sake, to go und do de same.

Dese bemarks among de Deutschers vere apout ash well receife
Ash a cats in a game of den-bins, ash you may of coorse peliefe:
De heat of de reception vent down a dootzen tegrees,
Und in place of hurraws dere vas only heardt de rooslin of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,
Vhere he maket de oradion vitch vas so moosh to blease dem all;
Und dis vay he pegin it: "Pefore I flurder go,
I vish dat my obinions you puddin-het Dootch shouldt know.

"Und ere I norate to you, I think it only fair
We should oonderstand each other prezactly, chunk and square.
Dere are boints on which ve 'tisagree, and I will plank de facts—
I don't go round slanganderin my friends behind deir packs.

"So I beg you dake it easy if on de raw I touch,
When I say I can't apide de sound of your groontin, shi-shing Dutch.
Should I in the Legislatudure as your slumgullion shtand,
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch troo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat' he should pe led;
If a mutter breat' it to her shild, I'd bunch her in de head;
Und I'm sure dat none vill atfocate ids use in pooplic schools,
Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal, sauerkraut-eatin vools."

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat, shoost make a liddle pause,
Und see sechs hundert gapin eyes, sechs hundert shdarin chaws.
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen; von faindly dried to hiss;
Und von set: "Ish it shleeps I'm treamin? Gottstausend! vot ish dis?"

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow, boot poldly vent ahet:
"Of your oder shtinkin hobits no vordt needt hier pe set.
Shtop goozlin bier—shtop shmokin bipes—shtop rootin in de mire;
Und shoost *un-Dutchify* yourselfs: dat's all dat I require."

Und *denn* dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat trop:
"Trow him mit ecks, py doonder! go shlog him on de kop!
Hei! Shoot him mit a powie-knifes; go for him, ganz and gar!
Shoost tar him mit some fedders! led's fedder him mit tar!"

Sooch a teufel's row of furie vas nefer oop-kickt before:
Soom roosh to on-climp de blatform—soom hoory to fasten de toor:
Von veller vired his refolfer, boot de pullet missed her mark:
She coot de cort of de shandelier: it vell, und de hall vas tark!

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimply he couldt shoomp;
Und vell dat he lighd on a misthauf, und nefer feel de boomp;
Und vell for him dat his goot cray horse shtood sattlet shoost ouside;
Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a teufel's ride.

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin py his ear,
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any mountain deer:
Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins, but dey only could be-mark
Von climpse of his white obercoadt, und a clotterin in de tark.

So dey all versembeld togeder, ein ander to sprechen mit,
Und allow dat sooch a rede dey nefer exshpegd from Schmit—
Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, and so pig a lump ash ran;
So, *nemine contradicente*, dey vented for Breitemann.

Und 'tvas annert halb yar dere-after before der Schmit vas know
Vot maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so;
Und he schvored at de Dootch more schlimmer ash Hiram Twine had tone.
Nota bene: He tid it in earnesht, while der Hiram's vas pusiness fun.

Boot when Breitmann heart de shdory how de fillage hat peen dricked,
 He shvore bei Leib und Leben he'd rader hafe been licked
 Dan pe helpet bei soosh shumgoolin; und 'tvas petter to be a schwein
 Dan a schwindlin, honeyfooglin shsnake, like dat lyin Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heafy disgoosted mit boledicks of dis land
 Dat his friendts couldt barely keep him from trowin oop his hand,
 Vhen he helt shtraidt flush, mit an ace in his poot; vich phrase ish all de same,
 In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegtet, py vollowin de vay
 Dey manage de elegdions oonto dis fery day;
 Vitch shows de Deutsch *dummehrllichkeit*, also de Yankee "wit:"
 Das ist das Abenteuer how Breitmann lick der Schmit.

 ROUGEGERGE.

THE Baron Rougegerge had a friend whom he loved with the sole passion of which he had ever seemed capable. The two had been associated together in their studies through boyhood; they had gone through a campaign side by side; they had traversed Europe—the byways of Bavaria, the highways of the Apennines—pouring their fancies, surprises and pleasures into each other's ear as if they had been two married lovers.

There was something singularly pure and noble about St. Marc: he had a half-boyish beauty of his own; his winning manners made every one turn to do him favors; and Rougegerge used to say that he himself breathed through him; that he found in him his salvation; that it was St. Marc who kept his faith alive, for how could he disbelieve in miracles when here was the constant miracle before his eyes of such a man as St. Marc being the friend of such a man as Rougegerge?

For the Baron Rougegerge was by no means a *precioso*—neither a saint nor a hypocrite; but the possessor of unbounded wealth, exposed to every temptation and unprotected since his early youth, there were stains upon his memory that

used now and then to darken his face when he looked upon the fair and open countenance of his friend.

One day, in a sudden fury, Rougegerge quitted Paris alone.

St. Marc had become enamored of a woman who was breathing beauty, and about whom all the world was going mad just then—the more singularly mad since she was young and unmarried, and since it is no custom of Paris to ecstacize itself over youth and innocence. To St. Marc, Mademoiselle Ayacinthe de Valentinois became the cynosure of existence; but to Mademoiselle Ayacinthe, St. Marc was merely one in a thousand: she sharpened her weapons on him perhaps, preparatory to entrance on her grand career. St. Marc, moreover, was poor, and Mademoiselle de Valentinois had no fortune but her name and that blood which blossomed out in such roses on her velvet cheek, which burned with such splendid fire in her dark eyes.

Rougegerge had never seen her, but he forefelt what the end must be of such a love as this. Yet he did not know how to wait for it. He fled. Anger and hostile apprehension together goaded him on, and he did not pause till he stood under the fervid suns of the far East.

For this inconsiderate flight of his he never forgave himself; and he had reason. The first mail which he opened brought him the intelligence that St. Marc had cut his throat.

For a moment the blow crushed him into the earth as a thunderbolt might have done. The one thing he loved in all the world lost—lost, murdered, slain by a woman's whim, a coquette's caprice! The life which had been the universe to him gone out into darkness to flatter the vanity of a Valentino! Dead for her holiday, to swell the purple of her triumph! Suddenly Rougegorgé rose and turned his face homeward. St. Marc was dead indeed, but he had left him the legacy of his vengeance.

When the Baron Rougegorgé reached his old quarters in the faubourg, it was at first more than he could bear—the familiar rooms, the pipes, the foils, the music, the cushions where yet lingered the very imprint of St. Marc's golden head. Prostrate there, he wet them with tears that his eyes had never known before. Then he plunged out of the place and forgot it in a week's debauch. After that, as if the touch of fresh sin had strengthened all his purposes and given him a bitter delight in their fulfillment, he took life up where he left it; and no one would have dreamed that Rougegorgé had an emotion who saw him lounging by on a horse that was only black fire obedient to his finger, or met him loitering, with his lazy repartee like a half-sheathed rapier, through the elegant salons, every one of which opened magically to receive him, and where a polished manner, an absolute indifference and mysterious rumors of wicked adventure—which latter bewitch women as Terra Incognita does a traveler—made him the hero of the hour. Poor work for a man of naturally proud and courageous temper! He knew it well, but only smiled and bided his time.

It was a few days after his return to Paris, and before he had joined the gay rout which night and day kept its revel, that Rougegorgé paused one moment in the lobby just as the carriages were being called at the door of the opera house.

He had merely paused to look about and see of whom the world consisted; and, glancing over the throng, it was some seconds before his glance returned and rested on a group beside him—a group of chaperon and gallants, a gray-haired nobleman wearing decorations of the African wars, and on his arm a lady in full dress, and with one end of the rose-colored gauze of a transparent burr-nous thrown veil-like over her head and face. For an instant, Rougegorgé, startled by the bewildering beauty of that face, said half unconsciously to himself that so some spirit might look out through the sunset-tinged clouds of heaven. Then his eye wandered over the chevaliers beyond, and came back again to her just as the old nobleman offered a fur mantle, and, turning her head, her glance during one moment lay full upon the Baron and lingered there. No spirit certainly, for it was the beating blood that rioted upon that cheek, in those voluptuous lips; it was rapturous earthly life that shone from that long, languishing eye, where the darkness of iris and lash smothered radiance at its source—from that smile that thrilled the heart's core of the beholder. She seemed some incarnation of the Oriental rose with all its damask flushes, its intoxicating sweetness. And in the same breath with these swift fancies a voice called from without, and the group moved forward at the words, "Monsieur de Valentino's carriage stops the way." The crowd swung up round her as she went, and Rougegorgé gnashed his teeth and followed after.

It would have been well for Rougegorgé if he had deigned to bethink himself. He had seen the power before which St. Marc fell: better for him to have confessed its omnipotence and fled while yet he might. But Fate does not allow us to attempt her purposes with ours: he went straight on.

Had she been twice as unapproachable in the attractile distance at which she held all men, had she been twice as foul as she was fair, indeed, that would not have hindered his formal request to the old African soldier, a month there-

after, for the hand of Mademoiselle de Valentinois, but not until he had endeavored to make himself—as past success told him, without conceit, that he well knew how to do—a familiar and pleasant thought to her mind. It required some determination, but not much art, for him to become the central point around which all other events of her day revolved.

The state of the Valentinois finances told better than any other historian could hope to do the character of the race, of the stream that ran in their veins—the rich red stream fed on old wines and lavish dainties—whose pride and pleasure had been pampered till estate after estate, vanishing beneath its insatiate desires, had left this generation nothing but the name it had inherited and the pension it had earned.

When therefore the salons heard that the Baron Rougegerge had made his proposals of marriage for the Valentinois, "Ah, well," said the united voice there, "dukes require a dower—princes flatter, but hesitate. Rougegerge is of an old house, and his fortune is immense. He is made of gold. Voila!" No one there ventured for a moment upon such an absurdly romantic thing as to imagine that Mademoiselle de Valentinois loved the Baron—loved him with all that passion and abandonment with which her race had always loved and hated.

Rougegerge did not find the time that intervened between the day of his first success and of his nuptials hanging at all heavily upon his hands. There were countless places where he had the opportunity of being constantly beside his betrothed, and of endearing himself to her by the mere fact of presence—on the drive, at the theatre, at fête champêtre, in the drawing-room at her uncle's house. There was nothing in all that to warn him of any accident: it had been, on the contrary, a part of his plan. To win her love, he said, he must at least first make her acquaintance. It pleased him that she should see him gallant, gracious and followed after. His good-fortune, thus far, gave him a buoyant humor, which shed a sort of lustre

upon his face, his manner—that made him, where he chose to be so, irresistible. They were always in the company of several, saying little to each other: he had never seen her yet alone. He had not uttered a tender word, she had confessed no love; but he was as sure of the emotion in her bosom as the diviner is of the ore beneath his quivering hazel-rod: eagerly he trod forward toward the completion of his purpose—already he saw his friend avenged!

One day he met her just issuing from the church door, and joined her in a half dozen steps, while her servant discreetly fell behind till the carriage drove up. She had been at the confessional—for the last time before her marriage: there was on her face such a grave sweetness, such a simple air supplying the place of all her archest witcheries, that Rougegerge forgot everything else in the brief moment he stood by her side. A strange tremble vibrated through his heart, and told him in a muffled way to beware lest he loved her. "This woman can mean nothing but good," said he to himself. "Too young to be anything but innocent, it is not her fault that men blow out their brains at her feet. If St. Marc chose an impossibility, so much the worse for St. Marc."

So much the worse for Rougegerge! With the thought his brow darkened: that muffled tremor disquieted him again. Another thought flashed after it upon him—a sense of danger in the air. He had turned toward a lapidary's before the carriage, with its happy burden, rolled from sight, and the great diamond, which he had worn upon his finger, blank for so many years, after that carried a death's head engraved upon its table, the better that its every lance of light might prick him to his purpose—might pierce him with remembrance of the debt behind, of the work before—might call up that golden head, that pure white face of St. Marc, and her voice dealing him death.

If ever any single drop of any proud old ancestor's blood ran cold at the violence he did it in this lie which he was living, mounted to his forehead with shame of flowing in the veins of a hypo-

crite and dastard, Rougegorgé had but to remember that one dread moment of St. Marc's desperation to drown it in a hot and hating torrent of his own—to find himself more keenly attempered to his deed than he was before.

On the night before the day appointed for the bridal the two were alone together momentarily ere Rougegorgé departed, and standing by the first door of the suite. "Adieu, mademoiselle, until tomorrow, and then no more adieux," said he.

She hesitated a moment, looking up, the blush deepening in her lovely cheek, while she tangled her fingers in the shadow of a heavily-dropping tress. "Monsieur," she said, half under her breath, "I have not known how to approach it—you have not given me opportunity before—but I have feared lest—"

"Lest I hurried my marriage too much?" he said, gayly, yet with a certain haughtiness.

"Because, monsieur," she went on in her simplicity, "I fear that you may not know me—that you are but imposed upon by what is called my beauty—"

"Fear nothing less," he answered, bending above her as she leaned her hand on the console, so that the fragrance of her mouth, swept over upon his. Her eyes fell, her lips trembled.

"Since I can imagine no destiny more melancholy, more maddening, than for a woman to receive the caresses of a man who does not love her," she murmured.

"Fate that cannot be yours!" he exclaimed. He meant no falsehood then: he meant a threat. But in the same moment she had lifted her face, with its still drooping eyelids, where he bent. All her love loaded the virgin lips: he bent lower, and they clung to his one instant, while a thrill of heavenly fire seemed to shoot from them through his brain; and Rougegorgé knew that the fruit was ripe to his hand. He went out without a word: the house was stifling him. Had a Rougegorgé lied? or why was his heart beating so strongly beneath his breast?—not beating, but shaking, flut-

tering and shaking like a leaf in the wind?

The civil contract had been already signed, and the next day all the world walked in orange blossoms and myrtles, and the Baroness Rougegorgé went home.

Not down to the old Burgundian estates, the ancient castle whose stones were almost hidden with the clambering white roses—whose demesnes lay in leagues of sunshine and the shadow of thick forests. Without acknowledging it in as many words to himself, Rougegorgé spared that abode for the bliss of some future day: at present he had work on hand, and in his fancy of the future the first Baroness Rougegorgé was to be a short-lived woman.

They went to the house through which Haussman cut an archway the other day in making an alley from the Street of the Empire into the old Street of the Male-diction—an antiquated family residence, whose stone façade had been yesterday gloomily barred from the street with great dismal shutters, and one that had somewhat the air of a prison with its deep and heavily mullioned windows, even when thrown open festally—a house familiar with revolutions and for ever on its guard; yet a magnificent mansion still, although the pleasure-grounds and shrubbery once surrounding it had been given up long ago, and palaces built in their stead. Within, its sumptuous suites were already caprices of luxury: at certain hours the sunshine fell in joyous illumination through the deep casements. There were pictures that brought all glories of earth and heaven to rest upon the walls, and statues that made it seem as if gods and goddesses yet wandered among us. There wanted nothing to complete its charm except the happy face, the singing voice of this young and exquisite being now moving through it on the arm of her bridegroom, the silent Baron, already beginning to be tormented with a strange, unnatural struggle. To him it wanted something more—the face, the voice of St. Marc. Yet why not forget it all? why not compassionate? Did she compassionate? They were alone—she,

timid, tender, tearful; he, courtly, but making no protest of passion—strangely still indeed, whether with suppressed stress of feeling or from the nature of his kind, how should she say? She felt toward him perhaps a singular, new fear, half awe and half respect, that could but deepen all the rest—yearning affection and admiring faith.

It was after midnight when the young Baroness awoke from her sweet deep sleep. For the first moment she imagined that she was alone. The light burned softly, moonbeams lay on the purple velvet of the floor, and out of the lofty rose-window she saw the moon drifting through clouds of foam across the perfect sapphire of the night. Directly afterward her eye fell upon the Baron sitting beneath the lamp, his face in white relief against the curtain that shut off the alcove-like room where they were from the larger one of the apartment. She suffered her gaze to rest on him with a trembling, lovely smile—no longer the secure, assured radiance of the proud queen of hearts, but a blushing and beseeching smile on him from whom all the sunshine and happiness of her life must come. The Baron did not return it. He was gazing at her with a steady sternness that at first perplexed and then alarmed her.

"You are not well?" she cried.

"Perfectly so," he answered. "I have something to say to you."

The tone of his voice seemed already to have said it. She listened in a dumb amazement. Just out of the rosy slumber of supreme happiness, this icy breath froze her, while she heard it, into stone.

"I had a friend," said the Baron. "He was all I had: he was my life. His name was St. Marc."

"Ah, I remember him!" she exclaimed: then, as he paused, and half rising from her pillow, with a vague intuition that she was upon her defence—that she must answer, though to what she knew not—"Ah, I remember him—St. Marc. He had the face of Guido's angel who slays the dragon," hesitatingly; "yet he was like a woman—"

"You remember him? He took his

own life;" looking at her with eyes that transpierced her, and made her writhe in a dreadful premonition of unknown disaster beneath their glance, despite herself and her unconscious ignorance. The drops stood on his forehead. It was not so easy, after all; and this woman was so beautiful!

"They told me so," she was saying, gently. "It made me shiver. It was dreadful. Some woman, they thought, was the reason."

"A woman *was* the reason! A woman trolled him on with her false promises, her damnable wiles—lured him to his ruin, betrayed him to death!" For suddenly the awful scene of that death grew real again to him: he felt the pangs St. Marc himself had felt—the empty earth, the black despair.

"Do not speak so: you terrify me!" she cried, growing paler and paler with presentiment of evil. "It is cruel. She never could have known what she did. Is it not so? Ah, your eyes are like lightnings! Why do you look at me so?" she demanded, with the sob in her throat, and thrusting back her falling hair from her bewildered eyes. "Do not think of her, my husband: forgive her, since you loved him thus: forgive her as he must do, now that he sees—"

"Forgive her? I vowed vengeance upon her! I came with it from Assyria," he cried, rising and advancing with uplifted hand, so that she cowered, but in a moment rose again. Death from that hand were better than the insane words he was uttering. "I found her, I won her—her love, her first love. I know what I say!" his voice swelling till it was like a groan. "I won her love that I might wither her with the knowledge of my abhorrence; that I might make the world as hollow to her as she made it to St. Marc; that she might suffer the same contempt, the same misery, the same despair!"

"I do not—I do not comprehend," she murmured over and over again between chattering teeth, pressing her hands tightly on her temples, and still surveying him with those wild eyes. "I

do not — I have lost — something has happened to me. Do you mean—”

“I mean that you, you are his murderess,” the syllables falling as distinct as the strokes of a threshers’ flail. “That you love the man who detests you,” he added—“that you love me, I know. And I have avenged St. Marc!” he said then, quite in his ordinary tone, and turning on his heel to go, but pausing first, as if, greedy of distress, he would not lose one line, one shade of hers.

“I?” she cried, piercingly, and throwing up her arms as if to ward off some descending blow—“I? Oh, is it possible? And you? Am I mad?” in a choking gasp. “Tell me, am I mad?” Her face began to look no longer like a face, but like a dead-cloth that has taken the impress of dead features from which the living presence has fled. “Oh, you have broken my heart!” she cried.

The Baron Rougegorge breakfasted and dined alone for some three weeks after his marriage. To say that he experienced ennui is to make a mild statement of his condition. Strange to tell, in planning his little melodrama of breaking the heart of a woman, he had never carried his ideas one moment beyond the grand *coup*—the dealing of the blow: now he found that people still live, even with that delicate organ shattered, and practically and before the world he had a wife upon his hands.

Somehow, in the obscure undercurrent of his mind, he was not entirely willing to let the world in upon the truth of his late transaction; or it may be that, being a modest man, he preferred not to boast over his victory: he had a stately way of keeping up the appearances of affairs as they should be before the servants themselves, though how far those astute individuals were to be hoodwinked is a matter for the philosophers; and thus he eked out his feuilleton in the morning, lounged with his books and maps and portfolios and siestas by day, took his exercise by night; and meanwhile both Baron and Baroness were denied to all guests, and by very simple means the Baron began to discover that,

if he had ruined life for another, he had not created any great portion of bliss for himself. Certainly he was very uncomfortable. He could not exactly determine on a future. To throw up his hand and quit the town—that exposed him to the jeers of old comrades; nor was he sure that he wished to do so. To remain—there, in fact, the Baroness might have a word to say. Perhaps he found the situation piquant: at any rate, he awaited some event. It is possible, too, that he was the least trifle ashamed of the part he had played: it is possible that a morsel of pity, now that it was too late, weighed upon him as he remembered the smile with which that woman had awakened, the woeful look with which she had fallen back among her pillows; the smile of rosy shyness—the look dazed and distraught with the creeping torture of shame and horror. He was disturbed, indeed, with a singular sensation for a Rougegorge—a dim and misty shadow in his consciousness, the mere outline of a thought—the sensation that he had been a knave. But with all that, whenever, through the lonesome day, he chanced to glance up at the portrait of St. Marc, with all its eager brightness gilding it like a transfiguring atmosphere, then again his heart would rise in his throat with an unchecked swift gulp of satisfaction. That woman had deprived him of St. Marc, the one delight and consolation of his being, his summer and his sunshine; with whom he needed nothing else, neither wife nor child; without whom—She had stolen him, had destroyed him; and he in turn had destroyed her!

It was toward the close of what was supposed to be his honeymoon that the Baron sat delaying over his coffee one morning, now and then reading a paragraph of his paper, thinking he might yet turn his attention to politics—now and then pausing to examine the filmy sheen of the wings of a dragon-fly that, wandering in its flight from some palace gardens, had darted in at the open window, and still lingered, poised upon the edge of a crystal carafe. It was rather a welcome interruption of his monotony.

He fancied himself becoming a naturalist: he had already formed the friendship of an agreeable spider; and he laughed, a little bitterly, at himself, remembering other prisoners who had done the same. He was just returning to his article on the "Ancient Frontiers," after a microscopic sort of examination of the dragon-fly's complex eyes, when the door was thrown open: there was a soft rustle, and Madame the Baroness was announced.

To tell you the real truth, he was for one instant delighted to see her. He sprang to meet her by his natural instinct of courtesy. Then, recollecting himself, although he conducted her to her place at the head of the table, it was without so much as touching her hand, and with a behavior that was not only glazed in iciness, but was ice itself. Then he resumed his seat and refolded his paper, while with a motion of her hand the Baroness dismissed the servant, and the two were alone again, save for the dragon-fly and the morning breeze that stole in and fluttered damask and drapery.

"I have something to say to you," said the Baroness, upon that—quoting, perhaps unconsciously, his own words on the occasion of their last interview.

The paper fell from the Baron's hands. The same rippling music as ever in the tones that thus addressed him; but this was not the voice of the woman who cried out that he had broken her heart. A single hurried glance at her, and he stooped to regain the sheet. It was not the same woman. To be sure, there was the oval of the cheek, to which the rich carnation just now came mantling; there were the eyes as velvet soft as the darkest petals of a pansy are; there was again the waving shadow of that heavy and perfumed curl. But no longer were those the lips loaded with kisses, nor could lips ever be so again that had learned to feel that faint constriction now wrinkling around them. If absent at this moment, there *had been* flame behind that eye. Was it the least fine trace of scorn in the quiver of that chiseled nostril?

The Baron Rougegerge could not in that instantaneous glance gather and assimilate the whole sense of what he saw—the same being, yet another. He had come once in his travels upon a landscape lying in the sun with golden distances and violet hazes: he had returned to that landscape after an earthquake had disturbed it, ever so slightly, and it had settled down again as of old, encrusting its central fires. It was unaccountably to himself that he recalled that scene now, with the one black fissure seaming all its sunlit azure, as he gazed at his wife. In effect, there was something as peculiarly fearful in this young and faultlessly fair creature—could he but have detected it—whose bloom-bathed flesh, whose dissolving outlines, whose fresh and dewy color and sparkle were all but the mere mask of youth and sweetness above a soul from which the wine of life had been wrung—as desiccated and juiceless and hard as substance that has lain between the upper and nether millstones. In future, as she moved among one and another again, unless her artifice rivaled the power of Nature, she would scarcely be as alluring as of old: there might be a dazzle about her, a cold glitter, the brilliancy of a thousand facets. She said once that that was because she had been cut and ground upon the adamant of Fate. Until her marriage day she had been joyous, careless, conquering: if afterward she should become a diabolic thing, it would be as much the guilt of Rougegerge as her own. "Why not?" she said. "In these three weeks I have already known the tortures of the damned. There can be nothing worse."

The Baron, however, would have needed to be as penetrating as he was impetuous to have imagined the beginning of all this. He only saw that the youthful Baroness had experienced some curious and intimate change, the probable result of that operation known as breaking the heart—a seal and recognition of his vengeance. But he had had that vengeance: he was satisfied, perchance satiated with it; and he felt no longer any vivid and unbroken animosity toward the lovely lady who laid her white

hand so quietly along the table and repeated, silverly, "I have something to say to you."

"I shall be pleased to listen, madame," responded the Baron, graciously.

Looking over at him, she smiled an unconcerned and disengaged smile, such as she might give to the bluebottle buzzing in the window. One would hardly believe how much that simple smile annoyed the Baron, such are the inconsistencies and contradictions of human nature: it seemed to tell him that he had not done his work effectually. But if he even dreamed that, the dream was presently dissipated.

"Monsieur," she said with gentleness, "I am not come to bandy reproaches with you. I will not tell you that you judged me, sentenced me, executed me, without allowing me a defence; nor that, since my execution has taken place, a disembodied spirit would be addressing you with as much interest in the affairs of life. Certainly, if it is a ghost, it is one that came out of hell," she said, in a slow, reflective way. "You see, monsieur, that I am frank with you. I do not conceal that you dealt me a dreadful doom. It was dreadful indeed," with a shiver, and fastening her eyes on the Baron: "did you ever realize how dreadful? You outraged me, you robbed me, you murdered me! Well—I am not crying for mercy: I know well that the race of Rougegorgé has none. Nor can I say a word," she exclaimed, with a sudden flash: "neither have the Valentinois! As for me, it is true that I loved, I trusted, I confided: I will not take from you a tittle of your vengeance. I believed my bridegroom was nobility itself—was manliness and courage and honor impersonate." The Baron moved uneasily in his chair, across which too much of the warm sunshine fell. "He was an ideal," continued the Baroness, "and I was idolatrous. It is something to destroy one's husband, but what punishment," she cried, hotly, "is sufficient for him who destroys one's god?"

The ejaculation of Rougegorgé was checked, half unuttered, by her gesture;

and directly afterward she had resumed as calmly as before. "I shall not speak of my shame, either," she murmured—"of the mortification I have suffered while the blush seemed burning into my bones; nor of my loss. I was reared in the country, in a home—I am perhaps sentimental, but such a home was always in my hopes—a charming home, a man who loved me and whose happiness I was; dear children. Well, all that you have made impossible, you see; and, more than all, you have taken my youth—youth, love, hope."

The Baron rose and walked across the room, pacing up and down its length in a somewhat agitated way. "Do not think that I am imploring you to reconsider what is done," she said, following him with her melancholy eyes—"to give me still a corner in your affections; for—listen, monsieur—I no longer love you! I struggled with my sick heart, I overcame it: I am used to conquest, you know," with another smile. "If I do not hate you, it is a part of my folly and of the simplicity that made me so easily your dupe. And, besides—I am too old. You are young still, a young French noble with a career opening before you; but I—I came into this house a child—now my hair ought to be gray. I have lived, in this month, a longer time than you will ever live, monsieur—than you will ever live," she repeated, with the sad cadence in her voice, as he started and paused in his walk. "I have lived and died," she breathed. "Yes, yes, Ayacinte de Valentinois is indeed no more. The Baroness Rougegorgé is another person. Monsieur," she continued in a moment, which seemed an hour to the man whom she so skillfully arraigned, and during which he had retaken his seat opposite her—"Monsieur, fancying we might hardly care to recur to this subject for some time to come, and feeling it necessary that everything should be clear and our future relation determined, I came here to speak with you this morning, and also to justify myself, if that might be, in some measure. I do not mean to upbraid you that, being a man, you took revenge

upon a woman, nor that, being a nobleman, you took it in an ignoble manner and with the aid of a false oath—"

"I will hear no more of this!" cried the Baron, springing to his feet. She did not raise her voice, but she went on, and the Baron found himself compelled to hearken.

"All that is understood, of course," she said. "But I would vindicate myself in one particular. I am perhaps a coquette. Being an orphan and the mistress of my uncle's house, I have had more freedom than many have: I may have deserved some rigors. But not from you; for of the crime of which you accuse me, and for which you destroyed me, I am innocent. Monsieur St. Marc asked my uncle for my hand, and was refused by him so contemptuously as to annihilate hope. I never knew it till, learning by accident that you were usually absent at a late hour, I sent for my uncle to see me, and then discovered it, but without betraying you. Had St. Marc spoken to me, I should assuredly have taught him his rashness more kindly, and have left him with something to live for. Had you taken one step in that investigation which should be made where life is the penalty, you would have blundered less blindly: you might have challenged the old soldier, who would not have refused to whet his sword on your vengeance. So, Baron Rougegorge," said the lady, rising and leaning only her finger-tips on the table, "I do not say that I despise you, but you have done a pitiful piece of work for nothing. For nothing? You have paid the price of your freedom! Now that I am your wife, monsieur, what do you intend to do with me?"

She was assuredly more beautiful now than he had ever seen her, as she stood, during the last sentence of her extraordinary harangue, with the flushes of a proud indignation sweeping over her. But he was only sentient of the fact—not distinctly conscious of that or of anything else. He was tingling with a species of humiliation from head to foot, and by an antagonistic necessity he must assume a brazen front.

"Madame," he replied, "I do not intend to ask you to forgive me."

"As you please," she said, lightly.

"We both have perhaps been unwise," began the Baron—"you, in speaking with vehemence; I, in acting precipitately. Since, then, we have ruined life for each other—"

"We!" she cried, in a smothered tone—"we!"

"We have only to endure the remnant together," he said, without noticing the brief outbreak. "As for the world, our secret is our own."

"Our secret is our own," she said, her head drooping forward on her breast a little.

"You are a Baroness Rougegorge, my wife and the head of my establishment. Make it all it should be. I will not weary you with too much of my society. Meanwhile, we will issue the cards for our first dinner. Have you any names for my list?"

Perhaps the Baron would be able to carry this high hand triumphantly to the close!

The newly-married pair swept out again on the full tide of the world after having arrived at this understanding. According to the part which he had ordained himself to fill for a limited time, the Baron was seen in constant attendance upon his bride—at operas, at balls, sometimes in her carriage. Men envied him his felicity: women envied her her diamonds. One person even reported that he had seen the romantic creatures wandering through the flower-market together at sunrise, but then nobody believed him. Nobody believed him, yet nevertheless it was true. The Baroness, in throwing open her house, had sportively declared that it was patent it had been a haunt of bachelors and cigarrettes, for the conservatory was a desert, with neither moss, nor vine, nor blossom unwithered by gas and smoke and the exhalations of absinthe; and she gayly proceeded to refurnish the little dominion with all the sweet, old-fashioned plants which the first blush of morning might find exposed along the stalls, till its new wealth fairly overflowed

into the adjacent rooms. Rehearsing her adventures one day to the guests at her breakfast-table, they had a little sunrise party on the next to visit the place and behold what they never had seen before; and on another morning the Baron dismissed the groom, upon her invitation, and went with her himself.

"It is an imposition upon the good-nature of one who does not care for flowers," she said as he handed her down some steps—"as if the martyr should pile his own fagots." She was buying hyacinths that morning. Blue and blush-colored and golden, white as a lily, single as a jasmine, double as a rose, purpler than nightshade; and the dark, mysterious bulbs without number. "They are my patron saints, you know," she said, laughingly. "My mother named me from the stem of flowers my father gave her when he saw her first; so I surround myself with them by right. And I am starved for them, since my uncle would not have them in the house. Moreover, it is a charming little drama—the planting of the bulb, the shooting of the first spire, the wonder and conjecture concerning the final flower. One would content me were I in a prison cell. Ah, I am never in the future without hyacinths!"

After that, there were birds to be had—canaries, a blind greenfinch, a nightingale. "Shall my name be Rougegerge, and I not have a red-breast under my eaves?" she cried in that new and joyous manner of hers that seemed as natural and as unvaried as her breath, but which yet made the Baron, remembering what he did, pause and turn more than once to look at her, as if she were a sphinx. "It is the crest of the house, is it not?" she said. "Those ancient barons never could have been but gentlemen of the road, and Rougegerge the noble for cut-throat!" And she tossed the lory on her wrist, and sent it sailing and screaming over to its perch on a bust of Hecate. In fact, with her pets and her flowers she enchanted the whole place, and the Baron himself, who had but slight horticultural tastes, confessed, when all was done, that this gush of bird-song, these brilliant blossoms, these

clambering vines and myrtles, these hanging baskets of orchids with the sunshine making their gorgeous tissues look like living flame, and with the long-tailed paroquets clinging to them, as gorgeous as themselves, all gave his house a charming sort of radiance, a warm, gay atmosphere, that told one, on entrance there, that here a woman held her court, admired and sovereign.

For if Ayacinthe de Valentinois had ever ruled a province, this woman's sway was imperial: her artifice did indeed rival Nature—her gladness was like the pure upgushing of a sunny identity. It was varied with now and then a melancholy moment, with now and then a swift passion of anger: all seemed the unforced freedom of a child of Nature. She enslaved the hearts and souls of men; her salon was a region of delight; she herself was fêted and followed after; and wherever she went she dragged captives in her chain—these vanquished by her wit, those by her sweetness. Apparently she enjoyed her life to the lees of it—none better. Sometimes her voice bubbled up, as she passed from room to room of her own abode, in an irrepressible warble; sometimes, as if too trivial to remember long any bitterness that she could forget, she would even shed a smile upon the Baron, disturbing his stately quiet with a capricious kindness: all the time, with her gay extravagances, her happy sallies, her sunbursts of smiles, she seemed to fairly sparkle. All this puzzled the Baron at first, excited his attention; and he could not escape from the perplexity it occasioned him; and when one day, upon entering, he saw the Archduke Max sitting by her side, an old field-marshal, whose gray locks lay along his shoulders, kissing her hand in departure, and a younger Lothario securing the rose that had fallen from her breast-knot to the floor, then he was enraged with himself to find that, instead of being any longer puzzled by her inexplicable joyousness and heedless acceptance of her misfortunes, he was exceedingly displeased with this scene—discomposed, annoyed, oppressed. He sat down presently with

a feeling as if he had heard some ill news, but could not remember what it was. The Baroness saw his disturbance, as a quick color hung out its treacherous signal on her cheek to testify; while over her face gathered the smile out of which a sudden look leaped like a deadly creature from its lair. "Ah, monsieur," she said to herself as she surveyed him, "the philter begins to work—presently the incantation." It was nothing of the kind which she said to him, though, when happening by and by to pause for one lingering instant at his side, and forgetting her glove upon the table near at hand. It would be hard for one to say what idleness it was that made him lay his hand upon that glove and gather it into his palm, and hide it away like a treasure.

He did not find opportunity to speak with her till some days thereafter, when she sought him in crossing a hall, and said simply that she regretted she had not known that the alcoved apartment was a favorite one of his, since he might have resumed the use of it so much earlier, as she had long ago vacated it for one in the opposite wing, where the sunshine did not trouble her at so early an hour of the dawn. "It must have pleasanter remembrances for you, monsieur, than it has for me," she said, with a strain of pathos in her voice.

The sunshine was falling then where she stood on the Egyptian marble of the hall, making, with its reflection in the shining floor, a halo of separation around her: a flitting damask stained her cheek and stayed there; her downcast eyes shed a shadow round them; her half-parted lips seemed trembling as she spoke. The Baron was mad at that moment. "It can be no memory but a bitter one for me!" he cried, and seized her hand and would have raised it to his lips.

"Alas, monsieur!" she murmured, sadly, "such compliments are unnecessary between you and me;" and then was gone again.

When the Baron installed himself in his former apartment once more, it was with a singular desire and dislike to do

so. It struck him a little oddly at first that the gaunt bloodhound, who had been wont to stretch himself at ease there in the old days before the Baron took destiny into his own hands, now absolutely refused to cross the threshold, but lay with his nose along the sill, giving forth such dismal howls that he had to be taken down and chained in his kennel. The Baron forgot about it shortly in noting the aspect of the place, familiar yet unfamiliar; for the Baroness could not have dwelt there what time she did and not have left some trace of her loveliness behind her; and here a shutter that had not been unbarred for the lifetime of a generation, slurred a new light across the ancient panel-painting of an avenging Dian and her dogs, and there a windowful of sunbeams nestled around the blossoming plants that she had suffered to remain there—remain perhaps as mementoes of herself. He sat down beneath them, and for a time drew in deep breaths of their satisfying sweetness; and it seemed to him that her shadow in flying from the place, bleak though December whistled without, had left only summer within.

Events moved quickly for the Baron Rougegerge now. He had forgotten St. Marc, and sometimes, when accident led his eyes to the portrait, he found himself looking on it only with a shudder. No Rougegerge had ever bent aside from a purpose, yet the fire and impulse that had propelled this one to his revenge lasted barely to its consummation, and then there had been a vicious struggle which made that issue cost him some drops of his heart's blood. Now hatred had died in him, and half his being with it, one might say: pity had surprised him; wonder and perplexity had awakened scrutiny that became pleasure; and then Regret, a dark-robed shadow, had laid her finger on his heart and bade him follow her. He followed, but looked still behind, for down that other way—

The Baron indeed was in a strangely fevered condition at this point. A thousand emotions tore him, as his own hounds tore Actæon. He had reached that period where he could not live with-

out the music of this woman's voice, yet he heard it only addressed to others; he needed the sympathy of her thoughts, yet doubted and disbelieved their expression; he dared not trust himself to live alone with her, yet he could not endure to see another approach her; she was his, yet only by a fiction of law; he was as indifferent to her, he declared to himself, as the wind is to the rose it rifles, yet he knew that his whole nature was corroded by jealousy.

It was perhaps the mood induced by all these attractions and repulsions, desires and denials, that caused him one night, as the doors closed behind the last guest of their grand ball, where the young hostess, beaming on all who drew near, had danced almost as wildly as a Mænad, sweeping along like a meteor in the flash of her jewels, her gauzes, her blushes, her glances, and shining on him only from the arms of other men—caused him to accost her as she delayed one second, gathering up her drapery at the foot of the great staircase. "Madame," he said hoarsely, just beside her, "do you remember that you have my honor in your keeping?"

"Monsieur," she answered him in the gay malice which the subsiding spirit of the revel lent her, "do you remember that you put it there?" But with an after-thought she lifted her head haughtily. "Do not fear that I shall not guard it more carefully than you yourself have done," she said; adding softly in a moment, "Monsieur, you forget that your honor is my own." And she went slowly up the stairs, the long train of frosty lace and rosy silk creeping serpent-like behind her, as regardlessly as though, instead of a living being, the Baron were nothing more than the bronze effigy of an ancestor.

He stood as motionless there for a long time as though indeed he had been cast in metal, and gazing at the place where she had vanished, while the light of dawn came stealing silently in around him. And during all that time the Baroness Rougegerge herself was standing as motionless, leaning before an antique mirror that for more than a century had reflected the proud ladies who had con-

tinued the line she—extinguished. So some witch might have incanted her familiar, for it was a sort of demoniac beauty gleaming back at her from the depths of the mirror into which she gazed. The wreathing smiles, the bloom, the blush were gone; the sweetness had been stripped off like a mist: only the eyes, fierce, fatal eyes, blazed from the shadowy sphere as if they but gathered the rest of that white and cruel face about them that they might themselves be visible. "Thou art the only friend I have," said the Baroness to this familiar. "Do not fail me!" And then, as she gazed, her heart began to beat against her side like a bird against its cage, and the familiar smiled upon her a wicked, splendid and triumphant smile, that promised and performed at once.

Had some Asmodeus of the household but disclosed that little scene to him, the Baron might have inhaled less ardently the perfumes that swept out to meet him as he opened the door of his own apartment—that curled swathingly around him in welcome as he lifted the curtain of the alcove and saw the early daylight welling through the leaves and blossoms that veiled the great rose-window of the place which once had been an oratory, and now was only an oubliette. As it was, he lay with open eyes, watching the first sunbeam come staining a white petal into fire, exalting a crimson one to airy ruby, filtering a purple into pure azure, intoxicating himself with the rich odors that always there replaced the freshness of the morning air, the dewiness of the evening breeze; until at last he fell into a brief, uneasy drowse, in which the needle of the great dragon-fly that the Baroness had captured from the carafe on the morning of her reappearance, and had transfixed here upon the wall, seemed to be piercing his brain.

There had been a change lately in the appearance of the Baron—gradual and slight perhaps to all but a single pair of eager eyes: if one had looked at him as he lay in his troubled dream, it would have been as apparent as Death's imprint. A deceitful hectic illumined his countenance at other times, yet even

then, whenever he moved, all strength seemed to have left his lagging gait and he scarcely held himself erect. The Baron was far from well, in fact. He measured his own pulse and believed himself fevered by his folly, and said that his disease, if such it were, was not one that medicine could minister to. A strange lassitude weighed him down, mind as well as body; ambition seemed an idle word; the grasshopper had become a burden; evil dreams pursued him till he ceased to sleep at all; he lived only upon stimulants, which did but feed the internal heat; and lately the unfelt luxury of the breath had grown to be a pain when now and then there followed with it a sharp agony in the side, that made it seem to him as if the earth might feel the same when some branching thing were torn up by the roots. All this, however, made but slight difference in his going and coming, for there is a season when absorption in another causes one to forget one's self; and wherever the Baroness appeared, there, by fell sorcery, sooner or later was the Baron drawn.

And who, indeed, could have helped it? Who could have resisted that charm, that summery warmth of manner, that spontaneous kindliness given to him as to all—sometimes to him more than to all? To-day she shone upon him in sweet forgetfulness: to-morrow a fitful memory chilled her and kept him on the alert; and always, when she passed, the faint rose deepening into damask on her cheek, the dimples creeping into smiles around her mouth, the dark eyes glowing softly from the shadows of those heavy rings of fragrant hair that floated about them, a pride of possession thrilled him—thrilled him and angered him, and set his heart on fire.

One night the Baroness was standing with the Abbé Marforio opposite a new picture of Judith, where the artist had painted according to modern ideas of interpretation, and had terribly wrought out the wrestling love and sacrifice. "A tremendous thing," said the Abbé.

"In paints and pigments," replied the Baroness. "But for the rest, it is false."

"How is that? You join issue?" he asked.

"For the sake of womanhood only," she responded, with more earnestness than she usually employed in speech. "Can love of country outweigh all other love? But a woman has no country. Her country is her lover. Will she abandon him for the sake of other women's lovers? This Judith has slain one to save the others. But the action is simply impossible to the woman loving as she does. Slay him? She will rather slay herself! She lives for him, she is his, both soul and body—she gives him her present, she pledges him her eternity!"

"Ah! with her whole being in one emotion. That is the way such a woman loves?"

"And hates, monsieur," she answered, covering her earnestness with her radiant smile again.

"Ah, madame," said the Abbé, pleasantly, "it is the happy wife that speaks. Rougegorge," for the Baron was dallying in the neighborhood while he bent over the chair of another lady—"Rougegorge, you are a fortunate fellow!"

"A fortunate fellow," repeated the Baron, lifting his head, and only his wife knew the bitterness hidden in the tone. "And I have thrown away—great Heavens!"—it said, "a love like that!"

That night was the same night with one of the workmen's riots which occasionally break out in Paris like lurking scrofula in the system; and it was just as the Baroness was driving out of the courtyard that a large mob of reckless wretches emptied into the street, their torches and their wild cries terrifying her horses, who began to prance in the tossing light which glittered on all their costly caprisons. Instantly the carriage-lamps, the golden bits, the leaping horses caught the eye of the mob, and as instantly afterward the beautiful aristocrat, who had thrown open her carriage-door and stood hesitating whether to spring; and a paving-stone flew through the air, grazing her forehead and felling her upon the spot. Not more instantly, though, than a form had started out of the dark-

ness with a command to the cowering servants, and gathering a residue of strength, had caught her and flung himself with her into the coach, which wheeled about and was beyond the reach of all assailants in less time than it takes to tell it. And yet too swiftly for the Baron, who saw her, by the light of the street-lamps that flashed in upon them as they dashed along, lying white across his breast—who, unforbidden then, was covering her lips, her cheeks, her eyes with passionate kisses. Moment of wild stolen rapture, let him have it: he would never know another! Her eyes slowly opened, and he looked into them as he might have looked upon two great drops of frozen ink—a stare of utter scorn, an icy blank.

The Baroness was well enough next day: she was perhaps a trifle paler, though her slight wound was hidden by her hair, and she remained at home. But the Baron was worse. The moment of rapture and of pain, the succeeding moment of unmixed anguish, like an electric shock had aroused him to a truth he had feared to look upon—to the fact that, at last and after all, he loved with infinite yearning one as insensate as a star.

Baron Rougegerge was ill. As he entered his apartment that night, the pungent air of the hyacinths, wantoning through all the spacious suite, seemed to rasp like a black frost, and presently a sudden surge of blood had overflowed his mouth. Since the Baroness remained at home, he himself no longer went out: a deadly physical reaction had followed upon his late exertion, and he lay much of the time in his alcoved bed-chamber, soothed by the odors of his hyacinths, that resumed their snake-like fascination—growing every day more languid and listless, his heart stirring to suffocation when a lifting curtain, an opening or closing door, gave him the sound of her voice. The frequenters of the house had long since noticed a change in him—the spare hand, the hollow temple, the quick breath. The Baroness herself had summoned his physician, who, with a glance, had or-

dered him away from Paris, into purer air. "The trouble is malarial," said the man of science: "a change is all we need." But the Baron rejected the advice and remained at home. "As well die by the sword as the famine," said he, and clung to his calamity like a limpet to its rock. Then, when the Court began to concern itself with the Baron's health, his physician, vexed with an inscrutable difficulty to which symptoms afforded no clew, prescribed a chaos of remedies together; and at last, looking about him in his bewilderment, ordered such a wilderness of flowers to be removed from his sleeping-room. "There is no oxygen left for you," he exclaimed. "No wonder that you are shrinking into an anatomy. Toss them into the street!" This the Baron refused to do. "He is an insane man!" cried the physician. Then the Baron dismissed the physician.

Rougegerge had grown singularly fond of those hyacinths. He knew well that they would never blossom so richly without the attending and replacing hand of her who first planted them; he was sure he should surprise her some day bending over them; he grew envious of them, as if they were living things.

And indeed they seemed to grow like living things, with their fresh, sharp spikes of flowers, making the room splendid with their color and its air heavy with their breath. A light frame hung on high in the great rose-window, knotted in a hundred intricate windings of the lithe bamboo, and in every loop a bulb was set, its leaf springing up rankly to the light, and the whole reticulation of blossoms swung there like a brilliant bubble in the sun; while in the outer room the deep windows seemed stained in vivid hues where, lined with these translucent stems, they let the daylight fall through them only in gold and amethyst and emerald. And every hyacinth among them all seemed to dart toward the light with swift purpose, to bristle with eager life of its own, to toss off its cloud of oppressive perfume and suck in the unsoiled air, to throw it back again in poison. Now and then, when the Baron found himself light-headed for a

moment, he fancied that he saw tiny images, fierce faces, wicked eyes and pointing fingers—once a bat's wing, again a dragon's claw—clustering round every bract and blossom: then he would smile at himself, seeing the loveliness of some cream-thick petal, the precision of one constantly-recurring curve, to think his sick fancies could have conjured up anything freakish or venomous in things whose every vein was subject to the pure law of beauty. Nevertheless, when any draught brought to him a stronger waft of their scent, a gust of cloying incense, his head began to swim as dizzily as though he had long been breathing the noxious vapor of a miasma; yet other air seemed barren and dead to him, and after any absence in the salon where the Baroness entertained her guests, or a loitering stroll through gallery and billiard-room, he sought again the stimulating deliciousness of this, which the hyacinths distilled from vases on the tripods, from shells upon the brackets, from a bed of moss that covered the table beside his couch, where they overtopped the innocent ferns and maiden-hair that had been planted with them, and seemed to gather courage and strength from their multitude. "They are her namesakes," said the infatuated man, and he went and bent over them, himself trying idly if he could detect the fabled characters written on their leaves and syllable them into any exclamation of his own sorrow. One day, as he stood over them, leaning more and more heavily upon his staff—for he seemed now to have lived his life and to have become an old man already doting—he reeled and fell senseless to the floor, his brain at length stupefied with their fumes.

When the Baron Rougegorgé regained such consciousness as the atmosphere of the room, steaming with sweetness, allowed him, the Baroness was standing beside him, offering him no help, but looking down upon him with a fixed quiet.

There was something peculiar about her. It was not the *Ayacinthe de Valentin* whose heart he had broken, nor yet the woman who had taken the dragon-

fly from the carafe and pinned it to the wall; but rather, in woman's shape, a beautiful fiend filled with satisfaction over some evil fruition. Dark yet lustrous, and lovely in tempting flesh, she stood just above him, and he lifted an imploring hand that fell back ungrasped and powerless.

"Do you know that you are dying?" she said.

It had never entered his thoughts. Instantaneously with her words the whole pitiful drama flashed before him. Then the rich and heavy air seemed suddenly corrupt with foulness: he would have given the universe for one gasp of the fresh breeze playing without the lattice; and at the same moment the courage of all the Rougegorgés came back to blaze in him with a final flash of the expiring race. He looked up at her and never asked for quarter.

"It was in this room that you dealt me my doom," she said then, gazing absently about her. "I recall it well—the purple shadow, the moonbeams through that window full of hyacinths, your pitiless face. It is in this room that I have destroyed you. I pinned that fly to the wall that I might remember that so you had transfigured me upon your purpose—remember to have no mercy upon you. These flowers that you worship, regard them: they are all the subtle spirits of death, each one of them an agent of mine and of destruction—slaves doing my bidding, tiny devils clogging pore and duct, poisoning your breath and your blood, till, though you live this hour, the next you shall be a mass of mere decay. You have thought the atmosphere here was fragrance? It is the air of a charnel-house. Presently you will be dead, and all your lineage with you: the name of Rougegorgé is known no more—its honor and its valor gone for nothing, since you transmit to no one the memory of a noble deed. Once there was a Rougegorgé who flung himself between death and his king, and the ballads sing of him to-day; once there was a Rougegorgé who died in a dungeon sooner than betray his queen, and his statue stands in the market-

place yet; once there was a Rougegerge who pledged castles and jewels to build a fleet for France; a Rougegerge who slew a tyrant; a Rougegerge who fought a mob single-handed and back to the wall, that others might find time to flee. What proud action do you add to the list? Ah, this — that you broke the heart of a woman! Now they are shadows: they no longer live with the strength of their great right arms in the right arm of some descendant—they are shadows, and you are nothing more. Yes, presently you will be dead;" her cruel voice was tolling out like a bell. "Nor is the work altogether mine. For, look! When you threw away a wife, love, children, happiness, home—in the hour when you made me a fiend—you began to die by your own hand. And here," she cried, striking her breast, "look again, and see what your hand has done here! I was a young and happy girl, as innocent of evil as ignorant: why was I chosen for this lot? I should have been a faithful wife, a tender mother, a good woman, my heart warm toward all the world, for I loved you—then I loved you!"

He raised his faint hand again, and drew the fold of her dress across his lips. She plucked it away and looked down on him with a nauseous disdain. "Once your fangs met in me," she cried, "and still, you hound, do you fawn?"

The sunshine that poured through the great rose-window covered her as she stood there, her hair glistening in it, the purple and azure and blush of the hyacinths laying flakes of their color around her: she seemed ensphered in a separating atmosphere like some terrible enchantress, beneath whose will his soul

was impotent. His eyes burned upon her and grew dull.

"Dying," she said, "and I do not repent me. No destiny can pursue me ill as that I escape. Shut me within prison walls? This house and your name have been bondage darker and more stifling. Chain me in the galleys side by side with a murderer? I am chained side by side with him now. Ah, it is that from which presently your death sets me free! Remorse? You crushed my heart between your fingers. If I live a thousand years, when I think of how I served you for it, my soul will bubble to my lips with joy." And she laughed as she looked at him.

The Baron rose on his hand, the fire relit in his eye, the death-rattle arrested in his throat. "Death is not all," he said, in a hoarse and horrible tone, as if he had come up from the mould of the grave to say it. "And I—was right in avenging St. Marc!"

And then, as a suit of empty armor clashes down, he fell back again at her feet, and if the Baron Rougegerge had a soul, that soul had flown.

When the Abbé Marforio paused once at a cell behind whose grating, stripped of name and title and splendor, and even of her tresses, a woman sat weaving straw in p'ails, he made her a mock reverence. "And is this the way she lives for him, gives him her present, pledges him her eternity?" he said. "Is this the way such a woman loves?"

She looked up with the old dazzling smile, of which they could not strip her. "And hates, monsieur," she answered, quietly, and went back to her weaving.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

LIFE IN COAL-MINES.

EMPLOY ourselves at any vocation we may, I have no doubt but that we shall have seasons of dull dreariness which will settle over us like a cloud, veiling all that is bright and beautiful, promising and hopeful.

But some vocations seem especially adapted for dull, dreary thoughts; that of the worker in the coal-mine, for instance. His lot is cast in darkness; and if not kept in close confinement, like the poor prisoner in his dark dungeon, whose sins we have undertaken to visit with strong walls, iron doors, great keys, dark, hidden passages, strong iron bars, hard, clanking chains, grating locks, rusty bolts, impure air, stench, filth and vermin, bats and beetles, rats and reptiles, unwholesome food, and a hundred other horrors "too numerous to mention," he must remain in darkness until he has earned daily bread and butter for himself and for others depending upon him for support.

He may be a trapper of eight or twelve years, entrusted with the care of an air-door, used to turn the air into a proper channel; or he may be a driver of twelve or sixteen, in charge of a trained horse; or a putter of sixteen or twenty, working the wagons of coal between the hewer or miner and the horse-road; or he may be a hewer battering down the blocks of coal with his pick and wedges and blasting-powder. In fact, he may follow any of the numerous callings belonging to workers in the mine—anything from trapper to mining engineer: he would be expected to perform the duties of his office with all due punctuality, and be subjected to his moments of dreariness within the mine.

Passing by the poor little doorkeeper, or *trapper*, we will endeavor to give a glimpse of the life of a driver in an English coal-mine.

The writer worked in this capacity at the age of twelve years. He used to be lowered down a deep shaft into the late-

ral passages connecting with it, on five or six mornings of each week, at the early hour of four o'clock. It would be five of an evening before he would be returned to the surface again through the same channel. During winter's long nights he only saw daylight on Sundays or holidays, and on these days how refreshing it was to bask in the sunlight!

He would arrive on the platform surmounting the mouth of the mine-shaft of a morning, where a crowd of boys of all sizes and between ten and twenty years of age were collected around the blazing bituminous coal-fire, in whose light their washed faces shone like varnished masks, so still and sober and sleepy-looking were their countenances. Their bright shining faces contrasted strangely with the clothes most of them wore, which were hidden by the coal-dust incorporated with them. However, there was not much time to spend in front of the cheerful fire, and the cages appended to the end of the shaft-ropes were crammed full by nearly a score of us each time they arrived empty to the surface. We were boys chiefly, the miners having gone into the mine a couple of hours before, to get ready loose coal to "start the pit" with.

When in the cage we would be lowered perpendicularly at the rate of nearly half a mile a minute, until the bottom was reached. The boys then crawled out into the lateral passages connecting with the shaft, and the writer made the best of his way to the *overman's cabin*, to show his face and get his supply of candles for the day's consumption. His next duty was to bring "*Boxer*," a plump horse apparently built expressly for mining purposes, from his stall in a long, dark gallery called a stable. Boxer would drink at the trough at the end of the stable if his dignity thought fit, and then turn his head into the main wagon-road drift, and start off *in bye*, while his driver would follow him up, with his

right hand gripping his tail to steady himself, and showing a light with his left to guide him through the dark, dusty passage that was just sufficiently high to prevent Boxer's shoulders from rubbing the roof. Of course Boxer was well aware that he must move on with his neck stretched out horizontally, in order to save his head from bumping any protuberance on the slaty roof. But Boxer had wisdom enough to carry his head low, so that he did not require a skull-cap, which most of the other horses needed.

The main wagon-road drift was nearly a mile and a half long, and the railroad track was single, on account of its narrowness, but at regular intervals of distance it was provided with sidings to allow the trains going in to pass the trains coming out.

At some one of these sidings we unhitched when time to leave off work, and next morning found our way back to the same place, to hitch up and begin where we had left off the evening previous. This might possibly be a mile from the shaft, or "clean away in bye," or at the very first or shaft-siding. Let it be at what part of the drift it would, we must drive along the passage to it and yoke up Boxer, and wait there till a train passed before we dare move on, or the possibility is that we would meet between two sidings some other train coming in an opposite direction, when a collision would occur, and two horses and two drivers would be placed in a very critical position, where there was but small space to jump to avoid broken bones or bad bruises, or—something worse than either—a fatal accident.

While waiting in the sidings for trains coming in an opposite direction, the times were dull and dreary enough, especially so of a morning, when in the surrounding stillness it was almost impossible to keep awake. There was a very soft, monotonous murmur, occasioned by the current of air passing along the drift—so low as to be insensible to any but one accustomed to mines; and this made the stillness more awful and intense.

Boxer would stand in front of a train of drift cars with his head hanging down as if he were inclined to sleep. He might have been actually doing so, and dreaming of the sunlight and of the fresh breeze of wind, or of the sweet green grass and rich clover, the new-made hay, the sparkling brook at which he had so often quenched his thirst, and the hundred other objects he had been associated with before being incarcerated within these burrows dug deep in the earth's bowels. Many years had elapsed since Boxer had seen any of the pleasant things just enumerated, and he appeared to have his moments of melancholy and regrets concerning something or other. At these lonely times you might have seen Boxer's driver sitting in some recess cut out of the coal, looking in a mood of reflection at his candle burning, whose faint glimmer scarcely made darkness visible, or possibly rummaging in his *bait-poke* (a bag in which a day's provision was stowed) for something good that a certain maiden aunt used to put there as an extra tit-bit.

We might have been waiting in a siding in the vicinity of some mining catastrophe, where many lives have been lost, and around which locality some restless ghost (or ghosts) was reported to hover, which some have averred they have heard or seen. Boys are very liable to receive superstitious impressions when alone in such places; and the writer does not pretend to have been any stronger in this respect than the rest, although he can safely say he never *saw* any supernatural visitor in any subterranean passage. But there are peculiar sounds one hears sometimes—sounds not calculated to allay any superstitious feeling one has in the slightest degree entertained. These sounds have caused Boxer to prick up his ears and his driver to start and listen in alarm.

Just fancy a sound reaching your ears like the low, mournful wail of the human voice, beginning suddenly with much volume and then diminishing in both volume and key, to die away in the softest murmur, as if lost in the distance,

or receding to a more distant part of the mine! Then there were sounds like the rumbling of distant thunder, which seemed to issue from points fathoms above or below the coal-seam, directly over or under us, or at some distance in a lateral direction. A heavy fall of roof thundering down into an empty *goaf*, or excavation from whence the coal had been worked, would startle and alarm us. Sometimes a rail would bounce forcibly out of its chair, as if some imp of mischief were rising through the drift's floor; which incident it was a hard task to disconnect from the idea of one's close proximity to the infernal regions.

It was of little use for older and wiser heads to tell us about blowers of gas escaping under pressure through newly-made crevices during the falling of the barometer, or when the pressure of the atmosphere was decreasing, from which crevices peculiar sounds were emitted. Nor did we heed what was said of the effects of the *creep*, a slow, steady, grinding movement downward of the superincumbent strata, sometimes attended with much noise, and always with an upheaval of the floors of drifts, occasioned by immense pressure. Rails *do* spring out of place from this cause, they say. But boys do not always refer these effects to natural causes: they have their own notions concerning them; and when one is really impressed with a notion about good and evil spirits, it is hard to divest himself of that notion after being an eye-witness to the springing up of a heavy iron rail, or after hearing such mournful and fearful sounds, like the wail of the human voice, and subterranean thunder.

Of course the writer shall leave the matter to be decided by the reader. A blower of gas *may* be the cause in one case and the creep in the other: the assertion shall remain uncontradicted. Such matters were given into the hands of priests formerly, when their skill as exorcists was vainly put in practice.

While "waiting for the wagon" coming in an opposite direction in some of these lonely sidings, with no company

but his horse, and with nothing but the dull light given off by a farthing candle—forty of which go to a pound—and in many instances what is still worse, a safety-lamp whose light is almost hidden from sight by the close meshes of a finely-woven gauze, the poor little driver has his moments of dullness and dreariness. He may delve in his *bait-poke* with his little fingers, and amuse himself by munching his crust, or he may listen to the rats or mice as they screech and squeal when fighting with their hungry and greedy companions over some crumb they have just stolen, but the dull, dark, dreary moments are not much enlivened, nor the tedious thirteen hours underground much shortened. The driver feels sleepy at the beginning of the day—tired and weary in the evening when he goes home to the more cheerful fireside.

We do not mean to say that the driver is always dull. You will often hear him sing his merry song as his horse trots along the drift. If you meet him, and he sees your light ahead, he will watch to recognize and salute you quite appropriately, and quite in accordance with the rank you may hold among your fellow-workmen. If you are a *chargeman*, and your name John or Thomas, he will call you Johnny or Tommy. But if you are not a chargeman, and you incline in the slightest way to be liberal or free, then he will surely give you the curt Jack or Tom.

But he has his hardships too to contend against, and these are often of a severe and testing nature. Besides being much exposed and liable to accident, both particular and general in its nature, he is often subjected to brutal abuse. He arrives *in bye* at the station with an empty train, in order to exchange it for a loaded one to be taken to the shaft, after some accident may have delayed him and caused the putters to wait a short time. Under these circumstances he is often assailed with kicks and curses by the half-naked putters, who, in the excitement caused by heat and hard work, know no law, humane or legal, and are careless regarding consequences.

Strange as it may appear, the writer, who has passed through all the grades, from trapper up, scarcely knows whom to pity most—the poor little abused driver, or the putter who abuses him under a sort of inhuman excitement. If you stood in the way of one of two men contending in a foot-race, you could not excite him more than if you delayed the hard-working putter a tub, which would take from his earnings about one and a quarter cents, but which, I think, does not agitate him so much as the thought that some other putter may be getting ahead of him in the day's race.

To show what monsters putters are, and how little they care about what they do, the writer—who was considered the most humane and mild putter at a certain colliery—in a moment of excitement so far forgot himself as to throw a piece of coal at a poor little fellow's head, simply for calling him an ugly name; for drivers are very saucy at times, and can swear like troopers when they think they are safe in doing so. The writer, demon that he was, has been immensely sorry ever since because he cut a severe gash in the driver's head, which his best skill failed to stanch for some time afterward.

As putters, we may look like human beings when washed and enveloped in our clean linen and decent every-day or Sunday clothes—when we have our silver watch, appended to our decent silver chain, ornamenting the front of our vest. Then, instead of being half doubled in a low passage, we can stand erect under the sunlight or starlight, where the breezes of heaven smite our cheek, where there is no dust to choke us, no rotten roof-stone to fall and crush us, no inflammable gas to ignite and roast us alive, no vitiated air to smother us. Under these circumstances we may pass for rational beings, and can be just as kindly in feeling as any of our fellow-creatures. Our muscles are hard, and the tone of our system not flabby: exertion and severe labor require these to be in tip-top order; so we compare favorably with the worker on the surface. While on the surface we are more near to God; but in the mine, when we are

half naked, covered with perspiration and coal-dust, highly excited by opposition, difficulties and hard work, we are easily vexed, and partake of the nature of the enemy of mankind, as well as of the particular color which learned conjecture seems to attribute to him.

But, poor little driver, if you live to enter the grade above you, that of the putter, you will then understand trials and difficulties that are strangers to you now, and you will forgive many of the blows and much of the abuse you have received from the overworked putter. But the cool, unmerited abuse you so often receive from the *overman*, the *wagon wayman*, the *onsetter* and others who have, or should have, more sense and less brutality, you will not so easily forget.

As a driver the writer has met with some severe corporeal punishment from hard, stern men in their cool moments, which made the punishment so much the harder to bear. He does not harbor the slightest ill-will against any putter who has abused him; but there are others, such as chargemen, whom he cannot so easily forget, but all whose offences he is bound by Christian ethics to both forget and forgive.

Besides being subjected to accidents of a general nature, such as explosions of inflammable gas, inundations, falls of roof, shaft accidents, etc., the driver is subjected to a particular species of accident. The writer received a broken arm from his horse stumbling against the side of the drift while passing to his head; he had his leg broken by being thrown off the shafts and run over; the life was nearly crushed out of him by being entangled among the wagons in the very limited space of a wagon-road drift; he has been both kicked and bitten by fractious animals. On one occasion his horse became restive while in at the station preparing and coupling a train of loaded cars, when it was necessary to stand at his head in order to pacify him. The animal had never been restive before at this place, where he had stood so often, and there was no visible cause why he should have been so then.

A small chip of roof falling caused the writer to look up, when the roof appeared to move. He bounded in one direction, and the poor horse started in another; but the roof caved in, stopped his gallop and buried him on the spot. Your hum-

ble servant escaped by a miracle. The poor animal's ears being close to the roof, he must have heard the cracking noise, the usual notice of a fall. The writer heard nothing till the fall came.

THOMAS H. WALTON.

A FEW CURIOUS DERIVATIVES.

PHILOLOGY—in the modern restriction of the term, at least, as the science of the origin and history of the words in a language—has sprung into existence as a popular study before the learned could monopolize it, and so enshroud it with philosophical technicalities as to bar its doors upon the multitude.

Books on language, laws of derivation, "scholars' companions," are now used by children in primary schools: definitions of words, until recently undiscovered, are discoursed of, not only by autocrats and professors, but by the younger democrats of breakfast and dinner-tables. Acknowledged in their importance as a study, these *epea pteroenta* are becoming popular, almost universal indeed, as a pastime, and give truer diversion in many an humble home than did the written colloquies of Purley to the learned friends of Tooke. Any young person who will run his finger down the columns of Webster or Worcester—for in this connection we need not concern ourselves with the "battle of the books"—can learn more in an hour than his grandfather could ever have known of the lineage and history of our common words.

We need scarcely refer to the wide and rich field opened to the student in the study of the Anglo-Saxon, to the establishment of Anglo-Saxon professorships in the English universities, and to the investigation of the cognate languages of the Gothic stock, to which our own tongue is so nearly allied. If the reader will remember that, according

to Trench, sixty parts of the English language out of the hundred are Anglo-Saxon, while only thirty are Latin, he will see that there is a vast advantage in this new study of the Saxon, with its radices and co-ordinates. Perhaps, too, a due consideration of this our true mother-tongue would abate somewhat of that undue devotion to classical learning in our academies and colleges which attempts to perfect our youth in Greek and Latin versification, while it not only leaves them ignorant of their own language, but scowls furiously upon all Northern languages as the natural hereditary enemies of literary culture. Besides, such a knowledge of the sources of our language gives us not only juster and more forcible expression, but far healthier mental play and scope. We are no longer bound, as were the essayists of Queen Anne's time, to "dry chips of short-lunged Seneca" in order to ensure our respectability: we need no longer copy the hyper-Latinism of Johnson on the one hand, nor strive for an affected parade of quaint Saxonisms on the other hand. The *juste milieu* is determined not by caprice, but by just linguistic claims: a good English style will mean that which recognizes the proper constituents in proper proportion. All else will be mannerism—pardonable perhaps, but faulty.

Recently, too, the meanings of English words have been somewhat developed by the study of Oriental languages. To make no reference to the labors of the Schlegels and Von Hammer Purgstall,

the publication of Catafago's *Arabic and English Dictionary* opens a new vista to our lexical study, and gives us not only analogues, but etymologies heretofore shrouded in the assimilating veil of the Spanish and other Mediterranean languages. It is worthy of remark, in passing, that this is the only complete work of its kind ever attempted, our knowledge of the Arabic having been derived principally through the medium of German, French and Spanish. Although Ockley wrote his famous *History of the Saracens* a century and a half ago, and found a wealth of information in the Arabic MSS. of the Bodleian Library, he had no dictionary, except temporary lists made for his own use and never published in permanent form.

All this by the way. It is only designed in this paper to make a little irregular reconnaissance into this field of philology, in order to capture here and there a few curious derivatives. Let us begin with geographical names. Here we have a wide scope, for at the mere mention they come to the mind in troops, claiming recognition. Every name has a putative history, and many of these histories run back into a remote mythology. Not so, however, with all, even among the classic appellatives.

Milan, we all know, was originally called *Mediolanum* by the Romans immediately after its foundation by the Insubrian Gauls; that is, if they founded it at all, for since the advent of Niebuhr, demolishing the old school of history, and of later scholars demolishing Niebuhr, no one is quite sure what to believe on such subjects; being very sure, however, to disbelieve much that has long passed current. How long *Mediolanum* had that name we have Polybius and Strabo to attest. How did it become the *Milano* of the Italians, and how the *Milan* of the English? As for the former termination, we may easily account for it, and for a thousand other terminations in *o*, by the custom of the uneducated Romans to use the dative or ablative case far more than any other in speaking of places, and at length instead of any other:—*to Milan, with, from, in*

or by *Milan*; and then *Mediolano*, pronounced rapidly, would become *Milano*. But when the Goths and Lombards came pouring like a flood, cresting the high Alps, and pausing only for a moment to cast an enraptured glance upon the beautiful valleys, and particularly upon that which includes the Ticino and the Adda, with the picturesque reservoirs of Maggiore and Como, they merely touched the old name, and, in an exclamation of joy, announced a new etymology: "*Mayland*," they said—the land of May, the delicious region of perpetual spring. Doubtless our preference for the pronunciation *Mil'an* over *Milan* comes from the German, for the Italians call it *Mild'no*.

Among the curious questions of geographical etymology, perhaps none is more so than the derivation of *Granada*, ancient *Eliberis*, in Andalusia. It was long supposed, as Mr. Marsh states, to be derived from *granum*, the little insect which, like cochineal (from *coccus*), gave a purple dye, and was found in abundance there. One old writer says in regard to this: "*Unde puto consequentem ut ea regio Granata nominatur.*" "*Y por esto*," says the author of the *Fenix* (*la abundancia de grana*), "*Granada ciudad de Andalusia, se llama asi.*" This is so plausible and so well fortified that it might seem useless to search farther. But when we find that in Roman times it was always *Eliberis*, that the Arabs write the new name *Karnatah*, that the later Latin chroniclers call it *Garnatha*, and that Ibn Batutah writes it *Grnath-h*, we are ready to declare, in the first place, that the matter is by no means settled, but rather trends away from *granum*, in spite of the pomegranate arms of the ancient city; and, secondly, to propose a more remote origin, through the Arabic into the Hebrew, where we have *Goren*, *Grana*—plural *Granoth*—a level place, used to express an open space before the gates of cities, and exactly corresponding to the magnificent *Vega*, the special pride of that ancient and famous city, which echoed to the war-cries of Zegrís and Abencerages; which still boasts the Alhambra,

and which heard the last sigh (*el ultimo suspiro*) of Abu-Abdallah, commonly called Boabdil el Chico, when, to use his mother's reproach, "he wept like a woman for that which he had not defended like a man."

Who ever doubted that *Leon*, a present province and former kingdom of Spain, occupying the beautiful country around the head-waters of the Douro and the Minho, has as direct an etymological relation with *Leo*, a lion; as the Castiles have with the castles and fortresses which were their strongholds against the Moors? And yet, in glancing over Spruner's *Historical Atlas*, we are arrested by finding the north-western portion of Spain, including Galicia and the present province of Leon, marked *Rg. Legionis* during a part of the Roman period, and so continued in the later maps, until at length *Legion* becomes *Leon*. But how? Even thus: The Castilian pronounces his *g* not unlike an aspirate *h*. If the reader will try the experiment, he will see that it is at least probable this province was originally the *kingdom of the legion*, and that the name, in spite of the lion coat-of-arms, perpetuates and authenticates the fact. The later origin of heraldic devices renders it certain that they were arbitrarily adopted to suit existing facts, and that they can never prove anything concerning early etymologies.

If we attempt to discover the true etymology of the ancient geographical names, we find ourselves in a beautiful fog of prismatic errors. Pelasgus and Pelops and Helle and Romulus never gave names to countries; but the countries or customs or modes of life named the nations, which named the territories, which afterward fabled grand autochthones as their founders and patriarchs. The *Pelasgi*, says Welford, owe their names to *πελαργος*, a stork; *i. e.*, they were at once pastoral and nomadic. The Persians were, or may have been, *Pharash* (Arabic, Fars), *horsemen*, and did not spring from the loins of *Perseus*, or *Perses*, as Herodotus would have us believe. *Phryxus* was not the founder of Phrygia, but Phrygia gave birth to his

name, for he was nothing but a name. We may be the first to express a doubt about Romulus, but it is at least a reasonable one. *Ρώμη* is the Greek for force, and with such a name for the Eternal City, even from its temporal beginning, it is easy to believe that *St. Quirinus* (whoever he was) was called Romulus after Rome—that he was a strong man armed, keeping the house which was already known as the Palace of Force. There was no Prydain, as the Welsh Triads suggest, until Britain was peopled by the Celts and Cimbri.

The spirit which prompted the creation of Pelasgus and Pelops and Romulus and Prydain is the same which created fabulous deeds with which to endue patriot heroes in more modern times. For example, Arthur, invested by the romances with the real glories of Charlemagne;* the Cid, so bedizened with his miraculous armor that the historians have quarreled as to his real existence, although he was viceroy of Valencia less than eight hundred years ago. Great names have been anachronized to father countries, so that many a boasted *pater patriæ* is not even a real *filius patriæ*, but only a ballad hero, created by some early *aoidos*, and versified by his followers before the race of poets began.

But to pass by a gentle ascent from this mundane sphere to the regions of theology. The millenarians, Millerites and end-predicters generally, in their eager and often devout study of the future, have helped us unwittingly to some curious bits of word-lore, both true and false. We are not faithless and unbelieving, but we want some foundation for our faith; and it is sadly true, in the general case, that those who are at work upon this difficult problem are far more devout than learned, and we are thus at the mercy of a holy sciolism, of which, with due respect, we have a holy horror. Everybody remembers the stir that was made during the siege of Sebastopol because of the strange discovery that Sebastopol was the Armageddon of the Apocalypse. Just before the last advent

* Strongly asserted, and we think proved, by M. Gaillard in his *History of Charlemagne*.

of Christ "the kings of the earth and the whole world" are to be gathered "together unto a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon," "to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." *Ar* means—or may be made to mean—in the few-worded and many-thoughted Hebrew, *city*, and *Megiddo*, the name, by adaptation, of the valley in which King Josiah was "sore wounded," means *assembly* or *crowds*; or, by another derivation, *mege*d—*precious, excellent, august*. Thus Armageddon may be liberally translated the *august city* or *city of Augustus*; and what is this but Sebastopol (*Sebastos polis*)? And were not the kings of the earth gathered there—Russia, France, England, Sardinia and Turkey—around the city called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon? But the war came to an end; Armageddon was abandoned, captured and restored, and the end-seekers had to throw away their inductions and look sadly elsewhere. In a modified sense, dispassionate students, whose eyes are purged from prophetic film, will find that every great city which has suffered a siege is an Armageddon; while, in quite as literal a sense as is claimed for Sebastopol, we have Constantinople, with its wonderful sieges, founded by and named after one of the greatest of the Roman Augusti; we have St. Petersburg, which is the lasting monument of the Czar or Cæsar Peter (for *burg* is the Gothic synonym of the Hebrew *Ar* and the Greek *Polis*). What is Augsburg but Augusta-burg? What Saragossa but Cæsarea Augusta? And so for more than we can take time to enumerate. When Richmond was besieged, some learned wight, deriving the name from the French *Riche-monde*, proposed a new Armageddon. But Shakespeare knew the derivation better when he made Richard III. say, as he passed Richmond—

"Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it *Rougemont*: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*."

Rougemont is doubtless the original

name: a mountain red with blood it was, but not Armageddon.

But to go back to suggestive *Cæsar* for a moment. Passing by the Cæsareas, old and new, of which New Jersey is one, perhaps there are some who, when they read of the splendid *Alcazar* of Granada, the glory of the Alhambra, or that of Segovia, do not know that *Alcazar* (Arabice, *Al Kasr*) means *The Cæsar*. It referred originally to the caravansery-bazaars, which a Roman emperor or Cæsar permitted those Eastern people to keep open long before the creed of Islam had inspired those Arab Moors to transplant their alcazares, without asking permission, into the rich valleys of the "green island of Andalus." Then they became palaces befitting the title of the Cæsars.

The names of persons offer curious etymologies. Of course, the trades of the hunter, fisher, archer (*arc*, a bow), fletcher (*flèche*, an arrow), smith, glover, etc., have given us many surnames. Grosvenor (*gros veneur*) was chief huntsman to the Norman dukes. All the Reads, Reeds or Reids were originally *red* men. Bunker was so named from his good heart (*bon cœur*). But few have observed that old Dan Chaucer had a French shoemaker in his ancestry (*chausser*), and that Spenser was by lineage a *butler*, whose place was in the spence or buttery: nor need he be ashamed, for his company is that of the Lords Despencer. Perhaps it was the danger of such a category that caused the haughty sovereigns of Spain to have no name for public use beyond the purlieu of royalty. They only sign themselves *Yo el Rey* and *Yo la Reina*.

Facilis descensus averni. Curious philologists have not yet agreed upon a certain derivation for *Mephistophiles*. That gentleman held this euphonious name long before Goethe presented him to Faust as companion and mentor. Our English Marlowe, not content with one "head devil," introduces both *Mephistophiles* and *Lucifer*: the former he calls *Mephistophilus*. Elsewhere he appears as *Mephostophilos*. The most

commonly received derivation is from *μη, φως* (τος) and *φίλος*, *no lover of light*, the very opposite signification to Lucifer, the light-bearer. Another suggestion is *μη πιστω φίλος*, *no lover to the believer*. Let us offer another, which pleases us better. *Mephitis* was the Roman goddess of disagreeable odors: sulphur, pitch, *et id genus omne*, must have been under her control; supply *philos*, make the Old Boy her sweetheart, and, as Father Tom says, "the job is done."

So much for names: now for an epithet or two. Trench tells us that the word *maudlin* is, from *Magdalen*: he attributes its origin to the brutal inhumanity which derides the penitent tears of the heartbroken *Magdalen* and laughs her contrition to scorn. We think better of humanity, and suggest another derivation. For many centuries there has been a *Magdalen* College at Oxford, the young gentlemen of which were formerly distinguished for their bad habits. The English contract the name into *Maudlin*, and so these *Maudlin* boys, noted for being in that tongue-coated, pseudo-pathetic condition which we now call *maudlin*, gave us the adjective; and the word has no more to do with the tears of a penitent Mary, "an offering worthy heaven," than with the inspired joy of a prophetess Anna. *Maudlin* people are generally *loafers*. Whence have we *that* word? Is it simply a *bread-beggar*? is it the German *leufer*, a *stroller*? or does Rabelais, among his wonders of word-coinage, originate it when he speaks of a certain riff-raff encountered by Gargantua as *lifre-lofre*? Perhaps, after all, it is only a contraction of *low fellow*, as *cus* in our low slang is but a contraction of *customer* (e. g., "an ugly *cus*"), and has nothing to do with curses, either loud or deep.

What is *curmudgeon*? You may find it in Johnson as *cœur méchant*; and "thereby hangs a tale." Himself ignorant of the derivation, the great lexicographer addressed the inquiry among the "Notes and Queries" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His question was

answered by an anonymous correspondent, giving *cœur méchant*. This Johnson adopted, simply writing after the derivation, *anonymous correspondent*. Ashe, when he made his abridgment of Johnson, fell into the curious error of giving *anonymous correspondent* as a definition of *curmudgeon*! Not a bad idea, except that the scurrility of anonymous letters deserves usually a harsher name, for *curmudgeon* really indicates now not a wicked heart, but a grumbling disposition.

No part of speech offers a richer field, for its extent, than our exclamations. We pass by *Zounds*! *Jiminy*! *My eye*, *Betty Martin*! and others, to tell of the American traveler, who found, to his astonishment, *Oh dear!* and *Dear me!* in the streets of Rome, not as imported English, but as original Italian. One little Roman ragazzo (a ragged one, no doubt) kicked another, and sent him homeward on the double-quick, crying bitterly and at the top of his voice, "Dear me! Dear me!" for so it sounded when he said, "Dio mio! Dio mio!"—good Tuscan, which seems very much like *lingua Americana in bocca Romana*. We force the conclusion upon no one, but it is plausible, at least, that our *Dear me* is not in reality our own dear self, first person, singular number, objective case, independent, but only this Tuscan, and nothing more.

And now for a few irregulars. Is *towel* only the French *toile*, or is it plain English—an *ell of tow cloth*? The names of coins and other money are curious derivatives. The word *coin* may be traced to the Arabic *kauna*, to hammer or beat out. We all know that *money* (Latin *moneta*) is from the verb *monéo*, to admonish and remind—a pleasant reminder only when received. A *guinea* was originally made in 1664 of Guinea gold. A *pistole* is from the Italian *piastrola*, which, changing the *i* into *l*, becomes the Latin *plastrum*, which is also the root of *piastre*. *Doublon* is simply a double *pistole*. The *soldi* is from *solidus*, and, like the Spanish *duro* for dollar, simply means "hard money." The *sovereign* is the coin of a monarch

—the *ducat*, that of a duke. A *dollar* was a *thaler*, and that was so called because first coined in a silver mine in a Saxon *thal* or valley. A *florin* was made in Florence—a *mark*, at St. Mark's in Venice. Our own currency needs no explanation, except perhaps that *pica-yune* is a Carib word, that a *levy* was elevenpence and that a *five* was a five-penny piece. *Shinplaster* is as old as our Revolutionary war, for when the Continental currency became worthless, an old soldier might, and perhaps did, dress a wounded leg with his pay. Greenbacks are much more easily derived than picked up.

To the Arabic it is now well known that we owe many common words, most

of which have come through the Spanish: such are scarlet, chemise, arsenal, sugar; alchemy, alcohol, alembic, algebra, alkali and many others beginning with *al*.

Trench makes a pretty image from *sierra*, as saw-tooth-shaped, but it is really from *sah-rah*, a desolate mountain tract.

We close this word-gossip with a question for the readers of *Lippincott* to answer: Why does the identical relation subsist between *mèche* and *méchant* in French, as between *wick* and *wicked* in English? We cannot venture to say, "Answer deferred until next month," because, simple as it may be, we do not know the answer ourselves.

HENRY COPPÉE.

DICK LYLE'S FEE.

MARIANNA—known by this writer to have been christened Mary Ann—said, in the most emphatic manner, as she pressed her little white fists into her eyes, that there was no use in asking Pa's consent; that Pa would not give it; that they must just wait and wait and be clandestine, and go on waiting and loving until their hair was gray and they were old, old people. That was what Marianna said. Pa would *not* give his consent, and what was much worse for those young people was, that she, who lacked all the elements of romance, decidedly refused to elope with him, or marry him without Pa's consent.

She said that, too: then threw herself into his arms, and he caressed the beautiful face and smoothed the golden masses of her hair lying upon his breast, and, reflecting how obdurate Pa might be, sorrowfully confessed that circumstances were not cheerful. Yet he could not at that moment exactly see how to change them, for Pa was just so far right as to believe that this young gentleman

was wretchedly poor and quite unable to support Marianna. In fact he was frightfully in debt, and his tin sign, which announced

RICHARD LYLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

was altogether the newest and shiniest on the street. As for clients, Dick Lyle had none, but wished he had.

It was quite in vain that Dick urged that there was another side to the question, but to that side, Marianna alleged, her father would never turn. It was this: "It is quite true, my dear girl, that I am poor, but your Pa is rich. He has enough for both, and I love my little girl so well that I cannot see that his being rich is a valid objection to our being married. Not a bit!" said honest Dick.

"But Pa does," replied Marianna.

And out of that obliquity of vision, which permitted that respectable dealer in fish and cheese—wholesale, upon our honor, wholesale!—only to see one side of a question, grew all their trouble.

Josiah Lowber had not always lived in that brownstone palace on West Walnut street which he now occupies. Even within our remembrance he kept a retail grocery on Market street, where, we have no doubt, he wetted his sugars and mixed chicory with his old Mocha: they all do it to this day. But there is not a bit of the Bounderby about Lowber, for from the moment he began wholesale on Water street, and built his house on Walnut, he never again referred to the retail business or the modest little dwelling in which Marianna was born, on Wood street. Yet Josiah was not a snob, and it was only for the sake of that dainty, loving little girl, whose mother died ever so many years ago, that he persistently ignored his humble origin. That world of the West End is always a very beautiful world to a young girl; and if all the men and women in it are not angels, they oftenest have that grace and culture and courtesy which are inseparable from whatever is noblest and fairest to the imagination of youth. If Marianna ever came to know them exactly as they were, to Josiah they were always, if not quite angels, only a little below them.

Josiah, even in the days of the old grocery, we are told, used to press Mary Ann's beautiful head to his sugary apron and tell her that she should ride in her carriage, along with the best of them, before he died. It was not a bad sort of ambition either: he might have had less cause for living, grasping and saving, for she was all he had here, and the great Hereafter was less certain to him than her pretty, loving ways. He kept his promise. She did ride in her carriage with the best of them, but not before her delicate beauty and grace and wit were such as to give character to her surroundings, not to receive it from them. Josiah saw, and so far was satisfied, but that clear-eyed, shrewd old merchant knew that, although he never referred to those old days of toiling and poverty, others living in his highly respectable quarter did, and he felt that they were at first a little shy of his dinners and suppers. But they came at last, for who

could long resist such marvelous viands, which his golden wines transmuted into epicurean delights of which memory was for ever redolent? When from afar off they scented the feast and came to it almost unbidden, Josiah put on his sharp, Water-street spectacles and began to look about among those blue-bloods for a husband for the little girl that he loved so well. Enough of them were ready to become his son-in-law, but it happened that when he looked at those who were the most alert, the spectacles discovered some flaw, and those without flaw were also indifferent to the honor he intended them.

One night, after a grand supper, he put on his spectacles to look at Dick Lyle, who just then was leaning indolently over Marianna's chair. Dick's voice was low and sweet, and the merchant saw that Marianna's cheek and neck were aglow with a crimson flush which was not shame, but happiness. Would Dick do? Josiah fastened the spectacles on more firmly, and he saw at once a flaw in our hero. Dick was poor.

That was fatal to his chance with the old man, though, as for the matter of blood, Dick's was as blue as anybody's; and that young gentleman once said, "There has not been a shoemaker or any disreputable person of that sort at the head of my family for at least a half dozen generations." Indeed, the Lyles were so eminently respectable that they could not condescend to either a trade or profession to add to their ancestral dollars, and the consequence was, that when the dollars were spent the family were a poor lot, and Dick was the poorest of them all. That fact induced him to go to work. He was admitted to the bar, and all he wanted was clients, but he wanted them very badly.

Marianna repeated, "Pa will never consent."

"Nevertheless," Dick said, "I will ask him. I will ask him to-morrow morning."

Then they were silent, for they both knew that after he asked Josiah for his

little girl, Dick would morally be kicked out—that he could never go there again, never feel the touch of her lip or hand again, never hear the true, loving voice of his darling in that room. But then and there they swore eternal love and faith; for they were young, and to all lovers life is long and love is true; then Dick went away, leaving a note in the library for Josiah Lowber, Esq., telling him that he desired to consult him in the morning on a subject of great importance.

He went home then, and figured out the plan of attack over a cigar.

We cannot say whether the plan was good or bad, but it needed to be a clever one to outwit the merchant, for Richelieu was not such a cunning old fox as Josiah. Well or ill, though, the plan failed. The execution of it was atrocious.

The native influences of the locality were all against Dick as he stepped jauntily and fearlessly into Josiah's office at the hour appointed. The merchant, even when sitting at the head of his own superbly-set table, had never shone so resplendently in broadcloth, linen and diamond shirt-buttons as he did when Dick entered to him. He was writing, and, without looking up, nodded good-morning and with his pen motioned Dick to a chair.

That letter was fatal to Dick's plan, for having nothing at hand with which to occupy himself, he felt compelled to be busy elsewhere. He began to look around into the far-off depths of the warehouse, which were piled ceiling high with cheeses and barrels of mackerel; the air was heavy with the smell of both, and Dick knew that story above story, halfway to the sky, Alps on Alps arose of pastoral cheeses and fish that died young. To Dick's mind they represented boundless wealth, and under the weight of such galore he felt he was being rapidly smothered. Meanwhile, Josiah's pen went scratch, scratch over the page in the most aggravating manner, and outside, separated from him by only a glass partition, sat a small army of clerks, where pens also went scratch, scratch over the pages, making a sort

of infernal chorus to Josiah's scratching refrain—

"We are rich, awfully rich—
You are poor, awfully poor."

That was what the pens seemed to sing, and necessarily Dick got nervous, broke out into a cold sweat, and, quite unable at last to sit still, walked away to the opposite glass partition and slowly began to work out in his mind an arithmetical problem of monstrous proportions—of this sort:

"If Josiah had one hundred thousand cheeses, worth 23½ cents per pound, how much would Josiah be worth?" Dick propounded.

"It would depend on the weight of the cheeses," said Josiah.

Dick had been talking to himself aloud—a bad habit of his. Josiah had finished his letter and had been listening.

Dick, hearing the other's voice answering his arithmetical conundrum, looked astounded and could only utter, "Eh?"

"You wished to see me this morning on a matter of importance, Mr. Lyle?" The merchant held Dick's note in his chubby fingers by way of reminder.

Dick attempted in vain to recollect the magnificent speech that he had prepared over night: it was gone altogether. So he only said, entirely out of his usual jaunty and confident way, "I am attached to your daughter, Mr. Lowber, and would like to have your consent to make her my wife."

Josiah looked at him a moment before he spoke, with a good deal of compassion in his eyes, as if he would have liked to spare the gallant young fellow the blow he meant to strike, but his voice was quite decisive as he said, "I knew last night what your business would be, but it will not do. My daughter must marry a man who can make a better provision for her than you can do. If you respect my frankness, you will drop for ever this subject just here, and spare us both pain."

"One word," Dick said. "As your wealth is sufficient for both, pardon me if I cannot see the force of your objec-

tion, especially as your daughter's happiness is involved in it—"

"Stop," said the merchant, with an angry sneer: "I have always thought it was the rule of your class to ask the parent's consent before engaging the affections of the child?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Dick: "I merit your rebuke, and I cannot deny your right to give it. I could not help the love I had for Miss Lowber, nor could I help showing it."

"Let me tell you, sir," said Josiah, sharply, "that a man in your position has no right to love a girl whose circumstances are like hers."

"I had the hope," Dick said, "common to all young men, of wealth coming to me through laborious seeking. Fortune comes, sooner or later, to most men who have the ambition to find it, and, having that ambition, it will, I trust, come to me. No man can have a stronger incentive to wealth than is found on his affections."

"Until you have found fortune, Mr. Lyle, you will hope in vain. I tell you again, plainly, it will not do. But I will give you as much encouragement as you can find in this: when you have made your first fifty thousand dollars you may repeat your proposal, and should Marianna be then unmarried and in her present mind, my answer may possibly agree with your wishes, though my advice at present is that you will pursue this matter no farther."

Dick Lyle heard the old fellow to the end, and did not despair. He had said good-morning, and his hand was on the door, when Josiah said, "Will you excuse me if I tell you now that it will not, at present, be agreeable for me to receive you at my house?"

"Your house is your castle, Mr. Lowber," Dick replied, and went out. As he stepped into the street he caught the strong, sweet odors of the river flowing by on its way to the sea. The wintry air was cool and bracing, and the sunshine fell about him in broad and wholesome warmth. It was all different from that miserable den of Josiah's, where everything was redolent of pro-

duce and barter, and suggestive only of money.

"My first fifty thousand!" Dick thought, as he went back to his office. He said it aloud fifty times, falling again into that bad habit of his, and people hearing it as they hurried past imagined the gallant young fellow had lost or won a great prize in Life's lottery. He had done neither.

Back at his office again, Dick took an inventory of stock to see how far it would go toward making up those fifty thousand dollars. He finally summed it all up in these words: "*Assets*—a dozen volumes superbly bound in law-calf; half a dozen chairs, shaky; desk, ditto; stove, smoky; bunch of keys, and less than a hundred dollars in cash. *Liabilities*—a drawer full of unpaid bills."

Look at the matter how he would, there never was a more desperate chance than that of winning Marianna while that respectable ex-grocer continued to sell fish and cheese; and then, he was astonishingly robust and hearty, with no possibility whatever of dying for a hundred years or so.

It was only the next day that he heard of a grandly solemn dinner-party to be given by Josiah. His chums had got invitations all round, but he knew he would get none. Dick was desperately in love with Marianna, yet he could not fail to regret Josiah's dinners: the odorous covered dishes and the aroma of the wines would be delicious memories for ever. He remembered one day in particular, when Josiah had captured the first pheasant of the autumn, and had invited Dick alone to come and share it with him. The wine with which they deluged the savory fowl, so light and golden and delicate, lingered yet so bewitchingly upon the palate that it might have been pressed a thousand years ago from the luscious grape by fairy feet upon the Enchanted Islands. Dick never would forget that dinner, nor how afterward they drank to Marianna, mistress of the feast.

The Sunday following, Dick met Marianna on her way home from church, and told her about the interview with Josiah in his Water street office, ending with

Pa's tremendous joke—for that was what Dick called it—about the first fifty thousand dollars.

Marianna did not smile when she heard it: on the contrary, she looked very serious about it. She said, "If Pa could talk in that way about what concerns my happiness, our case is quite hopeless, and there is nothing for us to do but to go on being clandestine—which I hate—and loving and trusting, Richard—which I will do for ever—and waiting, and waiting, and waiting." Then a new idea seemed to strike her. "Maybe," she said, "with your talents, Richard, you might make that much money in a little while. I have heard of Mr. Webster and Mr. Choate making that much in a single case; and if they could do it, why could not *you*?"

"Why not?" echoed Dick, solemn as a judge. "To be sure! why not? Only, Marianna, it might help the matter a little if you knew any clients who had that sum to invest in my services."

Thereupon Dick laughed, and Marianna, catching the infection—for Dick's laughter was infectious—laughed too. What did it matter, after all? was not the sun bright, the air sweet, the sky blue? Were they not young, and lovers, and together? So they laughed and were happy, and delayed Josiah's dinner half an hour in consequence of the length of the route they had chosen to take them home; and though it led them half around the city, Dick swore it was the shortest.

The winter went and spring came, but though Dick was no longer invited to the grand dinners, nor tasted again the marvelous wine which came from off the Enchanted Isles, yet he somehow managed to see Marianna very often. He met her in other houses, laid in wait for her at church doors, and got the sunniest smiles from her as she rolled serenely along the street in her carriage. Dick did not mind it a bit that its dust covered him, got into his eyes or flecked his linen: that was all right so long as it was her carriage that raised it. But to make a small joke, when the summer came Dick was just as far off from rais-

ing the dust, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, as ever. He had been very faithful to his office, where he amused himself, in the absence of real ones, by laying traps for imaginary rich clients; but it was no use—they never were caught. And seriously, I am afraid neither of these young people greatly cared, for they loved and trusted, and they were together, and life was, to them, so long.

Often Dick passed her house in the afternoon, only to catch a pleasant smile or a wave of the white hand. Sometimes she stood at the window, framed in the massive folds of the curtains, clothed in her grand dinner-dress of sheeny silk and laces and pearls. In all the world, Dick fancied, there was no picture as beautiful as that. Often Josiah was standing at her side as Dick passed; at such times his smile was frank and friendly, but Dick noticed that the old fellow jealously drew his little girl closer to him, as if to shield her from the wooing of so impecunious a lover.

Dick was idling in court one day near the end of June term, watching the progress of a trial which was all about some merchandise that a party had bought and sold, and now declined to pay for. He said the goods were not up to sample, but he had sold them at a large profit—all the same; still, not being up to sample, his lawyer told him, was a valid defence against payment, and if he did not pay for them he would make so much more. There were a good many such cases every day, so that one did not interest Dick especially, and he very readily gave his attention to Mr. Joseph Sterling, who sat down at his side and asked Dick if he had heard that Miss Lowber's uncle George was dead? No, Dick had not heard that, and he said so.

Mr. Sterling put his handkerchief to his eyes, leaned his head on the table before him, and said, "It is true. He died last night."

We are sorry to say it, but it seemed very aggravating to Dick that Uncle George should have died last night. Uncle George, he thought, was just as good a man and citizen as his brother

Josiah, quite as robust and hardy-looking; and yet he, whose decease could not benefit Dick a bit, was taken and the other left. "Of course," Dick said, "he was worth a mint of money: Marianna will get it all, and then Josiah will insist upon my making those fifty thousand an hundred. Well, why not? I can just as easily raise one as the other."

Mr. Sterling seemed to be distressed a good deal about Uncle George, which Dick Lyle would not have given him credit for, if he had not seen the tears in the man's eyes and heard the husky, choked voice. Joseph Sterling was not considered a man of warm affections by those who knew him best. He had always been taciturn, reticent, and too often simply aggressive. His talents were of the most undoubtedly brilliant character, and he knew more sharp practices and employed them to a greater extent in behalf of his clients than was good for his reputation as an honorable man. Mr. Sterling's legal brethren were not fond of him, for they never knew what trap he would spring next in any contest in which he was engaged against them. That mattered nothing to him, however, for he had started in the race to get rich by the short and narrow road, and he pursued his own devices irrespective of any one's opinion. His mother's brothers, Josiah and George, had both made money, but she had married in her youth a poor man, who had remained poor always; and in his own home, Mr. Joseph Sterling had learned early and late the sting and bitterness of poverty, and had determined to grow rich. As to the means, he was not particular: the end would justify them. He was his uncle George's legal adviser, and consequently intimately acquainted with his entire business: that fact induced Dick to ask if his uncle had made a will, and Mr. Sterling answered, he was quite sure his uncle George had made a will, but he knew nothing about it.

"That looks well for you," Dick said; "for if he had left you nothing, he would have had you draw the instrument."

"No, I think not. My uncle may

have given me a trifle, but it is more likely to be nothing. My cousin will get it all. She was his favorite always: I was only his lawyer, and he never liked me especially, though he educated and gave me some assistance while he lived. I am satisfied with that, and grateful to him for it."

Mr. Richard Lyle was more interested in learning the contents of the will of George Lowber, dec'd, than he would have cared to acknowledge. The day after the funeral it was admitted to probate, and a will more complete and concise had apparently never been registered. There was one portion of it over which Dick lingered long and savagely. It was:

*"Item—*I give and devise to my niece, Marianna Lowber, all the rest and residue of my estate, real and personal, of every and whatsoever description, where-soever situated, for her only proper use and behoof, on the following terms and conditions, to wit: That she, the said Marianna Lowber, shall and will, within one year from the day of my decease, marry my beloved nephew, Joseph Sterling, who, I am well informed and verily believe, is sincerely attached to her, and is in all other ways an honorable and upright man, and worthy to become the husband of my said niece.

"In the event, however, of the said Marianna Lowber failing to accept the foregoing conditions within the prescribed time, all the rest and residue of my estate as aforesaid, which in the case of her acceptance of the above terms would have accrued to the said Marianna Lowber, I give and bequeath, absolutely, to my said beloved nephew, Joseph Sterling.

"I hereby make and appoint my brother, Josiah Lowber, and my said nephew, Joseph Sterling, my executors to execute and fulfill the terms of this, my last will and testament.

"Witness my hand and seal, this 23d day of April, A. D. 1868.

"GEORGE LOWBER. [SEAL.]

"Signed and sealed in presence of us,

"WILLIAM FLEMMING,

"FRANCIS DUPREZ."

The residuary legatee would receive, under this will, something over two hundred thousand dollars.

Dick Lyle had seen a good many wills in his career as student and lawyer, but never another that had such potent power to interest him as this one.

There were in the office only himself and a solitary clerk. Lyle laid the paper before the man, who went on transcribing from another document without looking up.

"Is this will copied yet?" Dick asked.

"Why?" interrogated the clerk in turn, continuing his work.

"Because I want it."

"Agen the rules, Mr. Lyle. It can't be done. Second executor left special orders about that will."

"What else did he leave with his orders?" Mr. Lyle asked, taking out his pocket-book.

"Not much—a wee."

"Very well, here is double that. I want this will for twenty-four hours, and Mr. Sterling is not to know it. Can I have it?"

"Not with my consent, Mr. Lyle. I'm busy transcribing, I am; and if that will leaves this office I'm not able to say anything about how it goes. I can't see everything, you know, Mr. Lyle." Whereupon the clerk bowed his head over his work until his nose touched the desk, and Mr. Lyle put the will in his pocket and walked out.

Joseph Sterling and Dick Lyle had been on friendly terms for years, and Dick probably knew of as many of that gentleman's brilliant manœuvres as most people. At the first hurried glance at the contents of the will he had said: "Another of Joe Sterling's tricks." So going to his office, he laid the document broadly out on his table, prepared to find in it the work of his friend. He took from a drawer a pair of spectacles of great magnifying power, examined with them, first, the chirography, then the seal; over the latter he spent a good deal of time. As a general thing, Mr. Lyle did not need the aid of spectacles, but he wore them that day, and they told him that the will was a lie. Undoubtedly,

though, the signature was genuine, but the context was not in Uncle George's writing, and if the four years' experience Dick had had in the government office at Washington — where his sole business was to examine and report upon the authenticity of writing and signatures — told him anything, that experience told him that Joe Sterling wrote the body of that will. Looking through his spectacles into the depth, he found his friend at the bottom. But do not forget that he began with the determination to find him there.

Dick then took a sheet of brief-paper, and, in a fair hand, wrote, beginning a few lines from the top, these words:

Theories concerning the Will of George Lowber, deceased.

1. Body of will written by Joseph Sterling.
 2. Signature obtained on blank sheet of legal brief, some time previous, for the purpose for which it was subsequently used.
- Mem.*—Clients always signing blank papers for their counsel to fill up at their leisure.
- Clients always hurried — lawyers never.
3. Witnesses never saw said will signed.
 4. Seal is too new. The impression is clear and sharp, and there is a piece of metal filing adhering to wax. George Lowber had the original, of which this is a counterfeit, in use for years.

"There are my theories," said Dick, "and so far, so good, but—prove them."

1. True, but not susceptible of proof.
2. No proof.
3. No proof.
4. Joe Sterling is a man of universal genius, but he did not cut that seal: discover who did.

Mr. Lyle copied off both sides of his argument and carried them down to the office of Josiah Lowber, Esquire. His reception of Dick was cordial enough, but he began by requesting that Miss Lowber's name should not enter into the subject of their business.

Dick informed Josiah that her name had nothing to do with it, and then laid before the merchant the paper he had brought.

Mr. Lowber's face flushed hotly as he read the first bold line, but, looking up wearily at the end, only said: "You have made a mistake, Mr. Lyle. The will is genuine."

Dick placed both hands firmly on the table before him, and looked down, resolutely, into Josiah's impassive gray eyes. "I have made no mistake," he said: "the will is a lie."

Mr. Lowber leaned far back in his chair, placed his hands together, joining the finger-tips, and, with the same unmoved manner and voice, only said, "Prove it."

"More easily suggested than done, I fancy," Lyle replied, trying to assume the easy indifference of the merchant's manner.

"May I ask, then, why you come here with your bare theories, which simply disturb my mind and do no good?"

"Because I thought you might have entertained similar theories concerning your brother's will, and would have felt enough interest in the matter to assist me in proving it fraudulent."

"I have no help to offer you; and whatever my private opinions may be, it is my desire that no scandal shall be attached to my brother's memory, nor to others that bear his name."

"Then, Mr. Lowber, you peremptorily decline to help me?"

"Until you can bring me some proofs—yes."

Mr. Richard Lyle was not even dismayed, much less defeated, by the result of his visit. From Josiah's counting-room he went to Mr. Jacob Burnet, the lapidary and engraver, who had been for many years chief of the detective service. Before that gentleman he laid the will:

"It is your present, as it was especially your late, business, Mr. Burnet, to know the name of every engraver in this city: which of them made that seal?"

"Charles Gregory—a man who has worked for me, off and on, a good many years."

"Where is he now?"

"I can't tell; he left me three days ago, leaving most of his tools behind."

"Was he honest and sober?"

"Honest enough, I think, Mr. Lyle, but not sober. He went on spees often and often. It was a pity, too, for Charley knew his business."

"Can you swear he cut that seal, Mr. Burnet?"

"Yes, I can. When it was my business to detect and convict engravers of counterfeit notes, I studied the style of every man's work who was in the trade—and it was my own trade, too. Charley never put his hand to a job that I couldn't swear to: each man's method is different from another's."

"How often has that seal been used?"

"Ah, that's too much, Mr. Lyle. I can't answer that."

"Look at it through this glass, and then say how often?"

The old lapidary and detective examined it critically by the aid of the magnifying-glass. "Not half a dozen times, Mr. Lyle. There is a piece of gold detached from the setting, which adheres to the wax. It was likely to have come off on the first impression being taken, but it most probably came off on the second or third trial."

"You never amuse yourself any more by playing detective, Mr. Burnet?"

"Never: John Perker is a better hand at that business than ever I was. What do you want?"

"I want Charles Gregory, seal engraver, Mr. Burnet, and I want him very much. Can you help me to find him?"

"No, I can't. See John Perker."

Dick had been in possession of the will about four hours now, and was done with it. He carried it back, therefore, to the register's office, and slipped it quietly into the hands of the clerk from whom he received it, for there were others in the room when he entered, but the clerk only fastened his fingers on it without a word or sign.

"My last theory proved first," Dick said. "No matter: lightning strikes backward sometimes, and carries its message just as surely and—as fatally."

Mr. Lyle's friends had never considered him in the light of an industrious or energetic young gentleman, and the amount of energy he showed in the matter of that will rather astonished even himself. Having proved his one theory, he concluded to begin another day by imparting his proof to Josiah Lowber. Then he sat down in his office to smoke out the rest of the day.

"Well?" queried the merchant impatiently, the following morning when Dick called.

"Mr. Lowber," Dick said, "I have proof that the seal is not the original seal of your deceased brother, that it has been made within a few days or weeks by a person who has since disappeared, and that it had never been used half a dozen times before it was employed on the will."

Then Josiah's manner changed: all his late indifference and weariness dropped away, and he looked like a man ready to fight. "That *is* proof—not much, Mr. Lyle, but it is proof—and a grain of that is worth more than a cargo of theories. Now, I am going to help you. I knew from the first the will was a fraud: even while I pretended to believe in it, I knew it was a trick of my rascally nephew's. How can I help you?"

"In this way: You are co-executor, and as such you can have the subscribing witnesses to the will here to-morrow. Have them here at three o'clock, and I will call a little after that hour."

"I engage to do that, but suppose you establish the invalidity of this will, what do you expect to receive?"

"I expect to receive, Mr. Lowber, my first fifty thousand dollars—and expenses. Do you understand?" Dick asked.

"I think I do, and I accept your terms," Josiah said, a broad, genial smile lighting up his face.

Considering that when Dick's evidence came to be sifted, it would amount to nothing, there really was no cause for his exultation in having his terms so

readily accepted, for though his fee was to be a large one, it was also contingent upon his success; and if Dick had been at all able to see the case as it then stood, he would have seen that defeat was inevitable. But he could see nothing outside of his own theories, in which Marianna was interlocked; and so, with a jubilant sense of victory, he went off in search of John Perker, detective. That gentleman was not in his office, and Mr. Lyle, going farther, found him at home, singing to a couple of little Perkers, perched upon his knees. While Dick talked to him, explaining his theories, Perker went on singing to the children: when Dick stopped, he stopped. This disconcerted Mr. Lyle, but not nearly so much as Perker's attempts to fasten both eyes on a terrier pup, gnawing at his boot. Dick never had seen mortal man before whose two eyes—each of which was perfect in itself—were together as divergent as the poles. Perker ought to have known better, but he never will know better, for to this day he never stops trying to fasten both eyes upon a single object. It certainly has a confusing effect, and the rogues that Perker hunts always know that their time is come, be they never so well hidden, when they see him apparently looking half a mile over their heads.

"I am to be at Mr. Lowber's office at half-past three to-morrow? Very good, I will be there," Perker said, therewith dismissing his visitor.

Then Dick, still with his head enveloped in the clouds of certain success, returned to his office and wrote to Marianna, telling her that he was about to receive his first fifty thousand dollars and—Pa's consent. Of course, Marianna never doubted a word that Dick said, and his letter made her the happiest creature in the West End, for of a truth she was growing heartily tired of being clandestine and waiting, and waiting, and waiting, but she never could grow weary of trusting and loving Dick Lyle.

Punctually at the appointed hour, Dick walked into Mr. Lowber's office, where he found already the two subscribing witnesses, to whom Josiah introduced

him. William Flemming was a thin, dyspeptic-looking person—a gentleman, evidently, and to good manners born, but a gentleman at odds with fortune nevertheless, as his soiled linen and shabby-genteel dress proclaimed: the second witness, Francis Duprez, a tall, dark-complexioned man, with a mass of shaggy, black hair, worn so long that it fell upon his shoulders like a mane, sat apart examining a copy of the will which lay on the desk before him. To him Mr. Lyle addressed an occasional question. He was certainly a gentleman, intelligent and sensible; a trifle reticent about himself maybe, yet answering promptly and clearly every question put to him about the will. A nervous man, though, thought Dick, as he noticed that the large, tawny hands were never at rest: they wandered from the copy of the will to the ruler, thence to his collar, then they smoothed the long, black hair about his ears or played with the ends of his neckerchief. But in the closeness and cohesion of his story he never wandered at all. It was the same with the account of the first witness. There was a clearness and precision in what they both said that left no room for doubt.

While they were all busily discussing the matter, a rough and loud-voiced sailor brushed abruptly past the porter at the door, and without farther ceremony entered the office.

Mr. Lowber sharply ordered the man out before he had time to speak. But he stood staring at them all by turns, a half-drunken leer on his weatherbeaten face, loth to go. He put his hand into his coat pocket and drew out a bundle of cigars, when Josiah went to the door to call some one to put the intruder out.

"I've some uncommon nice cigars here, mates, which I can sell low—ten times lower nor you can buy 'em at the shops," he said, holding the bundle out to each of them in turn.

At that moment Josiah appeared with a burly porter, who took the sailor by the shoulder.

"Stop," said Mr. Lyle: "I wish to see what this man has to sell. I will not detain him a moment, Mr. Lowber."

The sailor handed Dick the cigars. "Take one, mate," he said: "you'll find 'em all right."

Dick took one, lighted it and passed the bundle to the others. Lowber alone declined accepting any, muttering, "Smuggled."

The sailor turned toward the merchant, and looking, or trying to look, as well as a pair of rolling eyes, hopelessly disconnected with one another, could look at anything, replied, "I won't say you ain't right, guv'nor, but you can't prove it."

"How do you sell these things?" Dick asked.

"Just you name your own price, mate. You know what a good cigar is, you do; so name your own price for a box on 'em. Wouldn't you like to have a box, guv'nor?" he asked, turning with something like a spring on Duprez. The movement was so sudden that the man started, and his hand went irresolutely up to his forehead, sharply brushing the long hair aside, showing for an instant his ears and sinuous neck.

"No, I want none," Duprez said, angrily, an ugly glitter in his eyes.

Dick Lyle named a price which was accepted, and he slowly began to count out the money on the table. Josiah fumed and fretted at the sailor's presence, but the latter paid no attention to him, and leisurely took up each bit of tawdry currency, scanning it carefully, as if he expected to find it all counterfeit.

When he had stowed it away safely in a greasy leathern wallet, he was about to leave them alone again, when a felt hat, lying on the table, seemed to have an irresistible attraction for him. He came back and took it up.

"Now, that's what I call a hat," he said—"a reg'lar sombrero, and none of your Yankee make, half wool, either. Not French, is it? No, not French. English?" He had turned it around and about, looking at it outside and in, when a label there caught his eye. "Why, bless your hearts, mates! I know that hat just as well as I know anything, I do. That 'ere hat was one of a cargo I helped run into Charleston harbor,

right under the guns of a Yankee man-o'-war, in the last year of the war. To be sure it is: there's the London maker's name all right—the name of the man as we shipped for."

The owner of the hat, the long-haired man, took it from the sailor with a jerk. "You mistake," he said: "I got that hat in Raleigh, North Carolina, two years ago."

"Well, then, I'm mistaken and beg your pardon, mate, but it looked like one of that cargo we ran into Charleston harbor."

Josiah ordered the porter to turn the ruffian into the street, but he went of his own will: "I won't trouble you, guv'nor. I can take a hint."

Josiah thanked the witnesses for the trouble he had given them, and they went out together. He and Dick Lyle were left alone then, the table between them; Lowber's head was resting on it, his face covered by his hands: Dick sat quietly smoking, watching and waiting for the explosion. Surely, as it was expected, it came:

"It is all a mistake, Mr. Lyle—a miserable, stupid mistake: the will is genuine, and those men spoke truth, if men ever did."

"It is all right, Mr. Lowber: the will is a fraud, and those men lied."

"Prove it!" said the old man, striking the desk angrily.

Dick could not see his way clear just then to do that, so he kept silent and smoked, which was naturally exasperating to Josiah, and should have excused his asking a brutal question of Mr. Lyle. It followed a long pause:

"Do you generally buy your cigars of a smuggler, Mr. Lyle?"

"Never," Dick said, brushing away the white ashes.

"You bought the one you are smoking now from a drunken smuggler and blockade-runner," Josiah said, more angrily.

"No, I did not! I bought it from a very respectable gentleman, a detective officer, named Perker."

"And you mean to say that that man was not a sailor?"

"Not a bit of one. He never tasted salt junk in his life."

"Then," said Josiah Lowber, with slow and awful emphasis, "if those fellows lied, that man will find it out."

"I am very much of your opinion; and, if he has not already started on some unknown journey with that view, he is waiting for me at my office, and I must go see him."

When Dick arrived, he found Perker already there, busy writing a note to his wife, requesting that lady to send him his carpet-bag, which, he explained, was always kept packed.

"How much now, Mr. Lyle, will this job pay?" he asked, sealing his letter.

Dick took out his pocket-book and emptied it before Perker: "That is all it will pay now, but as much more as you think right, when I am in funds."

"Suppose we lump it, Mr. Lyle, and say how much?"

"Suppose, after we have lumped it, you fail?" Dick asked, laughingly.

"I can't suppose that, Mr. Lyle."

"Well, then, Mr. Perker, if it succeeds, it will pay ten thousand dollars—nothing but this if it fails."

Perker whistled, rolled his eyes around to the utter discomfiture of Dick's small office-boy: "Young man, consider now; don't be rash, but if you've made up your mind to that figure, say it again, and say it slow."

Dick said it again, whereupon the detective requested permission to add a line to his note, merely to say to Mrs. John Perker that she should have that house on the avenue which she had been hankering after so long. Having finished that, he asked Mr. Dick Lyle if that gentleman "would be so good as to reduce his very handsome proposal to writing," which Dick did, and Mr. Perker folded it carefully away.

"Now, then," he said, "I'm off. Good-bye, gentlemen," good-humoredly including the small boy in his farewell.

"May I ask where you are going?"

"Not now. When I come back I'll tell you. Why, I never tell Mrs. Perker where I'm going."

It was true Perker was gone, as Dick

ascertained the next day, and neither he nor Lowber, nor Mrs. Perker, nor yet the little Perkera, knew what had become of him. The Arabs might fold their tents more silently than he, but when it came to stealing away, Mr. John Perker could give them great odds and beat them easily.

Almost against Mr. Lowber's advice, Dick began proceedings to test the validity of the will of George Lowber, deceased.

Mr. Joseph Sterling took the matter very coolly, accepted all sorts of notices off-hand, and assisted in every way to expedite the trial. As for Marianna marrying him before the expiration of the year, or ever, he knew that would not be. If that young lady hated any one in this world, it was her cousin Joseph Sterling, and that gentleman knew it, and was quite satisfied to have it so. But he did want to have ended Dick Lyle's stupid suit about his uncle's will, for so long as the matter was in doubt he could not enjoy his prospective wealth, even in anticipation; and Mr. Lyle, expecting all manner of tricks and motions for delay from his shrewd antagonist, saw the day of trial hurrying upon him only to find himself altogether unprepared to meet either it or the brilliant strategy of Mr. Joseph Sterling.

Perker, who was nothing if not mysterious, was out of the way—no one knew where—and another member of the force was employed to hunt up Charles Gregory, gem-cutter. Before many days he was found, employed in a New York house, steadily and soberly pursuing his business. The detective's orders were that his man was to be kept constantly in sight, but in no manner to be disturbed or to be informed that he was wanted.

A week before the trial came on, Dick Lyle got a letter from Perker, saying he would return in a few days. Dick telegraphed him to return at once if he had anything bearing in the slightest degree favorably upon the case. Perker replied that so far he had got nothing. The only evidence of a grain's weight in the

hands of the contestants was that concerning the seal, and Dick did not even know that Sterling had ordered it from Gregory. He believed he did, but it never suggested itself to his mind that the testator himself might have employed the gem-cutter to make it. There was so much of his life and happiness involved in sustaining his theories of fraud that he could not see outside of them. But dogged persistence is a strong card in any game, no matter from what motive it may be played.

With such slight evidence, however, as he had, Mr. Lyle was compelled to content himself, and to find comfort in the thought that, if he failed, he would be no worse off than he then was. But he wished Perker would come back; and when the trial came on he asked for a continuance, on the plea of the absence of an important witness. The court naturally asked what the counsel expected to prove by him, but Mr. Lyle knew no more as to what Perker could prove than the court did; consequently his request was denied and the trial proceeded.

The case of the contestants was opened by *experts* testifying to their belief that the body of the will was in the handwriting of Joseph Sterling; others, showing that Mr. Sterling had never been a favorite with his uncle—that the testator had often declared he would never leave his nephew a penny; others, that the testator was in the frequent habit of writing his name upon blank sheets of paper which might be left lying before him; and finally, the gem-cutter, Charles Gregory, testified that he had made the seal, by order of Mr. Sterling, had delivered it to and been paid for it by that gentleman. Being asked when, he mentioned the date, and that was found to be anterior to the making of the will. All which Mr. Sterling freely admitted, adding that he had ordered it at the request of the testator. Which frank admission immediately raised Mr. Sterling in the opinion of the jury, but upon the witness admitting, after a good deal of prevarication, that he had received one hundred dollars from Mr. Sterling to leave the city the day after the testator's

death, the jury again began to regard that gentleman with suspicion.

That was Dick Lyle's case, and there he closed.

Counsel for the will called another set of equally intelligent *experts*, who testified that the body of the will was not in the handwriting of Joseph Sterling; others, that he was a great favorite with his uncle; others, that the testator had said, over and over again, that he meant to provide in his will for his nephew; others, that the testator never, never, never wrote his name upon blank sheets of paper; and then William Flemming, first subscribing witness to the will, was sworn, and the original was placed in his hands for recognition.

"I was present at the signing of this will," he testified, clearly and distinctly. "I am a physician, and called to see the testator at the request of Mr. Sterling, who said it was his uncle's wish that I should do so. The testator was sick, but I did not prescribe for him: he had the services of another physician at the time. He was sitting up in bed when I saw him. I am not a resident of this city—I am from Ohio. I was here on business of my own; was stopping at the Penn Hotel, where I first became acquainted with Mr. Sterling on a previous visit. I met him afterward in Ohio; he owed me money—I came here to collect it. Yes, he paid me. The will was lying on the bed when I entered the room: the testator read it over and said he would be glad if I would witness its execution. I did so: that is the will, and that is my signature. The register will show that I was at the Penn Hotel at the date of this will."

Here the witness was handed over to the contestants for cross-examination.

"Where," asked Mr. Lyle, "did you witness this will?"

"At testator's house in Girard avenue."

"In what room of that house?"

"In second story, front room."

"Describe the furniture of that apartment."

Witness described with great accuracy the different articles and their relative positions.

"Who was present besides yourself at signing of this will?"

"Francis Duprez: Mr. Sterling accompanied me to the house, but remained in the library."

"Did you tell Mr. Sterling when you came out what you had done?"

"No, I did not. I left the house without seeing him."

"At what hour of what day was this?"

"It was about noon of April 23d of the present year."

"Who sealed this will?"

"The testator."

"Where did he get the taper, matches and wax?"

"I handed them to him: they were on the table at the side of the bed."

Mr. Dick Lyle paused: so far he had made nothing out of his cross-examination. The impression made upon the jury by the manner of the witness was decidedly against the contestants.

While the witness waited patiently for the next question, a gentleman, freshly shaven, and resplendent in a dress of glossy broadcloth, entered, sat down unconcernedly at the side of Mr. Lyle, and quietly placed a folded paper under that gentleman's eyes. Dick asked the witness an indifferent question or two while he read the document: the gentleman in broadcloth meanwhile sucked a little refreshment from the fingers of his gloves, and looked so hard at the court that they thought he meant to take their portraits; otherwise the world had no human interest for this quiet person.

Mr. Lyle got up, went to witness and familiarly laid his hand on witness' arm. When he asked the next questions his voice was so earnest and impressive that the jury, who had apparently been asleep for the last few minutes, suddenly woke up, and were rather startled at the prospect of the counsel beginning all over again with his witness.

"Doctor," Richard Lyle asked, "you do swear by Almighty God that on the 23d day of April last you witnessed the signing of this will by George Lowber, in the second story, front room, of his house on Girard avenue; that you saw there present Francis Duprez and saw

him subscribe his name as second witness? Remember that you are upon your solemn oath, and that you shall so answer at the last day. Now do you say that all this is true, and that you saw that man, Francis Duprez, present in that room, and that you saw him witness this will?"

"I do," the witness answered.

"You solemnly swear to it?"

"I do."

"That will do, doctor."

Doctor Flemming stepped aside and Francis Duprez, sworn:

"I met Mr. George Lowber in Charleston before the war. Sold him cotton. Being in Philadelphia, called on him; heard he was ill and asked to see him. Did see him. Was present at signing of this will April 23, 1868. Yes, that is my signature. I was in the room before Doctor Flemming called. I corroborate, in every particular, everything he has said concerning the signing of the will."

Witness passed to Mr. Lyle for cross-examination.

"You corroborate everything sworn to by Doctor Flemming?"

"I do, in every particular."

"Then you do, upon your oath, say that on the 23d day of April, 1868, you witnessed George Lowber sign and seal this will, in his house on Girard avenue, in the second story, front room, and that you saw then present Doctor Flemming, and saw him subscribe his name as first witness, and that you signed it after him?"

"I do."

"Look upon the court and jury and swear to it."

"I swear to it."

"That is all, Mr. Duprez. I will ask the court to direct that the witnesses, William Flemming and Francis Duprez, be not permitted to leave the room for the present." Direction made.

Mr. Lyle, being informed that the other side had closed, stated to the court that his absent witness was present, and he desired him to be sworn in rebuttal.

John Perker sworn: "Am a detective officer. Have seen Francis Duprez before: saw him in office of Josiah Lowber

—was selling cigars, and believe rather startled Mr. Duprez, which caused him to throw his hand up to his face; in doing so he brushed the hair away from the side of his head, disclosing the fact that his ears had been cut off: it happened to be known to me that cutting off the ears was the punishment in certain of the Southern States for horse-stealing: he admitted he had been in Raleigh, North Carolina; that induced me to go there. I went, and returned this morning."

Papers shown to witness:

"I recognize this paper: it is a transcript of the record of the criminal court of Wake county, North Carolina. It is properly certified by the judges, clerk and district-attorney of that court: it is the record of the conviction of Francis Duprez for horse-stealing. I recognize this photograph; I got it from the warden of the jail in Raleigh; it is a correct likeness of the witness, Francis Duprez. This record shows that he was sentenced on the tenth day of May, 1867, to undergo one year's imprisonment from day of sentence. This paper is a transcript from the prison record; it shows that Francis Duprez was discharged, the full term of his sentence having expired, on the tenth day of May, 1868. The date of this will is April 23, 1868; at that time Francis Duprez was in jail in Raleigh, North Carolina: consequently, he could not have signed this will."

Francis Duprez was called to be confronted by the photograph, but it was found that both the subscribing witnesses to the will, notwithstanding the direction of the court, were missing. Joseph Sterling had also disappeared.

The counsel for the will at once agreed to submit the case to the jury without argument.

Without leaving the box, the jury decided the will to be fraudulent and invalid.

When it was all over, Mr. Lowber rather astonished Perker by insisting on having him up for dinner; and as for Dick Lyle, his invitation was written by Marianna herself and delivered by Josiah in person.

Then they had out more of that famous wine from grapes pressed by the feet of fairies in the Enchanted Islands. Never wine so full of genial glow, brotherhood and good feeling.

"What else can I give you, Mr. Perker, to show how much we feel the service you have done us, besides the sum agreed upon by you and Mr. Lyle?"

"A bottle of this wine, Mr. Lowber," Perker said, draining the goblet. Josiah made it a dozen; and then, while those old fellows sat about the table until an awfully late hour, Dick and Marianna, above stairs, were happy in the thought that they need never again be separated,

nor clandestine, nor have to wait, and wait, and wait for Pa's consent, for Josiah had already given it; and these young people, for whom alone the sun was shining, had reached life's topmost round of bliss, and rested there content.

Josiah has great faith in Dick's legal abilities, but he somehow fancies, when he thinks it over, that it was Perker, and not the other, who should have got the larger fee. "Perker did more than you, Dick," Josiah says. Marianna listens, dumb with indignation at Pa's treason, but Dick only laughs at both and sips his wine.

L. CLARKE DAVIS.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

THE phenomena of the heavens are of so striking a character as to attract the attention of the most barbarous races, and they have indelibly stamped their influence on the religions of the early nations. As mankind became civilized, superstition gave place to knowledge, and enlightened Greece supplemented its mythical cosmogony with the noble science of Astronomy.

When learning redawned upon the world after the interregnum of the Dark Ages, a desire to investigate the phenomena of the stars again occupied the minds of thinking men, and the names of Hipparchus and Ptolemy were succeeded by those of Galileo, Kepler, Newton and others, destined to achieve fame in this grand field of thought. Thus for ages have the laws of the planetary motions been the main source of scientific distinction; and only of late years are astronomical results beginning to pale before discoveries in other directions, and the great intellects of the world to find worthy employment in new-born sciences.

By some of these savants the nature of light has been examined, and with re-

sults which are gradually giving rise to a new astronomy. The origin and rapidity of light, and its properties of reflection, refraction, color, etc., long the chief subjects of optical investigation, have yielded in interest to a new branch of the science, from which have flown results of the highest importance.

It has been found that within the constitution of light are hidden secrets as wonderful as the most striking of its open revelations. Each of the flying beams that reaches us from the innumerable host of stars tells the tale of its origin in tones strangely significant to modern science. In the brief space of ten years this new mode of research has taught us more of the formation of the Universe than had been gained in all the previous ages of human existence.

Yet it is ever true that the most striking results spring from the simplest causes. Telegraphy and photography are processes which, if predicted a century ago, would have appeared inconceivable vagaries; yet, knowing their *modus operandi*, they are to us simple and necessary results of the principles of nature. Equally difficult to untaught

conception, yet equally simple and necessary to our present state of knowledge, are the results of spectrum analysis.

We design to give a brief *résumé* of the origin and achievements of this newest of the sciences. The first step toward its formation was made by Sir Isaac Newton when he discovered the power of the prism to decompose light. This consists in the fact that a ray of light, after passing through a transparent prism, becomes expanded into an elongated spectrum, no longer white, but presenting an invariable succession of colors, from red to violet.

Optical science was long satisfied with this glance into the interior constitution of light, occupying itself with the phenomena of the prismatic colors and theorizing on the nature of white light. The later researches of Young and Fresnel into double refraction and polarization have no direct connection with our subject, and may be passed over. In 1802, Dr. Wollaston, in closely examining a spectrum, found it to be crossed by two dark lines. Not perceiving the significance of this fact, he dropped the subject, which was afterward taken up by Fraunhofer with remarkable success. This distinguished optician, applying more delicate means of observation, was surprised to find very numerous dark lines crossing the spectrum. Of these bands of darkness he succeeded in accurately mapping the positions of five hundred and ninety. Since his time the investigation has been vigorously prosecuted, and the number of lines greatly increased, Brewster having counted two thousand, and new ones being observed with every improvement in the delicacy of instruments. The spectroscope employed in these researches is usually composed of two telescopes, the light which enters one through a narrow slit being decomposed by a prism, and its spectrum examined through the second glass. In more perfect instruments, however, the light is made to pass successively through several prisms, each of which increases the dispersion of the ray.

On leaving the solar beam and exam-

ining terrestrial sources of light with this instrument, the range of facts was rapidly extended. One significant discovery was that the light from an incandescent solid or liquid body—as, for instance, a mass of white-hot iron—gave a continuous spectrum, without a trace of Fraunhofer's lines. The next step was to examine the vapors of substances rendered luminous by a strong flame. Here a spectrum of an entirely new character appeared. There was now seen a number of bright lines separated by dark spaces, each line being colored to agree with its position in an imaginary spectrum. These lines were invariable for the same substance, though varying with every change in the element acted upon. The metal sodium, for instance, gave two strong lines in the yellow band, while magnesium yielded three lines in the green.

But when the ray emanating from an incandescent solid or liquid was made to pass through one of these elementary vapors, a spectrum was formed resembling the solar spectrum in consisting of a band of light crossed by dark lines. But these lines, instead of agreeing in number and position with those of the solar spectrum, were exactly coincident with the bright lines emitted by flame containing the same vapor.

M. Kirchhoff, noting these various facts, at a flash made out the whole puzzling mystery. Others before him had closely approached the same discovery, but to him alone must be yielded the honor of its clear enunciation. Starting from the established fact that the different colors of the spectrum are caused by differences in the speed of vibration of the light-medium, the rapidity of vibration increasing from the red to the violet ray, he assumed that each vaporized element, when incandescent, emits rays with fixed rates of vibration, thus forming bright lines in those portions of the spectrum with which these rapidities correspond. On the contrary, when light from another source passes through these vapors, they absorb the exact rays which they emitted before, thus destroying the continuity of the spectrum, and producing lines of

17
86
53
31
22

darkness which agree in position with their own bright lines.

This simple theory forms the whole basis of spectrum analysis, and is found to readily explain its phenomena. Advanced only in 1859, it has already led to numerous and important discoveries.

Thus the solar lines were evidently caused by the action of vapors on light fitted to yield a continuous spectrum, the light of the sun probably originating in a solid or liquid incandescent body, and then passing through a gaseous atmosphere containing elementary vapors. It was at first questionable whether these lines were produced in the atmosphere of the sun or in that of the earth, but an appeal to the stars has thoroughly settled this doubt, as will be seen farther on. Here was un hoped-for information in regard to the physical constitution of the sun, setting at rest certain opposed hypotheses of solar action, and proving the sun and earth to contain numerous elements in common. The presence of these elements is proved by the strongest evidence. Thus the bright lines in the spectrum of iron vapor have been closely compared with the black solar lines, and found to exactly agree. When we consider that this agreement is not confined to one or two, but extends to more than four hundred and sixty lines, and that these agree not alone in position, but also in their relative strength, it becomes impossible to doubt the presence of iron in the sun.

Besides iron, the sun contains sodium, calcium, magnesium, chromium and hydrogen, with indications of numerous other elements.

On extending these researches to the fixed stars, most important results were obtained. These immensely distant orbs, which we could connect with our own system only by a doubtful analogy, are found to be really composed of elements similar in many cases to terrestrial substances, and to resemble the sun in constitution by yielding a spectrum crossed by black lines. At the same time they appear to contain elements unknown to us, and differ greatly among themselves in composition. Yet it is an interesting

fact that the elements most widely diffused in the stars are just those most essential to earthly existence. We may name hydrogen, one of the constituents of water; sodium, the base of common salt; magnesium—these three, with oxygen, representing our sea; and iron.

In some of the stars—as, for instance, Aldebaran—about eighty dark lines have been carefully measured, these forming but a small portion of the numerous fine lines in their spectra. By a close comparison of these lines with the bright lines yielded by terrestrial vapors, we find clearly displayed the closely double line in the yellow characteristic of sodium, the three magnesium lines in the green, the strong hydrogen lines in the red and at the blue limit of the green, besides lines peculiar to numerous other elements, as iron, calcium, bismuth, tellurium, antimony and mercury. Seven other elements are plainly indicated, and yet others doubtfully.

There is great diversity displayed in the manifestations of different stars—so much so as to render many of them incapable of classification with our sun. Father Secchi, the ecclesiastical savant, distributes them, as spectroscopic objects, into three classes. One of these classes is composed of stars assimilated in character to our sun, yielding, like it, numerous fine lines, and displaying many of its elementary characteristics. A second class consists of stars in an apparently different condition, as they yield colored bands in the red and orange. The third class is the most dominant, comprising half the visible stars. These are the white stars, like Sirius, characterized by a black band in the green-blue, and a second in the violet. In this class are included two stars exactly opposite in character, having luminous instead of black bands in the green.

Among stellar phenomena perhaps the most striking is the occasional appearance of a new star. Such a stellar birth has been several times recorded, both in ancient and modern times; the new stars suddenly shining out with a strong lustre, and usually as suddenly disappearing. Perhaps the brightest of these was the

temporary star of 1572, whose lustre surpassed that of the planet Jupiter, and which was visible at midday. Yet it entirely disappeared after about three months' visibility.

In the year 1866 such a star blazed up in the constellation of the Northern Crown, rapidly attaining the second magnitude. It soon began to decline in brightness, falling in twelve days to the eighth magnitude. It was subjected to spectroscopic observation by William Huggins shortly after it began to fade. This experienced observer was surprised with the phenomenon of two distinct spectra. One of these was the ordinary spectrum of dark lines, showing the existence of a photosphere of incandescent solid or liquid matter, enclosed in a vaporous atmosphere. Overlying this was a spectrum consisting of four bright lines. This plainly proved the existence of a second source of light, shown by its peculiar spectrum to be a luminous gas. Two of these lines were the prominent hydrogen lines, and their great brightness showed the gas to be hotter than the photosphere. The conclusion was obvious: the observer beheld a blazing world. A sudden flood of free hydrogen gas had apparently burst from the interior of the star, and was fiercely burning in contact with some other element. The intense heat of this conflagration had also heated the photosphere, so as to render its spectrum more vivid.

If, then, the stars are thus liable to become enwrapped in the flames of burning hydrogen, we may speculate as to what would be the fate of the inhabitants of the planets were our sun to emulate the vagaries of its sister orbs and burst out in mighty conflagration. That it is not free from flaming hydrogen we shall presently see.

But there are other objects in the skies, a knowledge of whose nature is requisite to a complete system of astronomy. They consist of faintly-luminous patches and spots of diffused light, that seem to be fantastic wisps of the world-vapor whence the globes were formed, rather than the combined glow of numerous excessively distant stars. These

objects greatly aided the hypothesis originally conceived by Kant, but given to the scientific world by Laplace, which looked upon the universe as originally a mass of thinly-diffused vapor, from which, by a long process of cooling and condensation, the present globes were formed. It viewed these dim masses as nebulae in various stages of formation into stars.

With the improvement in telescopes, however, many of these objects opened out into clusters of minute stars. Lord Rosse's great reflector was peculiarly successful in this investigation, resolving many of the nebulae, while revealing others yet fainter. Yet some well-known nebulae remained unresolved, and great doubt was felt if these shadows of light could really flow from the glow of innumerable stars.

The first application of the spectroscope to one of these nebulae, as by a miracle, settled the controversy. When only three very faint lines of light appeared in place of the ordinary spectrum, the observer could hardly credit his instrument. But further tests yielded the same result. Here was clearly a stellar object of a new character, yielding the spectrum of luminous gas, and fully establishing the existence of gaseous nebulae. Closer observation added to these lines a very faint continuous spectrum, without apparent breadth, crossing the middle of the lines. Now the object examined had a minute central point of condensed light, which obviously gave this spectrum.

These three nebular lines coincide, one with the brightest of the nitrogen lines, the second with the green line of hydrogen, the third is unknown, though very near one of the barium lines. Not all nebulae display these three lines, some yielding only two, others one only. About one-third of all the nebulae observed yield this gaseous spectrum, while the remaining two-thirds give a stellar spectrum. It is a significant fact that among these latter are all those which have been resolved by the telescope. Again, as in the nebula in Andromeda, the spectrum formed is only

partly continuous, wanting the red and part of the orange. These diversities show that there is yet much to be learned in the stellar phenomena, spectral science being still in its infancy.

The next important application of the spectroscope was to comets. They were found to yield two spectra—one spectrum being that of reflected solar light, the other that of their nucleus. This latter was the spectrum of a luminous gas, having a bright line identical with the nitrogen line of the nebulae. Here was information surpassing the powers of the telescope, and assimilating the formation of our solar system to that of the widely-removed stellar spaces. In the case of Comet 11 (1868), examined by William Huggins, quite different indications were given, the lines displayed closely agreeing with those of the highly-heated vapor of carbon. The spectra of the planets scarcely vary the solar lines, save by a few atmospheric lines interposed by some of them, as Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. The meteoric showers too, which have of late years attracted so much attention, have in their swift flight across the sky been forced to flash their character through the prisms of the spectroscope. It is found that their trains undoubtedly contain sodium and another element—either potassium, sulphur or phosphorus.

It may be thought strange that nothing is said of the presence or absence of oxygen, that most active of earthly elements. But the spectral lines of oxygen vary so much at different temperatures that nothing can yet be premised concerning them.

The spectroscope has moreover proved useful to astronomical science in another particular. There are certain apparent movements among the so-called fixed stars which are probably caused by a real movement of our sun. In fact, the whole solar system is conjectured to be changing its position in space some one hundred and fifty millions of miles every year. But movements of the stars which indicate a real change of place are also observed. This proper motion has been noticed in over five hundred stars, and

in some greatly exceeds in velocity that of our sun.

But the telescope only reveals to us motions transverse to our line of vision, yielding no information in regard to stars which may be moving directly toward or from the earth. Of such motions we could only learn by a change of brightness, which might take several thousand years to become observable. But by aid of the spectroscope we are enabled in a moment to solve this apparently unanswerable enigma.

Light is supposed to consist of ethereal waves, which are excessively short, and which move through space at the speed of one hundred and eighty thousand miles per second. Variations in the length of these waves produce the various colors. But it is evident that if two waves be crowded together each will become shortened, thus producing a change of color. Now if a star move rapidly toward the earth, each new wave must gain on that preceding it, causing a crowding of the waves and a change in their length. The prisms of the spectroscope instantly reveal this change, and also that opposite change resulting from a star receding from the earth. From the amount of this change in the case of Sirius it is calculated that this star is approaching the earth at the rate of twenty-nine and a half miles per second. A similar motion has been discovered in other stars. The nebulae have been closely examined, but so far no change of position has been detected: they seem immovably fixed in their places.

In these days nothing escapes the eager and persistent glance of science. During the solar eclipse of 1860, peculiar rose-colored protuberances were seen darting like flames to a great elevation above the sun's surface. These appearances caused astronomers to look forward with the greatest interest to the eclipse of 1868. It was known that this eclipse would be total for a period of seven minutes—a duration that would not occur again for centuries. That this unusual opportunity might not be lost, parties of observation were stationed at several points on the line of totality,

reaching from Arabia to Malacca. The photographic and spectroscopic instruments employed by these expeditions were of the utmost delicacy, and in spite of troubles from drifting clouds very important results were obtained.

The protuberances were readily seen, in some cases of remarkable height, estimated at from twelve thousand to ninety thousand miles, but rapidly changing in shape and extent as the sun moved on from station to station. M. Janssen describes one of these appearances as resembling the flame of a vast forge urged by a powerful blast through the openings in a combustible mass. Another he likens to a group of snowy mountain-peaks, resting on the limb of the moon and illuminated by a setting sun.

On applying the spectroscope to these protuberances, their nature was at once made manifest. Various bright lines, separated by intervals of darkness, met the eye of the observer. No result could be clearer. They were plainly masses of luminous vapor, volumes of flaming gas leaping strongly upward from the surface of the sun.

The number of these lines varied very much in the different instruments, Lieutenant Herschel seeing but three, while Janssen saw five, and M. Rayet no less than nine, of which only one was unknown, the others agreeing with prominent solar lines. The presence of hydrogen and magnesium was plainly indicated, with unknown elements, among which carbon may possibly have been present.

Thirty years ago it was known that the light of the edge differed from that of the body of the sun, and it was then conjectured that a peculiar solar envelope might exist. The discovery of solar protuberances lent force to this conjecture, and two years ago Mr. Lockyer conceived the idea of directing his glass to the edge of the sun, and in this manner isolating the light of these strange masses. It was only in October last, after the date of the eclipse observations, that he succeeded in realizing his idea, and in producing in his instrument two

distinct spectra—one the ordinary solar spectrum, the other a spectrum of colored lines, as above described.

Meanwhile, during his observations of the eclipse, M. Janssen conceived the same idea, and on trying the sun with his spectroscope the very next morning, plainly beheld the bright lines of the protuberances in the edge of the solar disk.

This important discovery will obviate the necessity of awaiting the fleeting event of an eclipse for a continuance of these observations, and will, moreover, afford the useful test of an ordinary solar spectrum placed in direct comparison with the new bright lines. It has already served to disprove the presence of sodium, which was indicated in the eclipse observations. Lockyer, by his new process, has already arrived at the following interesting conclusions: He finds reason to believe that the sun is surrounded by a gaseous envelope of great regularity, alike in equatorial and polar regions, and nearly five thousand miles high. The protuberances seem to be temporary ebullitions of gas, as they rapidly vary not only in size and position, but also in composition, some yielding lines which are not found in others. May not the sun-spots, those dark depressions in the solar envelope, have some connection with this new-found phenomenon?

We have devoted so much space to these cosmical facts that we can but briefly detail certain terrestrial discoveries, perhaps quite as interesting. The utmost delicacy of chemical analysis yet achieved is coarse compared with the refinement of spectral investigation. Unknown facts have been clearly revealed by its aid, and new substances discovered. An excessively small amount of metallic vapor in a flame reveals itself in the lines of this tell-tale instrument. The 195-millionth of a grain of sodium, an amount minute almost beyond our conception, gives plainly the yellow line of sodium. In like manner we can detect the 60-millionth of a grain of potassium or barium, the 70-millionth of lithium, and the 100-millionth of calcium.

Elementary substances have been

found lurking in the most unsuspected situations, rare metals diffused through common vegetables, while the most minute elementary constituent of the animal body can be readily detected. Mineral poisons cannot easily hide out of sight of this keen investigator.

We may conclude with a description of the greatest triumph of the spectro-scope. The discovery of a new chemical element is of late years a matter of very rare occurrence. Since galvanic analysis gave us the metals of the alkalies, sodium, potassium and others, but little has been achieved in this line of research. Yet spectrum analysis has already added four new elements to the list. The first of these was found by Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff in the residuum of the mineral waters of Kreuznach, Germany. Finding in their spectroscope some unknown blue lines, they instantly conjectured that some new substance was present. On evaporating twenty tons of the water they obtained a small quantity of a new metal, which they named *cæsius*, from *cæsius*, sky-blue. In other mineral waters they discovered a second metal, called rubidium, also from its color. An

English investigator, William Crookes, discovered a third metal, connected with native sulphur, which, from its green lines, he named thallium. While searching the ores of Freiburg, Saxony, for this last metal, a new indigo-blue line appeared, and led to the isolation of a new metal, which, again, from the color of its lines, has been called indium.

These substances have since been obtained in sufficient quantities for the investigation of their properties, and their elementary character fully proven. This gives a reliability to the revelations of the spectroscope which it might otherwise have lacked, and opens out a vista of probable future utility whose extent it would be difficult at present to predict. It has already been usefully applied in detecting the purity of dye-stuffs, in aid of the Bessemer steel process and in other directions. Let it be borne in mind that the above are but the first fruits of this remarkable instrument; and if its maturity should carry out the promise of these ten years of its youth, we may hope for many useful and surprising discoveries in the time to come

CHARLES MORRIS.

EARL DOUGLAS OF PHILADELPHIA.

THERE are persons still living who will recollect the following anecdotes; although I have judged that propriety demanded a change in the names of men and public bodies.

The opinions of John Stacy were the growth of civil war, religious dissension and persecution. Born amid the rural beauty of Meadowshire, in Great Britain, and educated in the ancient and commercial city of Slaveoporum, descended from a family which has appeared in history, he was not without energy of character. Great, wasting and debt-producing wars for petty objects, cruel and murderous persecutions for religious opinions, and

bloody contests to settle "which tyrant England should receive," were not to John's taste. Tired of the restless and unprincipled activity which surrounded him, he obtained, at an early moment of life, a commercial introduction to a West Indian colony. In a new world he hoped for a sphere of usefulness and a life of tranquil industry. These, however, were there denied him. Entertaining serious religious convictions, and finding that his remonstrances made no impression on the intemperance and loose habits of life among which he found himself, he became unpopular in Barbadoes, and finally took refuge in Philadelphia, and in

a connection which, for the purposes of the present narrative, I propose to designate as that of the celebrated Little-endians.

With all Stacy's religious convictions, the feeling of intolerance or a desire to press or enforce his own belief on others had no place in his mind. Unless by a good example, and by suitable remonstrance when proper occasion offered amid the transactions of life, he never undertook to teach. The most fundamental of his doctrines was that a man's own conscience was the true guide to rectitude, and should be obeyed and studied as such; and after the discharge of positive duties, he busied himself exclusively with the promotion of justice, order, punctuality and Christian charity, both as regards the poor, and as exhibited in amiable deportment and benevolent conduct in life. He set, both from tradition and conviction, the highest estimate upon the character of a *merchant*. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that, in the young city of Philadelphia, he had extensive occupation in reconciling, arbitrating and settling differences among his litigious neighbors.

Such a man, when he left the West Indies, brought with him an old negro slave, one of those originally obtained from Africa, and who possessed the jet-black complexion so very different from most of those seen in the United States. This domestic had, however, been long on this side of the ocean, and for a considerable time in Stacy's service. He rejoiced in the name of Douglas; to which, on certain state occasions, borrowing from the conversation of his white neighbors, he prefixed the title of Earl. His lordship was comfortably provided for, dressed respectably, and employed as a domestic servant. "Doug's room" became the well-established title of a locality in the house; and, from its situation, perhaps in a degree exposed to thieves, it gave him a feeling of something not unlike responsibility in the protection of the establishment.

With a relative, brought up by Mr. Stacy from a young child, most of the

ensuing conversations took place. I will call him Thomas Jacques.

Enter Jacques, a young school-boy, from a walk.

"Ah! Tom!" cries Douglas, "you ought to be very good to old Doug. He save you bacon many a time."

"Why, what's the matter, Doug? What have you been doing for me?"

"Ah! neber you min'. Old Doug save you bacon many a time." Douglas was diplomatic, and no further information would he vouchsafe.

Years afterward, Thomas Jacques, now a grown man and engaged in business, meets a respectable acquaintance, a professor of religion, a man of plain appearance and unpretending manners, but thought well of in the community; and, from him, much to their amusement, hears the particulars of the above. The narrator had entered at Stacy's yard gate; a familiarity to which Stacy, he knew, would not object in his case.

"Is John Stacy in?" he demands.

"No, frien'," replies the sagacious Douglas. "Pray, frien', what's you busin'? What do you want to see John Stacy for, frien'?"

"Why, I want to speak a few words with him."

"Well, what's you busin', frien'? What you want to say to him, frien'?"

"Why," pausing, "I don't know. I don't think I shall want to call here again about it. I don't know whether I mightn't as well tell you. I called to say to John Stacy that I saw his two wards, Thomas Jacques and Robert Jacques, walking out on the commons,* near the Hospital, last Sunday afternoon, when they should have been at meeting; and I thought I would tell him."

"What dat you say, frien'? Lem-me under'tan'. You say you see our Tom Jack an' our Bob Jack a-walkin' out on de commons near de Hospital on Sunday afternoon, when dey ought to ha' been at meetin'. Dat what you say?"

"Yes," says the other: "you have got it right."

* All unenclosed pieces of ground of considerable size, in Philadelphia, were formerly called "commons."

"Well—no offence, frien'—jist let me ax you one little question. May I?"

"Yes," says the other.

"Well, frien', where was you dat time you see our Tom Jack and our Bob Jack a-walking out near de Hospital when dey should ha' been at meetin'?" A dead pause.

"Well, frien'," says Douglas, taking him obligingly by the arm, "lemme give you my advice, frien'. Jis' you go home quietly, frien', while you got whole bone. For I tell you what—our Tom is a —— of a fellow" (naming a hot climate), "an' if he ketch you here, he break every bone in your body. So, jis' you go home now, quiet, and say notin'." With that the visitor left the affair.

At another time, some troops of his Majesty King George the Third passed by the house, magnificent with fife and drum, and with all the other pride, pomp and circumstance deemed fit for the occasion, whatever that may have been. As soon as Doug finds himself apart with the young people: "Nyah! you make great fuss wid you King George an' yer sojers. I tell you what—you ought to see de king of Guinea! Him somethin' like! Him set on him trone, an' wear him crown of goold, an' all his clo'es made of goold: you couldn't look at 'im, he so full o' 'plendor. An' den you make your sojer go 'long de street, an' strut an' make sich a brag, an' beat deir drum, what go te-e-enk-a-te-e-enk! Ah, you ought to see de king of Guinea's sojers! Dey look so gran'! Lion 'kin! ebery man wear lion 'kin! An' den, when he turn round and git mad, I tell you, he shake he tail an' jump a hundred yards in a minute! An' den dey beat de drum! Lah! dey hear him from here to New York in a minute!"

Among these memorabilia I must not omit the convictions of this experienced man on the fallacy of predictions of the weather, then common in the almanacs: "An' den you tink you tell when he goin' to rain, by the almanac; an' he know notin' about it. I'll tell you how to know when he goin' to rain."

"How is that, Douglas?"

"Why, I'll tell you: when de winds

blow, an' de clouds gedder an' grow tick, an' he tunner an' lightning come, an' he grow dark, an' he begin to come drop, drop—dat's a sure an' sartain sign he goin' to rain."

In the month of January of one year, as is not very uncommonly the case in the present age, there occurred a continued interval of very mild weather: the snows and ice thawed, and were drained off; the few pavements that existed became clean; the grass turned greenish, and the leaf-buds on some trees visibly enlarged. The young people of Mr. Stacy's family were out of doors in the sunny courtyard, enjoying the mild air. "Nyah!" cries Douglass—"now you tink him all goin' to be fine time, an' de winter's all ober, an' de flowers goin' to come, an' everyting be nice! I tell you what! Nebbe you min'. I tell you Feb'ua'y no fool! He come yet! Nebbe you min'!" February, as may be supposed, certainly fulfilled the prediction, and came in all his terrors.

Douglas had been impudent to his mistress. "You good-for-nothing fellow! I declare I think you ought to have your wool well pulled for your impudence."

"Bull, missey! You call dis bull?"

"Why, to be sure I call it wool. What else should it be called?"

"Why, I don't know. Some fine stuff—what you women, make what you call Geneby (Genoa) belbet of."

Notwithstanding the blessings of good health and a comfortable living, the effect of time upon the muscular frame of our philosopher did not fail to make its visible appearance, any more than February. Douglas was standing outside of the gate, preparing to mount a horse. The confidence occasionally placed in a well-tried slave, it appears, was not confined to the Southern States, then colonies; and a horse was in waiting. "Nyah! now you see Johnson's Poll, dere, a-lookin' at me," nodding toward the other side of the street. "She tink de old man can't jump on his hoss. We'll see." He makes a vigorous spring, flies quite over the animal, and, I was near saying, finds himself sprawling in the dust of the road, on his back. Thus

far the present historian feels borne out by uncontradicted evidence; but, upon a consideration of all the different accounts, he is not perhaps quite authorized to assert positively that Douglas at that moment found himself anywhere; for more than one very good authority alleges that the unfortunate athlete was quite stunned by the fall, and was carried home insensible. Notwithstanding, indeed, his familiarity with the honors of English aristocratical families, he would appear to have been unacquainted with that Shakespearian criticism that has restored the true reading of

"Vaulting ambition, that o'erleaps its selle,
And falls on th' other side."

Nor does his philosophy appear to have recalled to him at that moment the maxim of the wise man of Greece—*μηδὲν ἄγαν*, or *ne quid nimis*.

In a religious assemblage for public worship, at the moment of a general silence as severe as that of a Quaker meeting, the principal door opens, and enter Mr. Douglas, well known, in person, to many of those present. He takes two or three steps up the middle passage, and then discovers a house-pupil of Mr. Stacy. We will call this youth, afterward to be an influential citizen, Jabez Tyler. "You, Jake Tyle," bawls the intruder, "you tell me whereabouts our Tom Jack set?" No answer, Tyler concealing his face in a convulsion of silent laughter. At length some kind individual points out to Douglas where he will probably find Thomas Jacques. He proceeds to the top of a staircase and calls out: "You, Tom Jack! You go to John Stacy and tell him to give us de key of de vault. What for he bring it to meetin'? How he tink we goin' git dinner?" Here the scene shifts, the key passing into the possession of the provident Douglas, and the solemnity of the meeting somewhat effectually disturbed.

Nor was our considerate hero without a proper care for the disposition of his property after his death. The principal part of his valuables consisted of a pair of silver shoe-buckles and twenty-six

dollars. He cites Jacques into his apartment, and requests the latter to write to his dictation what he calls his *bill*. How was Jacques to begin it?—"Why, Tom, you not know dat? I bring you up from little puppy, only so big, and teach an' larn you so much, an' you don' know how to begin a bill? Why, 'Name of ———'" (what I dare not write with Douglas' flippancy), "'Amen. I, Earl Douglas Stacy, make dis my last bill and testament.' Dare! write down dat!" The formidable words are engrossed, and it is asked, "What next?"

"Why, 'I give my daughter Bess one dollar.'"

"Only one dollar, Doug? What do you give her only one dollar for? I thought you were going to give her a great deal more than that."

This inroad upon the freedom of testamentary disposal of property was soon repelled: "Hol' you tongue, you puppy! Only you min' what I say. Write dat down. You jis' write down what I say." The important legacy was engrossed. "Den, 'I give my daughter Tib one dollar.'" Of what name Tib is an abbreviation the present historian is under the necessity of confessing himself profoundly ignorant. "Den, 'I give my daughter Bess one oder dollar.'"

"Why, Doug! What is the use of all this? Why can't you give them at once what you intend them to have, and not keep writing this over and over again? It makes just so much writing for no purpose."

"Nebbe you min'! I bring you up from little puppy, an' I knows what to do. Now you jis' write down what I say, an' you'll see it'll all come right. You tink I such a fool give away all my money at once?" There was no resisting this; and the twenty-six legacies were all bequeathed guttatim. Next, "Den, 'I give my daughter Bess one silver shoe-buckle.'"

"Why now, Doug, what good can all this do? What can your daughter Bess do with one silver shoe-buckle? Why not give them both to one of your daughters, and give something else to the other?"

"I tell you, Tom, jis' you write down what old Doug says. You jis' write down dat. You'll see em'll all come right." Poor Tom could only comply. "Den, 'I give my daughter Tib one oder silver shoe-buckle.'" This also is engrossed. "Now, my bill is that my daughter Bess and my daughter Tib shall toss up which shall have both. Ah! eh! eh! hey! Didn't I tell you it would all come right? Now don' you talk to old Doug. He know what him about."

At length all the bequests are properly adjusted: "Well! now I goin' to p'int what you white folks call 'zecketer.' Now, Tom, I been old frien' of yours; I bring you up from little puppy, an' I always berry good to you; an' I tink you have likin' enough for old Doug to take some trouble for him. I been tinkin' I goin' make you one of my 'zecketers.'" Jacques consents, and sets himself down as one of the executors.

"Well, Douglas, who is to be the other executor?"

"Why, I'm tinkin' of 'pintin' the Monthly Meetin' of Little-endians of Philadelphia my other zecketer."

"Why, Douglas, you cannot certainly think of such a thing as that! How do you expect so many people will trouble themselves about your affairs?"

"Ah! Little-endians ought to be very good to old Doug. Many a hod of bricks an' mortar he carry up to build deir big meetin'-house."

"Why, Douglas, the thing is impossible: they could not do it if they were to try. You cannot expect so many people to look into your accounts. You must give this up."

"Ah, den, Tom, I tell you what I do it for: 'cause, one cheat, toder fin' him out."

Whether the Monthly Meeting was constituted the second executor is a point which we fear is for ever lost to history. The present writer has not examined the records in the State House at Philadelphia with the intent to ascertain whether this will is to be found there, and has passed through all the legal forms—a point on which he has

some doubts. He believes, however, that the legacies were correctly paid, with some small addition, and the heiresses satisfied.

The reflective and experienced Douglas had not, however, left the preparation of his will to the last moments of life, and, by the adoption of this course, exposed his affairs to suffer from the decay of his faculties. It would, in truth, be an extremely doubtful assertion to allege that they were not as perfect at that moment as they had ever been. In the full maturity of his years, whether such be the case or not, he came to the conclusion that Mr. Stacy had too easy a bargain with him, and was not aware of his value and importance in the household. The remedy for this was to run away, and remain absent till his master should have time to feel the loss and realize Douglas' actual usefulness. To do this and learn the result, it was necessary to lie concealed in the neighborhood; and that achievement, considering that no inquiry was made after him, was not difficult amid his colored acquaintance. I use the word "colored" in deference to custom and public opinion: Douglas himself, being of pure African blood, as his acquaintance with the court of the king of Guinea would seem to indicate, was of a hue I have distinguished by the words jet black. No remarkable convulsion ensued in the household of Mr. Stacy. Douglas was obliged to submit to the fate of all great men—that of the world finding that it could do very well without them; and the real course of events will be best learned from the following conversation. Whether this was betrayed by an associate, as I take to have been the case, or whether some Anglo-Saxon was so treacherous as to listen through an open window, I know not with certainty; but as the table-turning spirits had not, at that time, bestowed a very marked share of their labors upon the living generation—or, if they had, have not received full justice from human records—the narrative is believed to depend upon earthly evidence.

"Ah, Doug! dat you?"

"Yes, it's me, Will. Dat you? How you do, eh? Well, how dey git along at John Stacy's now? How dey git de work done now?"

"Why, after you were gone, dey hired Johnson's Jem."

"Ah! hum! Well, how he git along, hay?"

"Why, he do de same work you used to."

"Ah! hum! He brush him coat, an' brack him shoes, an' all dat, an' take care of de-place, an' go to de door, an' all?"

"Yes—Jem do all dat."

"Ah! An' who tag after um all a way to market, an' carry de basket, an' bring back de meat an' apples an' tings? an' who run on arrands? an' who scrub de yard? an' who pump water, an' do all dem tings?"

"Why, Jem does all dem tings too."

"Nyah!" (or, more properly, Nyah-h-h). "Jem do eberyting."

A week or ten days rolled by. The American Revolution, with all its interests, approached so much the nearer, and yet no violent shock was perceived in the household of John Stacy; when suddenly, one fine summer morning, in crossing his front entry, he was startled by the apparition of the long-lost Douglas. Copying the style of an Indian warrior of the period, which he had had many opportunities of witnessing, the philosopher stood in the door without saying a word or making any apparent motion. The Indian would have intended this as a combination of modesty and dignity. The first movement to-

ward hospitality was the province of the master of the house: the visitor was neither to ask nor to seem to seek for it by a conciliatory manner. Such, we believe, was the Chesterfieldism of the Lenni Lennapi. From John Stacy a severer reception awaited the grave visitor: "Why, Douglas, you impudent fellow! is that you? Where have you been? and what have you been doing all this time?"

"Where I been? where I been, you say? Why, up hill an' down dale. Where you tink I should be?"

"What business had you to go away and leave the house in this manner?"

"Why, John Stacy, I tired of brush you coat, an' brack you shoes, an' run after you to market ebery day."

"You good-for-nothing fellow! I declare I wish somebody would take you off my hands and take care of you, and never let me hear of you again!"

"Well, den, John Stacy, I make you a 'posal."

"Well, what have you to say?"

"Well, den, John Stacy, I tink, s'pose you give me a nice little farm, 'bout tree, four hundred acres or so, 'bout twenty mile out of town, an' give me 'bout tree, four hundred dollar a year: I don't doubt I could git along widout you bery well."

"Get along to your work, you worthless fellow! and don't let me hear any more of your bad behavior."

"Ah, well! John Stacy, I lib wid you long time, an' you eat o' my flesh: I b'lieve I let you pick my bone."

B. H. COATES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

MANY times since WASHINGTON IRVING changed worlds have I been tempted to try to do that justice to his memory as a man which it was impossible to render in the imperfect sketch which I penned soon after his death. Reminiscences of him—of his inimitable personal humor, his nobleness of heart, his playful sallies of wit, his unvarying friendship for the writer, shown in so many delicate acts of characteristic kindness—arise in my heart every time I glance at his almost speaking bust by Ball Hughes, in which the very lineaments of his mind are embodied in expression; and especially when I look across the Tappaan-Zee to the sunny side of the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests in an honored grave—a “Mecca of the mind.”

My first interview with Washington Irving was by appointment with him and his favorite nephew and confidential secretary, Pierre M. Irving, Esq., who has so ably edited his illustrious uncle's *Life and Letters* since his decease. It was to make arrangements for the insertion, in pages which I controlled,* of a series of one or more monthly communications from his pen. Of course, in common with his readers in both hemispheres, I had learned to love and reverence his genius—that God-given attribute, which can never be simulated—insomuch that I was almost *afraid* to meet the world-renowned author whose writings had been familiar to my heart from my very childhood.

Never was there less cause for fear. He put me at ease in a moment, in a manner so gentle and with a voice so winning that a sentiment of gratitude and admiration was the only feeling excited. After a little “meteorological conversation,” he remarked that he had become tired of writing books; that he was growing too indolent and unambitious for anything that required labor or

display; and that he had thought, therefore, of securing to himself a snug corner in some periodical work, where he might, as it were, loll at ease in his elbow-chair, and chat sociably with the public, as with an old friend, upon any chance subject that might pop into his brain. How variously and admirably he “chatted with the public” may be gathered from the pages of *Wolfert's Roost*, one of the volumes of his collected writings, which contain all the “Crayon Papers” contributed to the *Knickerbocker* during the term of two years. Some of these have been pronounced, by the best critics of the time, to be scarcely excelled in felicity of language and picturesqueness of description by anything in the *Sketch-Book* or *Bracebridge Hall*.

After Mr. Irving began to write for our pages, I used occasionally to meet him in town, either at Mr. John Jacob Astor's—where he said himself and Halleck were frequently ordered “as prescriptions,” by the doctor, to keep the old gentleman in spirits, and divert his mind from his ailments and the cares of his great possessions—or at Mr. Moses H. Grinnell's, that merchant-prince who married his accomplished niece. I always found him in the same cheerful, genial mood, bringing his proof-sheets with him from the country (and their felicitous corrections were a study of simple, choice Saxon English), and commenting cordially upon the writings of other contributors to the same number which contained his own. It was on one of these occasions that he said of John Sanderson, of Philadelphia, the “American in Paris,” whose article abutted upon a “Crayon Paper,” that he “had superfluous wit enough to set up any six modern writers;” and that his contributions were “seldom too long, but sometimes a little too broad.”

I come now to speak of Washington Irving at home, in his beautiful cottage at Sunnyside, surrounded by his brother's

* *The Knickerbocker Magazine.*

family of daughters. He had several times asked me to visit him there, but I was reluctant to accept his invitation, knowing how frequently he was called upon to pay the penalty of popular renown, in the unexpected and often prolonged calls upon him of persons who had no motive for their intrusion but the satisfaction of an aimless curiosity. These calls, and the answering of letters from autograph-seekers — “those pestilent mosquitoes of literature,” as he called them — used often to fritter away the precious hours of a whole summer’s day.

Apropos of this: he was not unfrequently imposed upon also by persons bearing letters of introduction, who afterward turned out to be regular scamps. Such an one was a certain “Captain Bradfield,” who produced documents to show that he had been an officer in the British army, was a man of fine literary tastes and attainments, and held at the time the honorable position of private secretary to the governor-general of Bermuda, from whom he had obtained leave of absence to “travel in the States and write a book upon the country.” He soon exhibited himself in his true colors. He was a *chevalier d’industrie* and a gamester. He borrowed money of Mr. Irving and one or two of his friends, which was never returned; sailed suddenly for France; and one morning, at a hotel in Paris, blew out his scheming brains with a cavalry pistol.

Another letter of introduction was not quite so successful. A certain Monsieur A—— had come from abroad to New York as a professional ventriloquist, in which distinguished rôle he was an expert. He had performed before the royal courts of Russia, Austria, France and England, and exhibited a whole cabinet of presents of precious jewels, diamond-and-gold-mounted snuff-boxes, etc., which he had received in person from the reigning monarchs of those countries. I had apprised Mr. Irving that this Monsieur A—— had complained to me that he had treated with silent contempt a letter of introduction to him which he had brought from our Minister at Paris. In

reference to this, Mr. Irving wrote me the following characteristic note:

“MY DEAR SIR:

“Your letter, with the accompanying MS., did not reach me until last evening. I have supplied the hiatus in *Pelayo*, and will send it to you by a gentleman who goes to town to-morrow, and who will put it in the post-office.

“The other article, for the January number, entitled ‘The Bermudas: a Shakespearian Research,’ must be at the lodgings of my nephew Pierre, as I left it with his wife just before departing from town. It was wrapped up in a parcel with a shirt that was to be sent to the laundress. I hope the MS. may not have gone there too, or I shall be literally ‘in the suds.’

“As to Mr. A——, I have heard from one or two other quarters of his surprise and chagrin at my not having noticed a letter of introduction which he says he brought to me from Mr. Cass. The simple fact is, I have never received such a letter. It may be sleeping in some out-of-the-way post-office in Westchester county, as is frequently the case with letters addressed to me. The only post-office at which I inquire is that at Tarrytown; and God knows I receive five times as many through that as I care for or can attend to. . . .

“If you should be in communication with Monsieur A——, let him know these facts, as I would not be on ill terms with a person of his universal acquaintance, wonderful ubiquity and windy vocation.

“Yours, very truly,

“WASHINGTON IRVING.”

It may not be amiss to add, that the introductory letter referred to was never received, although the alleged bearer, under his real name, turned out to be a man of quite a different character from “Captain Bradfield;” for after his return to Paris he organized a system of international exchanges, which reflected greater credit upon his literary capacity than the “windy vocation” in which he had made his previous reputation.

While in the occupancy of a summer cottage at Dobbs’ Ferry, on the Hud-

son, some two and a half miles from Sunnyside, Mr. Irving called and left for me, with the family, a note, of which the subjoined is an extract :

"I have been intending every day for some time past to drive down and make you a visit, but every day something or other has prevented. Do not, however, stand upon ceremony, but come to Sunnyside whenever you feel in the notion. It is but a pleasant walk by a footpath along the aqueduct. We dine at three o'clock, and shall always be happy to have you as a guest ; but come at any time, in the fresh of the morning, and lounge away the day under the trees. I can furnish you with books, and leave you to yourself.

"I am still busy with building and improving, and shall be at home for some time to come ; so come whenever you please, without further invitation."

After a few days I took occasion to avail myself of this most cordial invitation ; and I can affirm with truth that nothing in the whole course of my life ever afforded me more supreme pleasure than I enjoyed in my subsequent visits to Sunnyside. I always walked up on the Croton Aqueduct, a level, dry and charming pathway, commanding the loveliest reaches of the ever-beautiful Hudson ; stopping now and then to inhale the odors of the "incense-breathing morn," or to read a proof-sheet beneath the shadow of one of the marble ventilators of the aqueduct.

As I entered the outer gate, which opened upon a winding gravel pathway, and approached the ivy-mantled cottage, "all made up of gabled ends, like a Dutchman's old cocked hat," I saw Mr. Irving, with his elder brother, Ebenezer Irving, overseeing and directing two or three workmen, who were arranging several huge blocks of stone in the bed of a stream. Salutation and introduction passed, Mr. Irving remarked : "You find us constructing a *profane improvement* here, designed to throw this stream back and create a miniature lake ;" and the stream was well worth a d—m, for that babbling brook was the now classic Pocantico of *Wolfert's Roost*, which

throws itself into the Hudson close to the south porch of Sunnyside Cottage.

After dinner a pleasant hour was passed in the drawing-room with his brother, and with his nieces, who were sometimes mistaken for his daughters by strangers ; "And well they may be," said Mr. Irving ; "for more true-hearted, loving and affectionate 'daughters' never lived."

I have spoken of Mr. Irving's brother Ebenezer, the father of these lovely young ladies, who imparted so much beauty and elegance to their nest of refinement. Washington's love for him seemed almost holy. I think his great infirmity of deafness only added to this endearment, for he could take no part in conversation, although he read everything which fell in his way. "You need not try to make my poor brother hear you any more," said he, a few weeks afterward : "his hearing has gone for ever : even an instrument is no longer of use to him. We were walking out only yesterday, when, after several unsuccessful attempts to make him hear me, he suddenly dropped his ear-trumpet and said, 'It is all over, Washington : I shall hear no more in this world.' He walked along sadly for a moment : then looked up joyously, glanced around upon the pleasant landscape, and added, 'But, thank God ! I can see !—*I can see !*' The tears swelled to my eyes," said his brother, "to see his face beaming with gratitude for the precious gift yet left him." Since his affectionate brother has fallen, "like as a shock of corn fully ripe in his season," it seems a blessing that he did not survive to have his devoted heart wrung by the spectacle of that brother groping in darkness at noonday, and no longer able to say, "I can see !"

Among the outworks of the cottage was a capacious *hannery*, which I often visited with its proprietor. It was enclosed in a high stockade fence, strewed at the bottom with some black resinous substance, abhorred of the weasels, which had been wont to commit sad depredations among the feathered flock. The hens and their lords comprised a numerous company, as well they might. "They

our culinary *corps de reserve*," said Mr. Irving one day, "when we are favored with unexpected company to dinner. 'Off with his head!' is the sanguinary order; and straightway a stalwart rooster and two or three of his tender mates are sacrificed to supply the table." He knew them, all and singular, and "called them all by their names."

I was remarking upon the stateliness and beauty of a noble chanticleer that was strutting about and lustily crowing. "Yes," said Mr. Irving, "he is a gallant bird, and reminds me every day of the lines of a quaint old English poet:

'With gilded eyes and open wings
The cock his courage shows:
*With claps of joy his breast he dings,
And twenty times he crows!*'"

This picture of the monarch of the "hen-nery" was a distinct portrait, and full of action. "He is the Grand Sultan of this harem," continued Mr. Irving, "and rules his large family with a high *claw*. He assumed command, by virtue of personal prowess, only a few days ago; and yonder" (pointing to a disconsolate-looking cock on the other side of the little dam) "is his exiled predecessor. He has ventured over here once or twice since his deposition, but the *ladies* take no notice of him, and he soon returns to mope, and look back with envious eyes upon the paradise from which he has been expelled. His degradation is complete. I am sorry for him, for he was a high old cockalorum in his day."

A high-mettled cock, as every reader of "Geoffrey Crayon" knows, was always a favorite character of his, for he used to describe his qualities as distinctly and in as lifelike a manner as he did those of men and women. Indeed, he endowed with life even a wooden weather-cock. I recollect at one of the anniversary dinners of the St. Nicholas Society—of which I was a member, and a steward through his nomination—that Mr. Irving gratefully acknowledged a toast to his "long life, health and prosperity," and took the opportunity to liberate from a green baize bag, and present to the Society, a robustious gilt weather-cock, which had been given to him by a lady

in whose family it had been preserved from generation to generation—a genuine relic of New Amsterdam, which had surmounted its Stadt-House in the time of the Dutch dynasty. "I was building my house in the country at the time," said Mr. Irving, "with crow-step gables, surmounted by weather-cocks, in the good old Dutch style, and the lady thought it would be an appropriate decoration; and she gave it as her opinion that it was the identical weather-cock mentioned in some old history (which I have looked for in vain) as having been set up by one of the Dutch governors to regulate the contradictory weather-cocks of the city, a trusty servant having the charge of pointing it in the right direction. I had the venerable bird regilded, and gave it the place of honor on the gable over my porch.

"It was a windy season, with squalls from all points of the compass, and the weather-cocks on all the other gables whirled about in every direction. This kept loyally to the south, the point at which it was set up. The wind at length settled from the east, a quarter abhorrent to all Dutch feeling: the weather-cock of New Amsterdam pointed still more obstinately to the south. Then came on a tremendous gale at night. 'This,' thought I, 'is too much, even for Dutch bottom: the weather-cock has undoubtedly given in!' Not so, Mr. President: finding the wind too much for it, and scorning to turn, it broke its spindle, and I found it in the morning lying on the ground at the foot of the porch. Since that time I have had no doubt of its being the identical weather-cock mentioned in the old history alluded to."

At every subsequent anniversary dinner and Paas festival of the Society, this defiant weather-cock was properly "set" before the president, and was always the prelude to a toast in honor of the illustrious donor.

En passant: I think it was the ever-ready and witty John Van Buren, chairman of the stewards, who in responding to a toast to our important corporeal body, adverted to this famous weather-cock, and mentioned a *live* chanticleer,

belonging to Mr. Roswell Colt, of New Jersey, who crowed with such lusty vigor that he put his neck out of joint! "Tired of 'setting' him every time he crowed," said "Prince John," "they were obliged to take his life while yet in the prime of roosterhood!"

Approaching the cottage one day, Mr. Irving called my attention to a very remarkable curiosity. "Do you see that tree," he asked, "on the lawn? It is about seventeen feet high, and growing taller every day. I bought that of our friend Downing, at Newburg, for a flowering shrub, which was to bear an odorous blossom, and attain its full growth at about four feet! It always reminds me," continued Mr. Irving, "of a lady whom I knew in England, who purchased of a dog-fancier a fine, soft, glossy King Charles' spaniel, of which she made a great pet, and fed and pampered him more than was for his good, for after every meal he suffered extreme pain, running around and moaning in the most piteous manner; and one day, after a more than usual hearty repast, he burst his tight-fitting jacket and came out a stout English bull-pup! My flowering shrub has gone through a similar metamorphosis."

Mr. Irving's anecdotes of the distinguished personages whom he had met in his long residence abroad—which were never "lugged in by ear and horn," but always sprang from the occasion—were replete with interest. He mentioned, among others, an amusing illustration of the sternness of the "Iron Duke," which was told him by one of his officers one day at dinner, at Apsley House. One morning, not long before the battle of Waterloo, a contractor called upon him in great haste and trepidation to complain that Lord Hill had threatened to hang him if he did not supply the army with beef-cattle at the time he had contracted to deliver them—a thing, he added, which it was impossible to do; and he begged the duke's interference to save his neck. "Did Hill really say," asked Wellington, "that he would hang you if you didn't have the cattle ready?" "He did, your Grace." "Ahem! Then

you had better have them on the spot. *Hill is a man of his word!*" The required supplies came in time, and the contractor's wizen was not contracted.

I shall never forget a memorable ride which I took through Sleepy Hollow on one occasion with its great historian. The morning had been thunderous and showery; nor did it entirely brighten up until the removal of the first champagne cork at dinner; "always a precursor," the host remarked, "of pleasant weather about this time." After dinner, preceded by the ladies of the household and a lady guest in the large family carriage, Mr. Crayon toiled me through the foldings of the high eastern hills which enclosed the sheltered valley. Presently the sun came out between the pearl-colored clouds; the birds began to sing in the trees; a bobolink, swaying to his own delicious music, was rising and sinking on a long, flaunting weed in an adjoining field; and everything in nature was bright and smiling.

Beguiling the way with much memorable converse, we came at length to the brow of the hill which overlooks the turn of the road into the Hollow. A gathering cloud suddenly darkened the landscape, and presently opened upon us: there were mighty thunderings too, and forked lightning: while the trees, singly and in ranks, tossed their plumes of green and fought their battle with the storm. Mr. Crayon wheeled suddenly into an angle of a rail-fence which skirted an umbrageous grove, dismounted, clambered over and took shelter under an adjacent tree, holding over his head the leather cushion-seat (reminding him, he said, of an old Roman tortoise-shell shield), down which the rain poured from his back.

"Why don't you come under here and be as comfortably housed as I am?" he asked.

"I daren't do it, my dear sir," I replied: "I am afraid of the lightning. My father was once nearly killed by lightning while standing under a tree in a thunder-shower, and he always enjoined it upon his twin-boys never to do the like."

"Oh," said Mr. Crayon, "that alters the case: *if lightning runs in your family*, I commend your caution!"

By and by the rain held up, and we wound drippingly through the Hollow, where Katrine Van Tassel, Ichabod Crane and Brom Bones had flourished "in the days that are no more."

As, emerging from the valley, we neared the little old Dutch church, Mr. Irving observed: "This goblin region is still one of the most haunted places in this part of the country. The Irish laborers on the aqueduct-culvert which crosses the wizard stream below, and who have formed a kind of Patsylvania hereabout, have been grievously harried lately by all kinds of apparitions. A road cut through the woods, and leading from their encampment past the haunted church, and so on to certain whisky-shanties which we shall come to presently, has been especially beset by the foul fiends; and the worthy Patlanders, on their way home at night, have frequently seen misshapen monsters whisking about their paths, sometimes resembling men, sometimes boys, sometimes horses, but *invariably without heads!* which shows that they must be lineal descendants of the headless old goblin of the Hollow! Sometimes, too, these imps of darkness would trip them up or knock them down, until at last they were afraid to go out of their shanties at night; and a whisky-shop where they used to hold their evening gatherings has been obliged to shut up for want of custom. This, C——, is a true story, and you may account for it as you please."

As we approached the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery grounds, Mr. Irving said he had the day before sent me a plan of it, as a "sepulchral enterprise" worthy of public mention. "The proprietors," said he, "are aware of the blunder they at first committed in naming it the '*Tarrytown*,' instead of the '*Sleepy Hollow*' Cemetery. The latter name would be enough of itself to secure the patronage of all desirous of sleeping quietly in their graves. I have no pecuniary interest in it, but I hope it may succeed, as it will

keep this beautiful and umbrageous neighborhood from the all-leveling axe. Besides, I trust I shall one day lay my bones there."

I have great pleasure in thinking that Mr. Irving himself remembered this ride through Sleepy Hollow with satisfaction. He passed the ensuing winter in town; and at the close of a cordial note to me he wrote: "I hope, as the spring opens, you will accompany me in one of my brief visits to Sunnyside, when we will make another visit to Sleepy Hollow, and (thunder and lightning permitting) have another colloquy among the tombs."

Our ride was terminated at Sunnyside a little after nightfall. The ladies had arrived safely before us, and supper was awaiting us. Clad in the dry and roomy habiliments of our host, a delightful evening was passed in the drawing-room with the family. When the hour for retiring came, Mr. Crayon preceded me in state, bearing two lighted candles, to a cozy bed-room adjoining the south porch, containing his Spanish library. "Now, here are some three hundred volumes," said he, "all in choice Castilian, which my brother Peter collected for me in Madrid and Burgos. You may *read them all to-night*, and you will seldom have another such a chance! You will not be interrupted, unless perhaps about midnight, when this room is sometimes visited by the ghost of a young lady who died here of love and green apples, in the time of old Van Tassel. You need not look for her, however, for sometimes she does not make her appearance at all. I haven't seen her myself more than half a dozen times altogether!" He bade me good-night, and left me to "serene unremembrance and utter silence."

And here I bethink me of an amusing little incident. While in the drawing-room, before retiring, I had been admiring several articles of curiosity and *virtu* which were scattered about the centretable, a rosary and crucifix, carved in wood by a Spanish monk, and brought from the Alhambra—a very beautiful thing—being among the number. While I was examining this, Mr. Crayon took

out from under some papers a very handsomely-carved ivory folder. "Look at this," said he, handing it to me: "that is one of my rarest curiosities. Now, what do you suppose that instrument is?"

"It looks like a paper-folder," I said, "and a very handsome one."

"Ah! that is the way in which the most wonderful curiosities are often underrated! That, sir, is *the dagger which Macbeth thought he saw!* It was presented to me in Scotland by one of his direct descendants."

I was much amused by the following characteristic anecdote, mentioned by one of the young ladies: Mr. Irving was one of the board of wardens and vestrymen of the little Episcopal church at Tarrytown; and at one of their meetings a proposition to build an addition to the edifice for some secular purpose was under consideration, when quite an animated discussion arose as to whether it should be built of wood or of brick. While they were waxing warm in argument, *pro and con.*, Mr. Irving proposed a compromise, which should split the difference and stifle farther discussion. He recommended them to build the structure of *wood*, and paint in the *brick!* Whimsical as was the idea, I believe it was adopted.

Mr. Irving never lost an opportunity to subserve the literary interests of deserving young men. One day there appeared at the cottage a young man of twenty, a poor "Onondaga boy," Mr. F—. He had walked on foot from New York to Sunnyside expressly to see Washington Irving, who persuaded him to stay with him two or three days. Through great privation he had secured to himself an excellent education, yet his aspirations for farther acquisitions had grown into an honorable enthusiasm. I happened to be at the cottage a few days afterward, when Mr. Irving spoke of this visit of a young man from my native county, and the great pleasure it had afforded him. "The extent and accessibility of his general knowledge," said he, "is wonderful in one so young." Mr. F— afterward made his way abroad, materially aided, I have no doubt,

by Mr. Irving, who gave him letters to his friends in England, whence he repaired to Denmark, where his surprising acquirements, for his years, gained him great favor among the professors and other learned men. He passed the summer in Iceland, where he made himself well acquainted with the language, literature, history and traditions of the Northern nations, their sagas, etc. "I cannot but contrast," said Mr. Irving, "the conduct of this poor youth, bravely struggling forward to intellectual eminence in defiance of poverty and privation, with that of the host of young Americans, spendthrift sons of wealthy fathers, carrying their brains in their pockets, wasting time and opportunity, degrading themselves and disgracing their country amidst the enervating and licentious pleasures of Paris. Which of these, think you, may be considered a real specimen of 'Young America?'"

On this young man's return from abroad, Mr. Irving secured for him the position of Second Librarian in the Astor Library, of which he was a trustee—an office of emolument, and one greatly to his taste.

Another instance in kind: I was standing at a book-stall in Nassau street one morning, glancing over a rare old volume, when the proprietor said: "I see by the papers that you have been up to see Mr. Washington Irving; and when you saw him, you met a man out of ten thousand—one of the very best and kindest men in America. I was his servant: he found me to be fond of reading everything I could get hold of; so one day he proposed to me to open a street book-stall in town, furnished me with some quaint and choice old works from his library, solicited additions from his friends, and gave me money to buy others at the different night book-auctions; and now I am doing a good business, besides having as much time as I want to read between-whiles. Ah, sir, Washington Irving is one of the best, the kindest men in the world!"

Mr. Irving was regarded with great affection by the little children of the neighborhood, many of whom used to

bring him fresh flowers, and often put them in his pew before he came to church on Sunday. His horses, dogs, domestic fowls and birds were his familiars, and seemed to "know him by heart." I remember one morning we were taking a short ante-breakfast stroll together along the banks of the Potomac. Passing by a tree close to the water's edge, I noticed a little bird sitting upon her nest. She never moved, but only winked her small bright eyes as we passed. "That is very strange, Mr. Irving," I said: "is that a wild or a tame bird? She seems to have no bird-like timidity." "No," rejoined Mr. Irving, "she has no cause to be afraid of anything around here. I pass this spot a dozen times a day, but I never molest her, *nor she me!*"

"That last idea," I remarked, "reminds me of a story told by my friend Mr. Elliott, the eminent portrait-painter, of a man caught in the act of killing a fine fat sheep belonging to a neighbor. 'What are you doing *that* for?' asked the indignant owner. 'What am I doing *it* for?' echoed the detected culprit: 'I'll kill *any* man's sheep—I don't care *who* he is—that *tries to bite me!*'" At which Geoffrey Crayon laughed heartily—a fact which alone prompts me to interpolate the suggested anecdote here.

Washington Irving was magnanimity itself. He welcomed every promising new-comer into the guild of letters with the warmest cordiality. Of this I could mention a hundred instances.

It was well known—for Mr. Fenimore Cooper made no secret of it—that there was for a length of time an ill-feeling on his part toward Washington Irving, but it was never in the slightest degree reciprocated by the object of it. I had heard the great novelist disparage Mr. Irving frequently, as being deficient in love of country, having pandered to British self-conceit, reviewed his own writings in the *London Quarterly*, etc.; yet all this while Mr. Irving never lost an opportunity to award the highest praise to the writings of his brother-author. "The critics have said," he remarked to me one day, "that Cooper

cannot describe a live woman. Let the carping crew look at his picture of Mabel Dunham at the bedside of her dying father, in his last work. It is unexcelled in womanly loveliness and tender pathos."

And after Cooper's death he wrote a letter to me, of which the subjoined is a brief extract:

"I am anxious to know what the Cooper committee, of which I notice you are one, have determined upon, in respect to a monument to his memory. . . . While an author is living, he is apt to be judged by his last works; and those written by Cooper in recent years have been somewhat caviled at. When an author is dead, he is judged by his best works; and those of Cooper excited enthusiasm at home and applause throughout the world. When his countrymen would do honor to his memory, let them think of these works."

One evening in the library at Sunnyside—that refined workshop of genius, with its labyrinth of books and manuscripts and tender associations—Mr. Irving opened a drawer, and taking out a packet of MSS., he handed it to me with the remark: "There is an *omnium gatherum* of literary stores and quaint excerpts, intermixed with personal anecdotes of distinguished men and women whom I met during my residence abroad. Perhaps you may find some 'good things' for your 'Editor's Table' in the scraps from quaint old authors, which I was in the habit of jotting down in my almost daily visits to the British Museum when I was writing the *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. But don't mention my name in connection with them."

It was a precious collection; and many of the slips contained the first copies of the mottoes in the *Sketch-Book*, *Bracebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveler*. Some of the longer excerpts I made use of, but many of the anecdotes and poetical and other extracts lie before me in MS. "at this present writing." I did intend to enrich this desultory paper with a few of them, so characteristic are they of the "Crayon" taste, but the tyranny of space admonishes me that I am at the end of my tether.

"In conclusion:" Washington Irving's conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory and the vigor of his imagination. He was as good a listener as talker, appreciated everything that others said, however humble their pretensions, and was quick to testify his appreciation of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be that they forgot for a time that it was Washington Irving with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had been so perfectly at their ease. A mind informed by reading; reading confirmed or corrected by daily observation of life; the powers of observation all made subservient to the active spirit of kindness;—these were pre-eminently the charac-

teristics of Washington Irving, as they were of Scott, from Geoffrey Crayon's tribute to whom these comprehensive sentences are taken.

The good and beloved man and author of whom I have written was happy in his life, happy in his death, happier in the reward to which that death was an assured passage; still more fortunate in having written nothing which did not tend to promote the reign of magnanimous forbearance and generous sympathies among his fellow-men. "The brightness of that fame which he has won on earth," said William Cullen Bryant in closing his noble eulogy at the Academy of Music, "is but a shadowy symbol of that glory to which he has been admitted beyond the grave. His errand on earth was an errand of peace and good-will to men; and he is now in a region where the harmonious activity of those who inhabit it acknowledges no impulse less noble or less pure than that of LOVE."

L. GAYLORD CLARK.

ARGOSY.

BLACK clouds were scowling from the sky,
White waves were foaming, rising high,
When, fearlessly, with snowy pinions free,
My stately ship sailed slowly out to sea.

Hoping yet fearing, filled with pain,
I wonder will it come again,
Or, freighted deep with rare and precious store,
Sink far in darkness and be seen no more?

The fair blue sky the sea extends,
And to the earth fresh beauty lends:
Joy's sunshine fills my heart with light, for, see!
My wingéd ship is flying back to me.

ADELAIDE CILLEY.

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A REAL GHOST STORY.

THE following narrative was obtained by the writer directly from the family of the person designated as Friend G. The house supposed to be haunted was known as Clermont Seminary, and was once occupied by Carré and Sanderson, and afterward by the late David Griscom, as a boarding-school for boys. An engraved view of it will be found in the *Portfolio* of November, 1810, together with a description from the accomplished pen of the editor, Joseph Dennie.—ED.

I have often been solicited to relate the incidents of a ghost-hunting expedition which I once undertook, and my hearers generally were pleased to say that the account was quite interesting; and now, as the occupants of the haunted house have passed away, and the house itself was destroyed by fire not long since, I see no impropriety in telling the story to a larger circle of hearers. I will not weary the reader's patience any longer, but will plunge at once *in medias res*, only premising that the substance of the following narrative is strictly true.

Many years ago, one lovely spring morning, a number of wagons, loaded with household utensils, furniture, etc., the property of a worthy Friend, whom we will call G., might have been seen slowly approaching the junction of two roads near Frankford, Pennsylvania, then and now known as Hart and Nicetown lanes. Here all was bustle and confusion, for upon this day Friend G. and his family were to take possession of the elegant mansion, with its fine lawn, handsome trees and shrubbery, which stood a few hundred yards from the junction of the two lanes.

The grounds just at this time were not in the best order imaginable, owing to the fact that the house had for some time been unoccupied. This, however, was soon remedied, and, under the energetic management of Friend G., in a few

months the walks were newly laid out, the shrubbery trimmed, grass cut and everything put in perfect order. The house itself needed few repairs. It was one of those antiquated buildings erected in the good old times when lumber was to be had in abundance and almost for the asking, and workmen knew not how to do other than the best of work. The present appearance of the ruins would indicate that even more than ordinary care and pains had been taken in its construction.

The main building was large, and nearly, if not quite, square, with two wings—one to the north, the other to the east. These were large and comfortable, and, in connection with the grounds, made the place admirably adapted to the purpose for which Friend G. designed it—viz., a boarding-school for boys. The main building was appropriated for dormitories and recitation-rooms, the east wing contained the lecture-room, while the first floor of the wing to the north was used as a kitchen and dining-room; and the second was occupied by Friend G. and his wife. As we have principally to do with this northern wing, we will describe it more particularly.

Upon opening the outer door you entered the kitchen, which was quite a large room. From this a passage-way led toward the main building, terminating in the dining-room. On the left of the passage-way were the stairs leading to the room occupied by Friend G. and his wife, which was directly over the kitchen.

Having made all the necessary arrangements for the comfortable accommodation of his scholars, Friend G. had no difficulty in obtaining them, for he was known far and wide as a successful instructor of the young; and thus September found him with a full school and every prospect of a remunerative year.

About the middle of October, when school had been in session a month or more, Friend G. and his wife were

awakened in the night by hearing a noise at the kitchen door. This was followed by the opening and shutting of the door with violence; a great noise in the kitchen underneath, as of two persons struggling, and using every available article in the fight; then the sound as of rushing wind in the passage-way to the dining-room; and finally a noise like that made by twirling a large waiter on the floor and leaving it to die away.

In all haste Friend G., considerably alarmed, descended the stairway, expecting that his house was about being robbed by burglars who had burst open the outer kitchen door. Imagine his astonishment, on opening the door into the kitchen, to find everything in perfect order, just as he had left it on retiring for the night, the door locked, and nothing to indicate the presence of any one in the house. He carefully examined the passage-way and the dining-room, looked behind the doors and in the closets, but failed to find anything that would explain the cause of such a disturbance. With the conviction that he had been dreaming, and that in awaking his imagination had played him false, he once more retired to rest, and slept soundly until morning. But his wife had also heard the same sounds, so that they could not have been entirely imaginary. However, as they had failed to discover the cause, they dismissed the subject from their minds.

The next night they were awakened in the same manner, about the same time. The sounds they now heard were exactly similar to those of the preceding night, and, listening but a moment, Friend G., satisfied that there could be no mistake this time, rushed down stairs while the racket was going on in the kitchen, and opened the kitchen door. He could hardly believe his senses. Everything was still and silent as the grave; no sounds but those made by himself, not a chair displaced, or one thing other than as they had left it upon retiring. Perplexed beyond expression, he went up stairs to communicate the result to his wife, when immediately the noise recommenced, seemingly just where

he had interrupted it, and terminated as on the preceding night. Another investigation followed, which was as unsuccessful as that of the night before. That both himself and his wife were worried at what they had heard, but could not explain, Friend G. would readily have admitted. Everything likely, and some things unlikely, were talked of as being the probable cause of their disturbance, but upon cool reflection none of them could satisfy our friends. The possibility that the scholars were playing them some trick was thought of; but, as they, as well as the servants, occupied the main building, and as there was no communication between these two portions of the house when everything was fastened for the night, this idea also was abandoned.

Night after night through the remainder of the month they were annoyed in this manner, and faithfully did they endeavor to obtain some clue to such mysterious proceedings, but without success.

Plain old Friends, knowing and believing nothing but matter-of-fact affairs, they no more believed in the existence of anything supernatural than you or I; and if any one had suggested the idea to them that uneasy spirits were troubled in the shadow-land at the injustice their bodies had received while upon the earth, they would not have listened to it for a moment. No: effects were the results of causes, and the causes must be manifest; so, with all the energy of persons determined to succeed, they endeavored to discover the causes which led to such mysterious results. Every night they tried some new plan, and every night failed to discover anything to explain the mystery. In this manner October passed away, when suddenly the sounds ceased to annoy them: absorbed in their varied cares and duties, the worthy couple no longer thought of them.

Time softens what were once disagreeable and annoying things, and displays them to us in a new and sometimes not an unpleasant light; and when our friends did recur to the mysterious disturbances of the previous autumn, it was not with that feeling of uneasiness

and dread which they had experienced at the time of their occurrence, although they were still in ignorance as to their origin.

The summer months glided swiftly and pleasantly away, and October, with its fading leaves touched by the first frosts of winter, again appeared. With it came again the mysterious sounds that had so puzzled and annoyed them the preceding year. Again they endeavored to ascertain the cause, and again were they unsuccessful. The supposition that the scholars had something to do with it was not to be thought of now, as most of them had not been there the previous year, and it was not likely that new pupils should have hit upon the same trick as the old ones.

The baffled searchers feared to mention what they heard to any one, well knowing that if the servants knew anything about it they would not stay, and that, most probably, it would be injurious to their school; so they strictly kept their own counsel, and hoped, like Micawber, that something would "turn up."

But October again passed without leaving them any wiser. They had now tried every plan they could think of, but were just as much in ignorance as on the first night of the disturbance. What was to be done? That there was something supernatural in these mysterious sounds, this matter-of-fact couple could not for one moment believe; and yet, with all their care and penetration, they could not discover that these noises were the result of any human agency. They were not frightened, as was evident from the manner in which they investigated the affair, going down in the dark together and alone, sitting up till the hour when the noises generally were heard, sometimes with, and sometimes without, a light; still, there was a something mysterious about it, which was anything but pleasant to them, and they earnestly hoped for a solution of the problem.

Four years passed away in this manner. Early in the fifth year Mrs. G. was taken ill, and a woman living in the neighborhood was employed to nurse

her. Mrs. G. was so ill as to render it necessary for her to keep her bed, and, as it was quite cool, she had a fire burning in her room. One evening the nurse forgot to bring up the wood for the night until the servants had gone to bed and the house was locked up. When she discovered this, she seemed afraid to go down stairs after it. There was that coupled with her reluctance which convinced Mrs. G. that there was something more than mere fear of the dark which influenced the nurse, and she immediately desired to know what it was.

The nurse tried to evade the question, but that was not to be done when Mrs. G. asked it; so she finally said that people in the neighborhood had told her the house was haunted; and, turning to Mrs. G., she asked,

"Did you ever hear any noises here?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. G., "we have: my husband says it must be the rats; but tell me, what do people say about the house?"

This the nurse did not wish to do. As Mrs. G. was an invalid, but she would listen to no objections, and finally drew from the nurse the following story. What she said corresponded so exactly with their own experiences that Mrs. G. wrote it down as soon as she was able, and we give it here in the nurse's own language:

THE NURSE'S STORY.

"Well, ma'am, it isn't much of a story, but folks around here say this house is haunted, and this is what they say about it: The house was built by a Frenchman, who lived in it a little while and then went back to France, leaving it in charge of an old servant who had come here with him. This old man was very cross and crabbed, and used to frighten the boys whom he caught about the house almost out of their wits, and the whole neighborhood disliked him. One cold, stormy night about the middle of October, a peddler came to the kitchen door and asked the old man, who was alone in the house, to let him stay over night, as there was no tavern near. Well, ma'am, the old man was very cross that

day, and he refused to let the peddler in, and would not even let him sleep in the shed. The peddler was very angry, and when at last the old man tried to put him out the kitchen door, he struck him. Then they went at it, scuffling all over the kitchen: they threw the firewood at each other, and anything else that came in their way, till the peddler, finding the old man was getting the better of him, ran into the entry leading to the dining-room, and the old man followed him and snatched a knife from the sideboard and killed him. Leastways, that is how the story is told; and it is certain the peddler was seen going toward the house and was never heard of afterward; and folks do say, ma'am, that every October the peddler comes again to the door, and the old man fights him, and, at last, chases him into the dining-room and murders him. And you see, ma'am, nobody ever lives here long, because they say they hear such noises at nights that they can't sleep."

The interest with which Mrs. G. listened to the story of the nurse can easily be imagined. It corresponded so exactly with their own experience, and was so startling in its details, that, had the nurse but glanced at the countenance of her mistress, she might easily have surmised that her story was the solving of some mystery to her attentive listener. But by the time she had finished, Mrs. G. had regained her usual composed and quiet manner, and with the remark that she should never think of such foolish stories and should never repeat them, dismissed her for the night.

The coming of October was now looked forward to with an indescribable feeling of uneasiness and dread. To make further efforts to discover the origin of the sounds seemed useless, and the knowledge that there was something connected with the house which, while they did not, could not, believe was supernatural, they yet were unable to explain, began to work upon their minds to such an extent that they thought it best to break up their school and move to some other place. This they did; but although

this move on their part was unaccountable to their friends, yet they did not choose to tell any one the real reason for it, partly because they wished to see whether other persons would occupy the house undisturbed, and partly because they did not wish to put in circulation a story of this character unless they could offer a satisfactory explanation with it. Their experience in the Old Academy was not made public until many years afterward, and until they had satisfied themselves that there were mysteries connected with the building which were manifested to others as well as to them; for no one from that time until the present has occupied the house for more than a year or two at a time.

I heard this story from the lips of Friend G.'s daughter, who lived in the house at the time. She is still living, and will tell you the story just as I have told it. When I first heard it, and understood also that the house was still standing uninhabited, I resolved that I would visit it, would stay all night in it, and see if these strange, mysterious sounds could be heard. How this was accomplished, and the result thereof, I shall now tell you.

I was in Philadelphia about the middle of October of last year, and having some leisure time on my hands, decided to fulfill my long-intended plan and spend a night in the "Old Academy," as it is still called in the neighborhood. I mentioned my intention one evening to some friends, when they immediately volunteered to accompany me, declaring they would like nothing better than to see—or, as in this instance, to hear—a real ghost. Quite a party was made up, and finally twelve of us set out about nine o'clock in the evening for the old house. I had seen in the morning the person who was in charge of the property, and told him of our wish to spend the night there, and obtained a ready permission. I then spoke of the stories in circulation, and inquired if he had ever heard anything there which corroborated them. He said yes; that they had heard noises the night before; that he had gone down stairs quickly, but could not find any

one, but that he was not afraid; and I went away quite impressed with his courage.

We approached the house about ten o'clock, and we all agreed we had never seen a more lonely and deserted-looking building. It stood, as I have said before, at the junction of two lanes. A row of tall, stately Lombardy poplars stood along one side of it, and looked very ghostly and melancholy in the pale light of the new moon. However, nothing daunted by the weird appearance of the house, with its peaked roof now silvered by the moonlight, we boldly marched up to the door and knocked. There was no answer, and we knocked and knocked again. Again no direct response, but we heard dogs barking violently; and finally, after more knocking, a window was thrown open in the upper story, and the occupant of the house, whom I had seen in the morning, thrust his head out. In answer to our demands to be let in, he besought us in frightened accents to leave. In vain I reminded him of our agreement of the morning: he evidently considered us robbers, and was determined not to admit us. We were highly indignant at this breach of contract, and concluded to force an entrance into the ground-floor of the north wing, where the spectres were supposed to reign. Again we walked around the house through the long grass, now wet with the dew, and passed the door whence the barking of the dogs had proceeded. To our astonishment, this door was ajar, and we saw the dogs quietly sleeping by the fire. I advanced a short distance into the room and asked in a loud voice if the door had been left open for us to enter. Receiving no reply, I repeated my question—again in vain; when I returned to my party outside. After remaining undecided for a short time, we at length concluded that it was better not to enter there, but to go to the north wing. We easily got in there, and taking up our quarters in the dining-room, proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

As the last train for the city left in a

short time, a lady and gentleman of our party, who wished to return then, resolved to abandon the ghost-hunt, and therefore started for the cars. But our obstinacy—shall I say?—had been aroused by the obstacles thrown in our path, and one and all we were eager to see the dénouement.

As the night was cool, a deputation of gentlemen, myself among the number, was sent to collect wood for a fire. It was certainly very romantic in the tangled shrubbery around this desolate old house in the moonlight; but the grass was very wet, and we were decidedly relieved when we had gathered sufficient fuel and had a roaring fire in the great chimney-place. The fire cast its genial light and warmth upon our chilled company, and awakened by its glow that cheerfulness which a wood-fire was said to have produced upon our forefathers. Talking and laughing, we sat around it, but as the time drew nigh—"The very witching time when churchyards yawn"—we grew quieter, and told ghost stories fit to make one's hair stand on end. One succeeded another, until, finally, some one said, "Now is the time: it is twelve o'clock." The fire had died down and gave but a glimmering light: our every faculty was on the utmost stretch, every ear was strained to catch the slightest sound, when suddenly we heard a noise on the porch. We looked at each other with frightened faces: still the noise increased and seemed to come nearer, and now it was like the tread of soldiers—tramp, tramp, nearer and nearer—till finally the door opened slowly. The figure of a man appeared, and in marched, one after the other, about twenty armed men. They slowly filed in, and then stood glaring at us. Our nerves had been terribly wrought upon; but now that the vague dread, more paralyzing because it was vague, was changed to a sensation rather of physical fear, the revulsion came, and we felt more able to combat our bodily than any spiritual visitants. In their train, carefully guarded on either side by two rough laborers, were the lady and gentleman who had started some time previously for the cars. They cast

despairing glances at us, as if imploring us to attempt their rescue. One of the boldest of our party came forward, and addressing the man who seemed to be foremost, and who held a rusty gun, demanded the cause of this startling intrusion. He answered by telling us to leave immediately—that they had come to compel us to quit the premises. We replied that we had received permission from the man who lived there to stay that night, and that we had come to see the ghosts which were supposed to haunt the house. Then, catching sight of the man himself, who was shrinking behind the others, and seemed in a panic of fear, I called to him to come forward and verify our statement. Every one looked toward him as he advanced, trembling and shaking, his knees knocking together and with a most terrified expression of countenance. He was evidently in mortal fear of us, and denied he had given us any permission to stay there. But, after some further conversation with the leader, we managed to persuade him we were not a band of robbers, as they had supposed, but a party of ghost-seekers. They were finally persuaded to refrain from marching us, ladies and all, ignominiously back to the station; and after further protest we were allowed to spend the night in the haunted room. But, alas! when these rude disturbers of our peace had departed after liberating their captives, the ghostly dwellers, frightened by their clamor, refused to gladden our sight or hearing, and we passed the

night quite comfortably, but not at all romantically. The next morning we returned to the city in the early train, making ourselves merry over our night's mishaps.

I had some further conversation with the leader of the invaders, in which he described the manner of their alarm. The man who lived in the "Old Academy" was his son-in-law, lately married, and, as he expressed it, "hadn't much wit, anyhow." The couple had been terribly alarmed by our coming, and, incited by his wife, the man had run to his father-in-law's and aroused him with the report that a band of robbers had taken possession of his domicile. The farmer and his sons had armed in haste with scythes, axes and every weapon they could find, and, arousing the neighbors, had marched upon us. The farmer said, moreover, that one or two of us had run a great chance of being shot while gathering wood, as they were concealed in the shrubbery all about, and only refrained from shooting, fearing that the noise would give warning of their approach to the supposed robbers within. A cold shudder ran through me as I thought our frolic might have had a tragical termination.

Since our memorable visit I have always kept myself informed of the welfare of the "Old Academy," though never again revisiting it; and it was with quite a feeling of pain that I heard lately of its demolition without any farther revelation of its mysteries.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THERE has long been a popular prepossession against International Copyright. The foreign author presented to the general mind the appearance of a nabob, who, by genius or luck, had amassed large sums at the expense of his countrymen, and was trying to swell his already plethoric hoards at the expense of our masses. The fact that this foreigner was in most cases an Englishman helped to foster the prejudice and give it a plausible foundation, for to many Englishmen, and some English authors, we certainly had no great cause to be grateful or generous.

As long as "no one read an American book" the case was tolerably simple; but a time came when certain of our own authors competed with the English literati on their own ground—nay, when they were worth translating into French: the action then became mutual, and our writers were as freely pillaged in Europe as European writers here. The public was not specially moved. It was the old story of Rob Roy over again: "You hung the gauger and we'll hang the thief;" only in this case it was the thief who hung the honest men. For, after all, what is the appropriation of an author's text but stealing? Will it be said that ideas are imponderable and impalpable, and cannot be subjected to the same laws as merchandise? But does not the law recognize property in ideas—foreign ideas, too? Does not a Frenchman get a patent for a velocipede?

The wealth of authors, however great, has clearly nothing to do with the merits of the case, unless we are prepared, on analogous grounds, to confiscate for the public good the estate of Mr. A. T. Stewart, or such assets of the Rothschilds as we can lay hands on this side of the water. But even this pretext, if admitted, will not hold water. Here and there a successful novelist makes a fortune. An English poet may be rich—

not from the proceeds of his works, but because he is a man of inherited wealth—a Rogers, a Shelley, a Swinburne. But our own poets have generally lived and died poor: rarely indeed does one of them make such a ten-strike as Dr. Holland did with his *Kathrina*. Our historians and essayists are not exactly a class of millionaires. The income-tax returns of the Harvard literati make a statistical item full of meaning.

Our public suffers much from the dishonesty of others. It is terribly swindled and imposed upon by all manner of corporations and rings. It is justly indignant at these things: indeed, it might, with perfect justice, be more vehemently and permanently indignant than it is. But suppose it were to begin by setting an example of honesty itself—honesty to the home author, legislation enabling him to find reciprocal justice abroad, protection to him and the foreign author simultaneously. Even were foreigners the only victims, there seems something inexpressibly small in a great and wealthy nation's ignoring the claims of strangers because they are not able to help themselves; but when the illustrations and ornaments of our own literary life are involved in the same wholesale plunder, it becomes a sort of sacrilege and treason—sacrilege against Apollo and the Muses—treason to the best feelings of our nature.

Authors who have occasion to describe the dresses of their heroines would do well to make a note of the following sparkling criticism, for which we are indebted to a fair correspondent:

MR. EDITOR:

I have lately read an article in your Magazine called "A Literary Hospital," with which, by the way, I was charmed. The writer thereof has given in his testimony against the mistakes too often made by novelists in their delineations of diseases and

doctors; and in the same manner I feel impelled to lift up my voice in evidence against those writers of fiction who are in the habit of arraying the helpless daughters of their imagination in absurd and inappropriate garments. If I could but write an essay on that subject, I would christen it "Novelists as Milliners and Dressmakers." (Perhaps the title would look better thus, in French: "Les Couturières de la Litterature.") Meantime, methinks it is a subject peculiarly fitted for "Gossip," and for a female pen of gossiping propensities especially.

I remember the wonderful success of *Jane Eyre* in my school-girl days, and how perplexed the critics were to determine from internal evidence whether it were written by a man or by a woman. The question was finally considered settled by the fact that one of the characters (Blanche Ingram) appears in a morning-dress of pale blue crape with an azure scarf twisted in her hair. "No woman," argued the critics, "would ever have invented so singularly unsuitable a costume." Their reasoning was correct, though the inference therefrom happened to be wrong. In the same manner, the sex of the brilliant and dashing "Ouida" was first detected, months before the name of Miss de la Ramée was known to the reading public as being that of the author of *Granville de Vigne*. "No man," argued a feminine critic, "when describing the flounces of a ball-dress, would be learned enough in laces to call them simply Chantilly, thus in one word informing his fair readers that they were of costly black lace." I have a vivid recollection of a story that appeared in the first series of *Putnam's Magazine*, entitled "Mrs. Macsimum's Bill," wherein mention is made of flounces of black Valenciennes lace. Such an article as *black Valenciennes* does not exist.

Thackeray, like a wise man, scarcely ever describes female attire, though we must not forget the pink silk and the India muslin which poor, silly little Amelia gives to clever, naughty, fascinating Becky Sharp, and the scarlet stockings with silver clocks worn by the dazzling Beatrix to captivate Henry Esmond. Dickens and Bulwer are equally reticent on the subject, the latter never getting beyond the inevitable "white dress" when he would array his heroines in festive apparel. Charlotte Brontë, with a womanly weakness for "chiffons," occasionally attempts to describe costumes, though with but ill success, as the blue crape morning-robe aforesaid will testify. Shirley's dress of changeable purple

silk is also anything but a happy "conception," as Worth, the great man-dressmaker, would phrase it. As a woman, I must enter my protest against it, and pronounce it horrid! Lawrence depicts with loving pen the splendid toilettes of Flora Bellasis in *Guy Livingstone*, and the dainty white and lilac ball-dress of Cecil in *Sword and Gown*; Edmund Yates waxes eloquent over the satins and laces and jewels of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge in *Black Sheep*; and even the king of modern novelists, the sublime Victor Hugo, condescends to describe the dress which Cosette wears when Marius first beholds her.

Charles Reade, acute and subtle observer of the female sex as he is, never displayed his knowledge of feminine peculiarities more perfectly than in the scene between Lucy and Mrs. Bazalgette in the first chapter of *Love me Little, Love me Long*, wherein Mrs. Bazalgette tries on her ball-dress and consults with Lucy about the trimming thereof. It is only surpassed by the scene where Mrs. Bazalgette, supposing that Lucy has been drowned, orders her mourning, and is distracted by the contending claims of grief and the difficulty of ordering a becoming costume. How marvelously true to nature is the whole character of Mrs. Bazalgette!—the only instance which I can remember in modern fiction where a man has essayed to depict that very unpleasant style of woman whose life is devoted to dress—whose soul, even more than her body, is wrapped up in her clothes. And with what truthful, tender, half-reluctant touches has Mrs. Edwards in her last novel—*Steven Lawrence, Yeoman*—drawn such a character—poor, vain, frivolous, little Dora!

Probably the greatest and most skilled of novelist dressmakers is Eugene Sue. He scarcely ever brings a personage on the scene without describing his or her attire, and the pages of his best-known novel, the *Wandering Jew*, glitter with gorgeous dresses and rival the show-rooms of Worth or of La Maison Gagelin. The elegant and eccentric toilettes of Adrienne de Cordoville, the splendid robes of the Indian prince Djalma, the showy dresses of Rose Pompon, and even the costumes of the maskers in the Carnival and in the Cholera pageant, are all described minutely and *con amore*. And, here let me remark in passing, it is to Eugene Sue that the world owes the discovery of that *terra incognita*, the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. It is the imaginary principality over which reigns the melancholy and sentimental Prince Rodolph, the hero of the *Mysteries of*

Paris. He does not bear much resemblance to his probable ancestress, the Grande Duchesse of Offenbach, who, by the costumes of her court, must have flourished in the eighteenth century, consequently about a hundred years before the reign of Prince Rodolph ! But a slight family likeness *may* be detected between him and his possible forefather, "Le Prince Paul." Pardon the digression.

A word to novelists ere I close. Gentlemen, if, as the critics advise (and as it would doubtless be wise for you to do), you consult lawyers respecting your legal details and call in physicians to correct your medical incidents, do, in Heaven's name, if you find it necessary to describe feminine apparel, request some fair friend, with an honest, womanly liking for dress, just to glance over your description, and tell you if ever a lady like the one you have depicted appeared in such a costume as you have seen fit to invent. Were this simple plan only adopted, your fair creations would cease to go forth to a censorious world attired in incongruous and ridiculous raiment. Then would not a lovely heroine, as in a recent novel, sally out to pay calls arrayed in a fawn-colored silk dress with a sky-blue mantle. Then would the virtuous and charming heroine cease to appear at magnificent balls in a plain white muslin dress with a natural rose among her flowing tresses, and the proud and wicked heroine (*about* eighteen) would not attire herself for the same gorgeous occasion in scarlet or purple velvet, with diamonds flashing above her haughty brow ; for your female friend, on being consulted, would mildly remark, "My friend, a perfectly plain white muslin dress on such an occasion would look very much like a décolletée *robe de nuit*, and the natural rose in half an hour would become an unsightly rag or would depart in a shower of faded petals. And an unmarried girl in velvet and diamonds is an apparition which is never seen in the fashionable ball-rooms of this nineteenth century."

It is not necessary to describe the details of a heroine's costume. But if you *will* do it, gentlemen, pray try to be as accurate as you usually are when you write about the equipments of a horse, the "points" of a dog or the furniture of a room. L. H. H.

A great intellectual and religious movement is going on in Hindustan, one of the most striking testimonies to which is contained in Sherring's *Sacred City of the Hindús*, just published in Lon-

don. The author says that "the results of missions in India are not surpassed by anything that has been accomplished, of a religious character, in modern times, either in England or in America, or in any quarter of the globe. These results are both *direct* and *indirect*—direct, in the way of conversions from the heathen ; indirect, in regard to the general enlightenment and progress of the people. Christianity," he adds, "is now a power in India—a felt and acknowledged power—which men of all ranks and castes, including Hindús of the straitest sects, respect and fear. What is the greatest question at this moment agitating no small portion of the millions of India ? Not the increased social happiness and prosperity of the people, nor the augmentation of commerce and trade, nor the vast improvements of the country—visible on every hand, wonderful as they all are—but this, What is Truth ? What constitutes religion ? What is the destiny of idolaters, and what that of Christianity in the coming ages ? The people are thinking, comparing, arguing—not knowing exactly what to do. India is much in the condition of Rome previously to the baptism of the Emperor Constantine. *Idolatry*, here as there, now as then, *is falling into disgrace*. Men are becoming wiser. Truth, in its clearness and power, is gradually entering their minds, and changing their habits and lives." The author gives facts and anecdotes illustrative of this mental revolution, which are, we may add, confirmed from other sources. In the *Saturday Evening Englishman*—a Calcutta paper—has recently appeared a series of letters by a Hindú gentleman named Baboo Bholanauth Chunder, which have attracted much attention, and been since collected in book form. From these it appears that a movement has been for some time in operation among educated natives of Hindustan in favor of that monotheistic worship of spiritual deity known as Brahminism, and that many enlightened Bengalees cherish a faith in that deism, which believes in the existence of God, but refuses to believe in any rites or forms. Idolatry is going

out of fashion, as it is popularly believed that fortunes are no longer to be obtained by propitiating the gods. Some ten or twelve years ago, at least five thousand images of Doorgá were made every year in Calcutta for the celebration of the Doorgá festival; but in 1868 scarcely a thousand were made in all Calcutta; and it was especially remarked that there was a great falling off in 1866, the year of the famine. The learned Baboo, who appears to have abandoned the worship of idols without embracing Christianity, is of the opinion that the story of the incarnation and miracles of Krishna is borrowed from the primitive Christian emigrants to India.

... At this moment there are in London six young Brahmins and one Parsee. Another Parsee is studying at the *Ecole Forestière* at Nancy in France, while many more are only awaiting the opening of the Suez Canal to come to Europe to study the sciences of the West. The little Prince Theodore of Abyssinia is going to school at Bonchurch in the Isle of Wight, and several young Japanese gentlemen are receiving instruction in the United States.

... It is probably within the memory of most of our readers that some nine years ago Mr. Robert Dale Owen prepared a work, issued by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., and entitled *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*; devoted not to the examination of what, in modern phrase, are called spiritual phenomena, occurring in the presence of mediums and in circles expressly convened for the purpose, but to the study of spontaneous phenomena, neither sought nor looked for. The volume treats of sleep and dreams, of what are usually called haunted houses, apparitions, of spiritual guardianship, of the change at death, and the like. In a projected work Mr. Owen will take up another branch of the same subject; the examination of phenomena that may be said to be evoked or expressly sought, including the alleged "manifestations" in spiritual circles. *Footfalls* was spoken of by the press of the day as a volume evincing great care, rare candor and an

intention not to set up a theory, but rather to collect materials for future use; the examples being scrupulously examined and attested rather than numerous, and the evidence for and against fairly set forth. So much nonsense has been talked and written on this subject, the usual examples given are so carelessly stated and weakly attested, that we shall be glad if Mr. Owen, maintaining the same dispassionate spirit which pervaded his first work, shall succeed in the second in shedding a little common sense over this mystified branch of pneumatology. The title which we hear he proposes for his book, *The Debatable Land between This World and the Next*, seems to indicate that the question whether agencies from another phase of existence ever intervene here, for good or evil, will be treated as one open to debate, and on which it behooves us to hear both sides.

... A writer in the *Revue Moderne*, of December 10, after describing the condition of the iron-clad fleets of the great Powers, makes the following singular admission: "In a combat where artillery would be called upon to play a decisive part, a French squadron would be almost powerless against an English, Prussian or Russian squadron of like force." This result is partly owing to the employment by the French of cast iron, and partly to the use of muzzle-loading cannon. A personal and irresponsible government does not seem to work so well in France as some recreant republicans suppose. The article in question speaks very highly of American iron-clads, and praises the policy of our government in spending money rather on arsenals and navy-yards than on new constructions.

... In Professor Dickson's *Valedictory Address to the Graduates of Jefferson College* occurs the following eloquent passage:

"It has often been remarked that the physician, above all other men, should be a gentleman and a man of honor. I avow myself as of those who hold in profound reverence 'the grand old name of gentleman,' whether it represent the

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chivalrous knight of the ancient legends—the Bayard without fear and without reproach—or the madman of Cervantes, the peerless Don Quixote; the hero of Thackeray's charming fiction, the dear old Colonel Newcome, the bright poetical picture of noble King Arthur, as drawn by Tennyson, or the glorious statuesque model of history, Sir Philip Sidney; and I regard honor as the bright, fragrant flower of morality and virtue. Our profession is one of the highest and most sacred trust, which to violate must entail all the penalties of the basest treachery. Our relations with our clients, and especially with women, are inexpressibly confidential and delicate, and afford us opportunities which should never be disregarded, of sustaining the feeble and protecting those who need sympathy and help—whose ‘faces we should not permit the winds of heaven to visit too roughly.’ Depend upon it, that in proportion as you fulfill such duties in the domestic circles where you are received as guardian and guide, will be your future success. I am proud to say that a large part of the purest happiness I have enjoyed in my checkered course has resulted from my professional relations with women, and the close and valuable friendships originating therein. It is to them that we must look for tenderness, gratitude and fidelity.

‘Woman’s soft hand my early cradle spread,
Her gentle care bedecked my bridal bed:
By Woman let my dying hours be nursed,
Her love the last fond solace, as the first.’”

Coming from one who is not only the possessor of that rare accomplishment—a pure style in writing—but who also himself illustrates “the grand old name of gentleman,” this advice is as weighty as it is well expressed.

... In the *Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences*, for 1868, we find some remarks on Alaska by Mr. W. H. Dall, who has recently returned from that country. After a careful study of the question of an open Polar Sea, Mr. Dall is firmly convinced that it does not exist. He believes that an unbroken sea of ice stretches over America, past

the North Pole, to Asia. Evidences in support of the open-sea theory failed to present themselves to his observation.

... Among the scientific men who have pronounced against Darwin's theory of the origin of species must now be numbered M. de Quatrefages, who, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of January 1, concludes an introductory paper on the subject in these words: “The totality of the results reached by science long ago led me to admit a wide range to variation of species: the same reason has constantly prevented me from admitting *transmutation*.”

James Harper, Esq., the senior partner of the great publishing firm of Harper & Brothers, and formerly mayor of New York, died on the 27th of March last, at the age of seventy-four. The regret at this unexpected event is as universal as it is sincere. Mr. Harper's business career dates back to a period when most of those now in the book-trade were not yet born; and the remarkable success of the firm which he founded is largely due to the strong common sense, the instinctive knowledge of men and the unremitting application to business of James Harper. Never shrinking from work, he was yet full of anecdote and pleasantry; and his jocularity, which was nowhere more conspicuous than at the Trade-sales, seemed to flow at once from a keen sense of humor and a kind heart. Though still in the full vigor of his faculties, he had of late years taken no active part in the business of the firm, but he continued to go regularly to the counting-room during business hours, where he was always ready with a pleasant word for every one that called. He was interested in various benevolent and reformatory movements, and he lived and died an honorable man and a sincere Christian.

A gentleman lately returned from Europe says: “Last year I was in Paris during the summer months—just the season when, according to American ideas, the velocipede mania in that city was at its height. It is true that one or

two were occasionally to be met with in the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne, but I never saw more than half a dozen on any one day, and those few were evidently the objects of great curiosity, and were looked upon as odd and unusual articles. One morning, in the reading-room of the Grand Hôtel, I chanced to take up a New York paper, wherein it was gravely stated that the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne were so filled with velocipedes that the progress of carriages had been seriously hindered thereby, and that the interference of the police had been solicited. On that same day I came across a paragraph in a Parisian newspaper, which declared that the streets of New York were crowded with velocipedes, and that the postmen of that city had been furnished with those vehicles whereon to make their daily rounds!"

. . . A correspondent at Omaha writes, under date of March 5: "I had an interesting trip to Cheyenne two weeks ago, and saw countless herds of antelopes, and prairie-dogs without number: an occasional wolf would also present himself. For more than three hundred miles I saw neither tree nor bush. The whole region looks like a desert, and yet it produces a most nutritious grass, which supports the herds of antelopes, and is found to be good for domestic cattle and horses. Cheyenne is a pious and moral town. My kind cicerone ushered me into a place called the Gold-room, which, he assured me, was one of the most respectable places in the town. In the first room front, men and women were engaged indiscriminately at cards: the room back of it was devoted to keno, faro, three-card monte, roulette and the sweat-cloth. Up stairs, a church deacon was dealing faro for the accommodation of the parson and other prominent members of the congregation: these gentlemen were too respectable to play on the ground-floor. You will readily infer that I did not remain long, nor did I make any further investigations: I had seen enough of Cheyenne." When the Pacific

Railroad is finished, the morals of Cheyenne will improve—you bet!

Some years ago, a well-to-do old lady appeared at one of the principal marble-yards in this city, noted for the beauty of its monumental designs, and selected as a tomb for a deceased female relative a handsome piece of elaborate sculpture. At last, nothing in the interview between her and the chief of the establishment remained to be said, save for him to inquire what inscription should be put on the tomb. Thereupon the old lady drew from her capacious reticule a slip of paper, which she handed to her questioner, who, aghast, read aloud:

"Affliction sore long time she bore,
Physicians was in vain,
Till—"

"Surely, ma'am," said he, interrupting himself and looking at the old lady, who had approvingly nodded her head in cadence to the lines, "you do not mean to put *that* on the tomb?" "Why not?" replied the old lady. "It's true, every word of it: 'affliction sore long time *she* bore, physicians *was* in vain.'" "But, my dear madam," remonstrated the unhappy man, "surely you could get something equally true and appropriate, but not so common." "No, no," rejoined the old lady, steadily, "not so true and appropriate—and *beautiful, too!*" "Well," exclaimed the desperate man, "we can't put that on. The *Ledger* has the copyright of it, and we don't care to run the risk of being sued!"

. . . A correspondent, referring to the definition of *snits* in the paper entitled "Our Provincialisms," published in the March number of this Magazine, relates the following anecdote: A schoolmaster in a Lancaster county public school was drilling a class of youngsters in arithmetic. He said to them: "If I cut an apple in two, what will the parts be?" "Halves!" was the answer. "If I cut the halves in two, what would you call the parts?" "Quarters!" "If I cut the quarters in two, what will the parts be?" Answer (unanimous), "SNITS!"

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

RECENT WORKS ON CHINA.

1. The "Ever-Victorious Army." A History of the Chinese Campaign under Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. Gordon; and of the Extinction of the Tai-Ping Rebellion. By Andrew Wilson, Editor of the *China Mail*. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 8vo. pp. 395.
2. *The New Englander*, for January, 1869.
3. China and the Chinese. By the Rev. John L. Nevius. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 456.

The history of the human race presents no similar phenomenon to that of China, which has preserved its national unity and its virtual independence for four thousand years, without any serious change in its ruling ideas, in its social civilization or in its theory of government. To what is this extraordinary longevity owing? Mr. Wilson attributes it to the practice of filial piety and respect for parental authority; to the principle (which we respectfully commend to the attention of Congress when Mr. Jenckes' Civil Service Bill next comes up) that good government consists in the advancement of none but men of talents and merit to the rank and power conferred by official posts; to the geographical isolation of China, bounded as it is on the north by vast herbless and wind-swept deserts, on the west by lofty mountain-chains and on the south and east by a tempestuous sea; to the peculiar nature of the Chinese written language, which has served as a powerful bond of union; and, above all, to the principle which underlies the entire teaching of the Chinese mind, of a Divine Harmony in the universe, which affects all existing objects, and to which the souls of men are naturally attuned. The early Chinese sages have actually succeeded in establishing their State, so that, however it may have fallen short in practice, it has always aspired toward, and theoretically been guided by, the ideas on which it was founded; and, existing despite the vicissitudes of forty centuries, it has extended its boundaries over the most fertile region of Asia, and now holds powerful sway over an energetic and myriad-numbered race, which, far beyond its own boundaries—in India, in Tartary, in Malaysia, in Australia, in California, and even in the West India Islands and New York—is

competing successfully with the labor of other nations, without losing its own ancient ideas and characteristics. The emigration to California and elsewhere, according to Mr. Wilson, has been composed chiefly of persons who were either worthless in character or desperate in circumstances. Among the Chinese in San Francisco, however, are some wealthy merchants, who command the respect of the American population by their probity and intelligence; and should the better classes of Chinese come to America in large numbers, it remains to be seen what will be the result of testing Darwin's theory of natural selection by the competition between the economical, industrious, prolific, astute Chinaman and the lavish American, indisposed to labor with his hands. The subject already begins to excite uneasiness on the Pacific slope. In the mean time, Chinese labor has been of the most essential service in building the Pacific Railroad, and on its completion there is reason to think that a stream of Chinese immigrants will pour across the Rocky Mountains into the Eastern States, the first effect of which may be to solve the difficulty of obtaining good servants at reasonable wages.

As regards China itself, there seems no doubt that it has now reached a favorable position. "The Tai-Ping rebellion has been so completely crushed that for almost three years it has given no signs of even the smallest local existence; the Nien-Fei and other rebels have been so far subdued that their destroying influence is no longer of much importance; and there is no prospect of any serious disturbance from the foreign relationships of the empire." There are camps for disciplining troops after the European manner at several places in the country; and the arsenal at Nanking, under the charge of Mr. Macartney, for the construction of European artillery and munitions of war, the number of steamboats, and even of steam-gunboats, which have been procured for the Imperial service in its various branches, the readiness and celerity with which Chinese troops are moved from one province to another as circumstances may require, and the extensive powers which are now committed to high officers, all go to constitute a new state of things, highly unfavorable, in the

author's judgment, to the rise, and almost destructive to the progress, of insurrection in China. "What, it seems to me," he says, "we have to dread is, not China hanging back, but going too quickly for our own interest and comfort. Wan-see-ang is reported to have said some time ago to Mr. Hart, 'Foreigners complain at present that China is changing too slowly, but fifty years after this you will make war upon us for going too fast.' This astute mandarin was not speaking thoughtlessly. It takes a considerable time to wheel round a very populous and democratic people like the Chinese to an unaccustomed stand-point, but once get them round, and their action from it comes to be something tremendous. In Japan, a feudal country, any individual daimio who takes it into his head may introduce a European improvement, such as the use of steam; but in China the mass of the people must be to a certain extent prepared for the innovation before it can be introduced. Hence progress in some respects is very slow in that country; but what will be the state of the case when the people of China have got fairly turned round to the point of accepting and using the practical appliances of Western civilization? I doubt whether then there will be any great English mercantile houses on the coast of Cathay. It is to be feared that the native Chinese merchants will very quickly take their maritime commerce into their own hands, and try to dictate prices in London, as they are already doing at Hangkow and Shanghai. Already the Anglo-Saxons of Australia have had recourse, and not very effectively, to a heavy capitation tax in order to keep down the competition of Chinese emigration, which is nothing compared with what it is capable of becoming. Without doubt, we shall open up the Flowery Land effectively enough, but the results of that opening promise to be somewhat different from our fond anticipations. At all events, any change for the better in our position in reference to that country must come from England outward.

"In order that Great Britain may extend, or even continue to hold, its once grand position in the East, it must be more worthy of doing so than it is at present, and there must be a return to some tolerable connection between its higher intelligence and the wielding of its power; otherwise Britannia will soon share the fate of Carthage and Venice, of Spain and Holland; while *delenda est*, or the *capta* of the Arch of Titus, enscribed after its name, will afford another instance of the Con-

fucian benevolence of Heaven toward trees which are prepared to fall."

For our parts, we have unwavering confidence in Anglo-Saxon blood as pitted against the world; and we have only to say that if our race goes down before the yellow boys, we deserve our fate.

But there need be no antagonism between China and the United States. The Chinese are a peaceful and industrious people, and it is our duty to protect and enlighten them, giving them the advantage of instruction in our sciences and arts, and directing their labor for the mutual benefit of the two great countries.

A remarkable article in the *New Englander* for January, entitled *The Renaissance in China*, by the Rev. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., Professor in the new Imperial College at Peking, China, sustains the position assumed by Mr. Wilson, that China is rapidly recovering from her civil wars, and that a great moral revolution is taking place in the mind of the nation. We commend the paper in question to the perusal of all who would understand the changes now going on in the Middle Kingdom.

Mr. Nevius does not take quite so hopeful a view of the prospects of internal tranquillity in China as the authors just referred to; and he considers the numerous insurrections springing up in every direction as an indication that matters are going from bad to worse. Still, he believes that the present is only a transition period, that the Christian religion is making decided progress, and that the study of European sciences and arts will in time have a great moral effect upon the empire. "The Chinese," he says, "are not naturally deficient in ingenuity and originality; and when these qualities are encouraged, the race will show a fertility of brain, the existence of which has hardly been suspected." They are, he thinks, superior to the Japanese, both in intelligence and morality. A few years since a Chinaman, in Yale College, bore off the first prize in his class for English composition. As regards their comparative morality, Mr. Nevius calls attention to the striking fact that not only in their literature, but also in their paintings and sculpture, the Chinese show a scrupulous care to avoid all indecent and immoral associations and suggestions; and he mentions his own indignation at finding exhibited in the streets of a large city six hundred miles in the interior some vile and obscene stereoscopic views which had been imported from France. For

years foreigners have commanded many of the piratical fleets on the coast of China, and foreign thieves and robbers have infested some of the inland canals and rivers. This gentleman, ten years a missionary in China, concludes that, on the whole, there is no great difference in either the standard or the practice of virtue between Christian nations and the Chinese.

On the Restoration of the Standard of Value, and the Proper Limit to the Use of Bank Credit as Money. By W. P. Tatham. Philadelphia: Sherman & Co. 8vo. pp. 19.

The present is pre-eminently the era of financial pamphleteering. Brochures pour in upon us from every quarter, while the halls of both Houses of Congress echo to earnest and eloquent speeches upon the currency and the national credit. All this grows very naturally out of the present condition of the country, which is quite analogous to that of Great Britain at the close of the Napoleonic struggle. The Bank of England, which suspended in 1797, was unable (or unwilling) to resume until 1819—a period of twenty-three years. During this long and tedious interval public attention, as with us at this time, was especially directed to the currency and finances, and the press teemed with plans, speculations and predictions. Scores of pamphlets made their appearance, differing widely in the views and opinions contended for. Unfortunately, a great part of this literature had little value, and much of it was worse than useless. Men spoke and wrote then as we do now, because they felt deeply upon the great questions at issue; but, having very limited and superficial views of the nature of money and the laws of finance, they brought forward the most senseless and discordant projects, and vainly strove, like our own financial patriots, to avoid a contraction of their currency. They endeavored to throw light upon a subject they did not understand, and consequently only made the darkness more palpable. We have a large number of these British pamphlets before us, and it is not only amusing, but instructive, to observe how much they resemble the publications we are called to notice at the present day, and which we find as discordant and senseless as those which have come to us from across the water.

In the midst of all this Babel of tongues and pens around us, we derive great satisfaction from the perusal of the clear, sensible and philosophical pamphlet whose title is given at the head of this notice. It deserves

to be, and we trust will be, widely circulated and attentively read, because the writer understands his subject, knows what the functions of money are, and the laws by which it is governed, and hence falls into none of those absurd mistakes so commonly found in the writings and speeches of those who vainly endeavor to enlighten the public mind at the present crisis.

Mr. Tatham, if we understand him, has no confidence in any plan for the restoration of the currency that does not contemplate the withdrawal of all that is redundant—all beyond the normal amount which the legitimate business of the country demands. Neither does he believe "in a long and dreary waiting until the demands of commerce should increase so as to require a currency of the existing volume at the specie standard, since this do-nothing policy would merely lengthen out the agony."

In regard to what the character of a proper currency should be, Mr. Tatham remarks (page 15): "The true way to furnish a supply of money to suit the requirements of trade is, in the first place, to take security that the thing we call money shall really be so." Here we find a recognition of the most essential, the most indispensable quality of money—that it shall to no extent whatever consist of anything which has not the actual value, or which is not the representative, of the specie itself—like the *gold notes* now issued by the United States Treasury, merely certificates for gold deposited. This point being secured, there is no occasion for further anxiety about the currency, which will take care of itself; and banking may and should be as free as brokerage or any kind of merchandising. Banks, using only real money, may rightfully loan their reliable deposits. On this point Mr. Tatham says: "The proper limit to which bank credit should be employed as money (as currency?) is the sum of the deposits that will never be drawn out and of notes that will never be presented for payment. To use more credit than this in the currency makes it too sensitive and elastic the wrong way."

If deprived of the power to manufacture money, banks may be left free to loan their deposits to as great an extent as they deem safe. Were all the money issued by the banks "real money," every law limiting their number or their operations might be repealed, and all restrictions upon the rate of interest be abolished; but while the money of a country is made to consist of a currency in

great part consisting of credit or mere promises to pay, no matter by whom made or however great and unquestionable the security given for their ultimate redemption, no precautionary legislation whatever can secure the public against all the evils of a fluctuating and unreliable currency.

In our estimation, the present crisis has produced no essay more worthy of attention than Mr. Tatham's.

The Spaniards in Florida; Comprising the Notable Settlement of the Huguenots in 1564, and the History and Antiquities of St. Augustine, founded A. D. 1565. By George R. Fairbanks, Vice-President of the Florida Historical Society. Jacksonville, Florida: Columbus Drew. 8vo. pp. 120.

This work is a revised reprint of the author's excellent *History of St. Augustine*, published in 1858; and we notice it as well because an historical work published in the South is an indication, however slight, of the reviving fortunes of that section, as because the volume is a useful condensation of the historical material scattered through the pages of Spanish and other chroniclers. The author remarks, in conclusion, that notwithstanding the serious ravages of the late civil war, Nature has done much within these few years to restore one of the former sources of Florida's prosperity—the cultivation of the orange. This valuable article of commerce, which, at one period was almost utterly destroyed by the cold, and then by the *coccus* insect, is, we are glad to learn, now fast regaining its pristine vigor and productiveness, and promises in a few years to furnish to the city of St. Augustine a more permanent and abundant crop for export than it ever did.

Books Received.

Practical Horticulture: A Guide to the Successful Cultivation of Florists' Plants, for the Amateur and Professional Florist. By Peter Henderson, author of "Gardening for Profit." Illustrated. New York: O. Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 249.

A Guide to the Study of Insects, and a Treatise on those Injurious and Beneficial to Crops. By A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D. Illustrated. Parts I., II., III., IV., V. Salem: Press of the Essex Institute. 8vo. pp. 320.

American Horticultural Annual, 1869. New York: O. Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 152.

How Crops Grow: A Treatise on the Chemical Composition, Structure and Life of the Plant, for all Students of Agriculture. By Samuel W. Johnson, M. A. Illustrated. New York: O. Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 394.

The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly). With Biographical Sketch and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Robert B. Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 352.

Recollections of Men and Things at Washington, during the Third of a Century. By L. A. Gobright. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 12mo. pp. 420.

Marooner's Island; or, Dr. Gordon in Search of his Children. By F. R. Goulding. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 16mo. pp. 493.

How He Won Her: A Sequel to "Fair Play." By E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 511.

The General; or, Twelve Nights in the Hunter's Camp: A Narrative of Real Life. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 268.

He Knew He was Right. By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. Part I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo.

Colonel Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansas. By J. M. Field, Esq. Illustrated. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 403.

Studies in Shakespeare: A Book of Essays. By Mary Preston. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 18mo. pp. 181.

Life of John Carter. By Frederick James Mills. With Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 122.

Madame de Chamblay. By Alexander Dumas. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Turner Brothers & Co. 8vo. pp. 132.

The Watch: Its Construction, etc. By Henry F. Piaget. New York, 119 Fulton street. 12mo. pp. 88.

Juliet; or, Now and For Ever. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 416.

Biographical Sketches. By Harriet Martineau. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 458.

Petersons' New Cook Book. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 533.

American Agricultural Annual, 1869. New York: O. Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 152.

The World Almanac for 1869. New York: M. Marble. 12mo. pp. 127.

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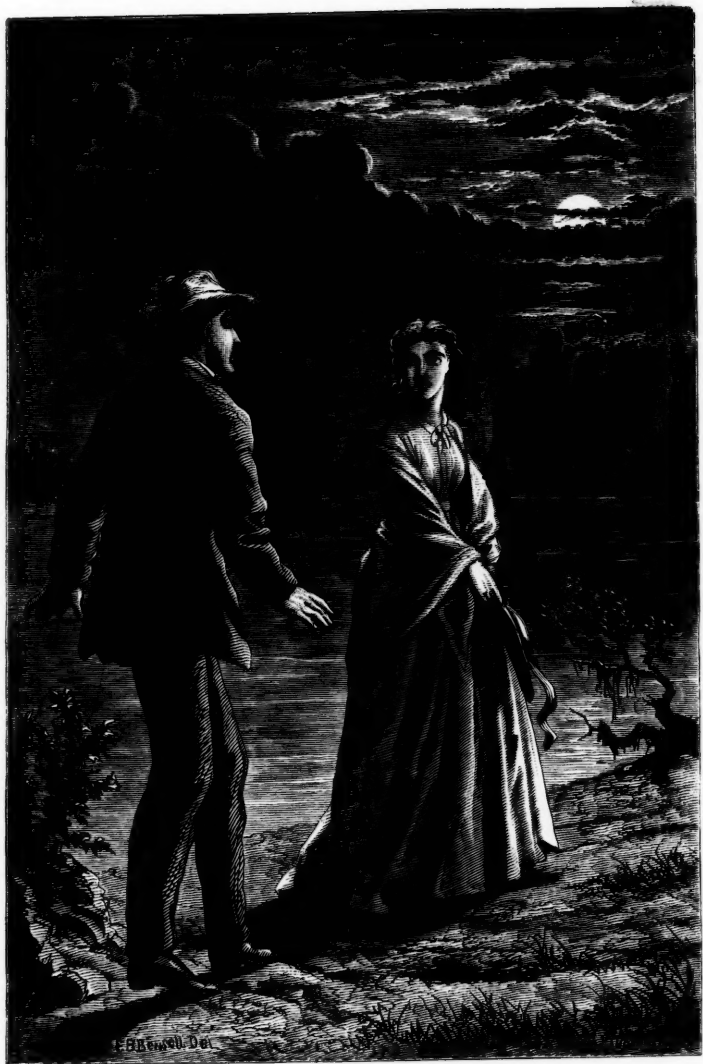
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The figure that Ethan saw on the Lake shore.

[Beyond the Breakers.]

